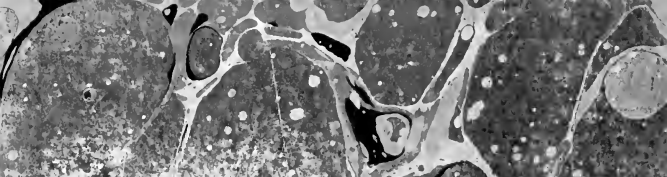

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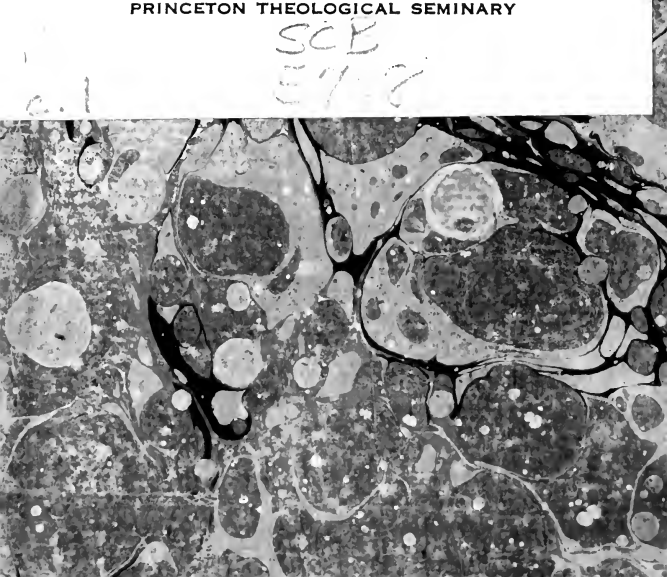

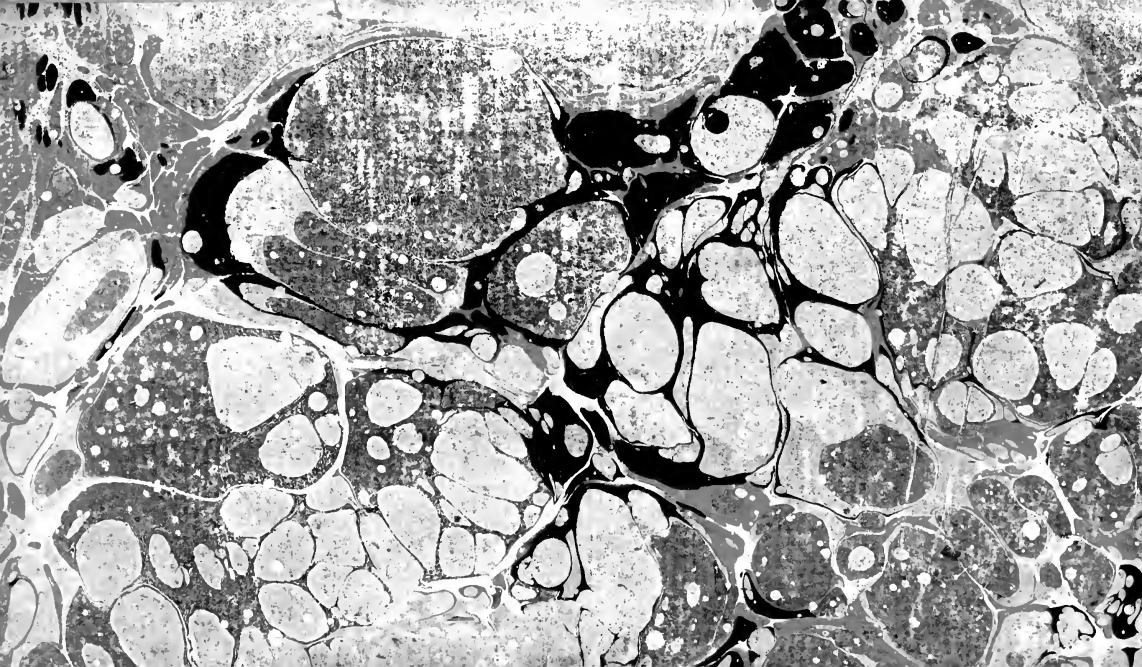

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THE CHRISTIANS DUTY,

EXHIBITED, IN A SERIES OF

HYMNS:

Collected from *various* Authors,

DESIGNED FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD,

AND FOR THE EDIFICATION OF CHRISTIANS.

RECOMMENDED,

To the Serious, of all Denominations.

BY THE FRATERNITY OF BAPTIST'S.

---

*While I live will I praise th*e LORD: *I will sing Praises unto my* GOD *while I have any Being.* Psalm Cxlvi. 2.

And when they had sung an HYMN, they went Out into the Mount of Olives. Matt. xxvi. 30.

And at Midnight PAUL *and* SILAS *prayed and sang Praises unto* GOD. Acts xvi, . 25

THE FIRST EDITION.

GERMANTOWN, printed by PETER LEIBERT,
1791.

INTRODUCTION.

INasmuch as it hath pleaſed the moſt high GOD, to enlarge the Place of our Tent, and the Curtains of our Habitation; it behoveth us to render thanks, and praiſe, to that beneficient Being in whoſe Hands is the Life and Breath of all things: and, who doth acording to his will in the army of heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth, and none can ſtay his Hand, nor ſay unto him what doeſt thou. Tho' the Heaven is his Throne, and the earth is his Footſtool, yet unto Man he ſaith, "whoſo offereth Praiſe glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his Converſation aright, will I ſhew the Salvation of the Lord. Let us therefore ſerve the Lord with Gladneſs, and come before his Preſence with Singing. Enter into his Gates with Thanksgiving, and into his Courts with Praiſe. Pſalm 50. 23. and Pſalm 100. 2 4.

PREFACE.

DEarly beloved Brethren, and fellow Heirs of the Grace of God; the Apoſtle exhorts us, "to let the Word of Chriſt dwell in us, richly in all Wisdom, Teaching, and Admoniſhing one another in Pſalms and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging with Grace in your Hearts, unto the Lord. You are therefore here preſented with a Choice Collection of HYMN's, of the moſt approved Authors, ſuitable to almoſt every Circumſtance of Life, which we are call'd to paſs through, and corresponding with the Tenor of the Goſpel, and adapted to commemorate the Birth, Life, Death, Reſurection and Aſcention of our Saviour, and his Seſſion at Gods Right Hand, and his Interceſſion there; the Commiſſion of the Apoſtles on Baptiſm, and the Lords Supper, and the ſecond Coming of Chriſt, without Sin unto Salvation.

My Brethren, in the Performance of this noble Part of Worſhip, we Should have our Minds devoutly fix'd on God, who heareth Prayer, and inhabiteth the Praiſes of Iſrael; not raiſing our Voices only, but endeavouring to ſing with the Spirit, and with the Underſtanding alſo: leſt we be found among the Number of them over whom God laments, ſaying: This People draw near to me with their Mouths, and with their Lips do honour me, but their Hearts have they removed far from me, and their Fear toward me is taught by the Precept of Men. Let us therefore ſtrive

to

to offer in an acceptable Manner, the Sacrifice of Praiſe to God continually, that is the Fruit of our Lips, giving Thanks to his Name.

The Reaſon for printing this Hymn Book is: becauſe of the Inconvenience ariſing from having ſeveral Sorts of Hymn Books in Meeting at once, it was therefore thought prudent to remove this Inconvenience, by collecting the moſt approved Hymns, of the ſeveral Books, and reducing them into One ſmall Octavo, with a complete Index, which is wanting in the Hymn Book which we have latterly uſed; altho it was otherwiſe truly excellent.

Dearly beloved, let us be encouraged to look forward, to that happy Period, when "all the Kings of the Earth ſhall praiſe the Lord"; when they ſhall hear the Words of his Mouth, yea, they ſhall ſing in the Ways of the Lord, for great is the Glory of the Lord. When he ſhall turn to the People a pure Language, and they ſhall ſerve Him with one Conſent, when they ſhall come and ſing in the Heights of Zion; and flow together, to the Goodneſs of the Lord. Under theſe Conſiderations and cheering Reflections we may freely ſay with David: "Let every Thing that hath Breath praiſe JEHOVAH. Hallelujah!

Germantown, May 18. 1791.

*** HALLELUJAH. ***

THE CHRISTIANS DUTY, EXHIBITED IN A SERIES OF SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN I.

The Kingdom of God not in Word but in Power.

1. A Form of Words, tho' e'er ſo ſound,
Can never ſave a Soul;
The Holy Ghoſt muſt give the Wound,
And make the wounded whole.

2. Tho' God's Election is a Truth,
Small Comfort there I ſee,
Till I am told by God's own Mouth
That he has choſen ME.

3. Sinners, I read, are juſtify'd
By Faith in JESU'S Blood:
But when to ME that Blood's apply'd,
'Tis then it does me good.

4. To Perſeverance I agree,

The Thing to me is clear,
Becauſe the Lord has promis'd me.
That I ſhall perſevere.

5. Imputed Righteousneſs I own
A Doctrine moſt divine;
For Jeſus to my Heart makes known
That all his Merit's mine.

6. That Chriſt is God I can avouch;
And for his People cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as ſuch,
And he has heard my Pray'rs.

7. That Sinners black as Hell, by Chriſt
Are ſav'd, I know full well:
For I his Mercy have not miſs'd;
And I am black as Hell.

8. Thus Chriſtians glorify the Lord,
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing Witneſs to his Word,
With all it's ſaving Pow'rs.

HYMN II.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

1. AH! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is ſo fair;
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead Body compare.

2. With ſolemn Delight I ſurvey
The Corps, when the Spirit is fled,
In Love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in his ſtead.

3. How bleſt is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his Mind?
How eaſy the Soul, that hath left

This

This wearisome Body behind !

4. Of Evil incapable thou,
Whose Relicts with Envy I see ;
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

5. This Earth is affected no more,
With Sickness, or shaken with Pain ;
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.

6. No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay :
Extinct is the Animal Flame,
And Passion is vanish'd away.

7. This languishing Head is at rest,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable Breast
Is heav'd by Affliction no more.

8. This Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

9. The Lids he so seldom could close.
By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

10. The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
These Hollows from Waters are free !
The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
And Evil they never shall see.

11. To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a Prison I breathe ;
And still for Deliverance pine.

And preſs to the Iſſues of Death.

12. What now with my Tears I bedew,
O might I this Moment become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Fleſh be conſign'd to the Tomb!

HYMN III.

1. ALAS, my God, that thou ſhould be
To me ſo much unknown!
I long to walk and talk with Thee,
And dwell before thy Throne.

2. Thou know'ſt, my Soul doth dearly love
The Place of thine Abode;
No Muſic gives ſo ſweet a Sound,
As theſe two Words, *My God.*

3. I long not for the Fruit that grows
Within theſe Gardens here;
I find no Sweetneſs in their Roſe
When Jeſus is not near.

4. Thy gracious Preſence, O my Chriſt,
Can make a Paradiſe;
Ah, what are all the goodly Pearls,
Unto this Pearl of Price?

5. Give me that ſweet Communion, Lord,
Thy people have with thee;
Thy Spirit daily talks with Them,
O let it talk with me.

6. Like Enoch let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my Day,
Attended with the heav'nly Guards,
Upon the Kings High Way.

7. When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?

O come, my Lord, moſt dear ;
Come near, come nearer nearer ſtill ;
I'm well when thou art near.

8. When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?
I languiſh for thy Sight ;
Ten thouſand Suns, if thou art ſtrange,
Are Shades inſtead of Light.

9. When wilt thou come unto me Lord ?
for till thou doſt apear,
I count each Moment for a Day,
Each Minute for a Year.

10. Come, Lord, and never from me go,
This World's a darkſom Place ;
I find no Pleaſure here below,
When thou doſt veil thy Face.

11. There's no ſuch Thing as Pleaſure here,
My Jeſus is my All ;
As thou doſt ſhine, or diſappear,
My pleaſures riſe and fall.

12. Come, ſpread thy Savour on my Frame,
No Sweetneſs is ſo ſweet ;
Till I get up to ſing thy Name,
Where all thy Singers meet.

H Y M N IV.

Godly Sorrow ariſing from the Sufferings of Chriſt.

1. ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that ſacred Head
For ſuch a Worm as I ?

2. Thy Body ſlain ſweet Jeſus thine,
And bath'd in its own Blood,
While all expos'd to Wrath divine,

The glorious Suff'rer ſtood !]

3. Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree ?
Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown !
And Love beyond degree !

4. well might the Sun in Darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his Glories in,
When GOD the Mighty Maker dy'd
For Man the Creature's Sin.

5. Thus might I hide my bluſhing Face,
While his dear Croſs apears,
Diſolve my Heart in Thankſulneſs,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

6. But Drops of grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love we owe ;
Here Lord, I give my ſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN V.

UNBELIEF.

1. ALL you that love the Lord draw near,
To my Complaint pray lend an Ear,
And help me to condole my Grief,
For I'm diſtreſt by Unbelief.

2. Sometimes I'm ſuch a ſtupid Clod
I doubt the exiſtence of a GOD ;
But ſtill his Terrors work my Grief.
While Hope is drown'd in Unbelief.

3. When thus I'm ſore diſtreſt all day,
When evening comes I fain would pray,
And beg for Pardon, and Relief ;
But there's no GOD : ſays Unbelief.

4. But who did all things firſt create ?

Was

Was it not GOD, the Wise and Great?
While thus I would asswage my Grief,
You have no Soul:" says Unbelief.

5. But then I make this quick Reply,
What makes me then afraid to die,
And after Death to dread the Grief
Which I must have for Unbelief?

6. Besides the SAVIOUR came to die,
The Souls of Men to purify;
Which clearly proves for our Relief,
That Men have Souls, O Unbelief!

7. Blest be my GOD, that now I see
That JESUS gave himself for me;
I'll praise his Name, who bore my Grief,
And saves my Soul from Unbelief.

HYMN VI.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

1. ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

2. Your Ransom and Peace,
Your Surety he is;
Come see if there ever was Sorrow like his.

3. For what you have done,
His Blood doth attone;
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.

4. The Lord in the Day
Of Anger did lay
Your Sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

5. He answer'd for All;
Oh, come, at his Call,
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall,

6. For you, and for me,
He pray'd on the Tree;
The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free.

7. That Sinner am I,
Who on Chriſt rely,
And come for the Pardon God will not deny.

8. My Pardon I claim,
A Sinner I am,
A Sinner believing in Jeſus's Name.

9. He gives me the Grace,
Which now I embrace;
Oh, Father, thou knoweſt he dy'd in my Place.

10. His Death is my Plea,
My Advocate ſee,
And hear the Blood ſpeak that hath anſwer'd for me.

11. Acquitted I was
By's Death on the Croſs;
And loſing his Life, he hath carry'd my Cauſe.

HYMN VII

Holy FORTITUDE.

1. AM I a Soldier of the Croſs?
A follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his Cauſe?
Or bluſh to ſpeak his Name?

2. Muſt I be carry'd to the Skies,
On flow'ry Beds of Eaſe?
While others fought to win the Prize,
And fail'd through bloody Seas?

3. Are there no Foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the Flood?
Is this vile World a Friend to Grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure

4. Sure I muſt fight if I would reign ;
Increaſe my Courage Lord :
I'll bear the Toil, endure the Pain,
Supported by thy Word.

5. Thy Saints in all this glorious War,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They ſee the Triumph from afar,
And ſeize it with their Eye.

6. When that illuſtrious Day ſhall riſe.
And all thine Armies ſhine,
In Robes of Vict'ry through the Skies,
The Glory ſhall be thine.

HYMN VIII.

Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Reſurection.

1. AND muſt this Body die ?
This mortal Frame decay ?
And muſt theſe active Limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the Clay ?

2. Corruption, Earth and Worms,
Shall but refine this Fleſh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3. God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the Skies
Looks down, and watches all my Duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4. Array'd in glorious Grace
Shall theſe vile Bodies ſhine,
And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5. Theſe lovely Hopes we owe

To Jeſus' dying Love ;
We would adore his Grace below,
And ſing his Pow'r above.

6. Dear Lord, accept the Praiſe
Of theſe our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raiſe
With our immortal Tongues.

HYMN IX.

For New Year's Day.

1. AND now my Soul, another Year
Of thy ſhort Life is paſt ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

2. Much of my dubious Life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And ſwift my paſſing Moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3. Awake, my ſoul, with utmoſt Care
Thy true Condition learn ;
What are thy Hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy great Concern !

4. Now a new Scene of Time begins,
Set out afreſh for Heav'n ;
Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,
In Chriſt ſo freely giv'n.

5. Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And on his Grace depend ;
With Zeal purſue the heav'nly Road,
Nor doubt a happy End.

HYMN X.

1. AND why, dear Sav'our, tell me why,
Thou thus would'ſt ſuffer, bleed and die ?

what

What mighty Motives could thee move?
The Motive's plain, 'twas all for Love.

2. For Love of whom? Of Sinners baſe,
A harden'd Herd, a Rebel Race;
That mock'd and trampled on thy Blood,
And wanton'd with the Wounds of God.

3. When Rocks and Mountains rent with Dread,
And gaping Graves gave up their Dead:
When the fair Sun withdrew his Light,
And hid his Head to ſhun the Sight,

4. Then ſtood the Wretch of human Race,
And rais'd his Head and ſhew'd his Face,
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when Nature fail'd;
And ſcoff'd, and ſneer'd, and curs'd and rail'd.

5. Harder than Rocks and Mountains are,
More dull than Dirt or Earth by far,
Man view'd unmov'd thy Blood's rich Stream,
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.

6. Such was that Race of ſinful Men,
That gain'd that great Salvation then;
Such and ſuch only ſtill we ſee;
Such they were all, and ſuch are we.

7. The Jews with Thorns his Temples crown'd,
And laſh'd him when his Hands were bound;
But Thorns, and knotted Whips, and Bands,
By us were furniſh'd to their Hands.

8. They nail'd him to th' accurſed Tree;
They did, my Brethren, ſo did we;
The Soldier pierc'd his Side, 'tis true,
But we have pierc'd him through and through.

9. Oh Love of unexampled Kind!
That leaves all Thought ſo far behind,

Where

Where Length, and Breadth, & Depth, and Height;
Are loſt to my aſtoniſh'd Sight.

10. For Love of me the Son of God
Drain'd ev'ry Drop of vital Blood;
Long Time I after Idols ran,
But now my God's a martyr'd Man.

HYMN XI.

1. ARISE, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt;
Lo thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

2. Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

3. Here mighty God, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread,
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

4. Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

5. Here let him hold a laſting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

HYMN XII.

1. ARISE, my tend'reſt Thoughts ariſe,
To torrents melt my ſtreaming Eyes!
And thou my Heart with Anguiſh feel,
Thoſe Evils which thou can'ſt not heal.

2. See human Nature ſunk in Shame !
See Scandal pour'd on Jeſu's Name !
The Father wounded through the Son !
The World abus'd, the Soul undone !

3. See the ſhort Courſe of vain Delight
Cloſing in long and dreadful Night !
In Flames that no Abatement know,
The briny Tears for Ages flow.

4. My God I feel the mournful Scene ;
My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men ;
And fain my Pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the Fire-brands from the Flame.

5. But feeble my Compaſſion proves,
And can but weep where moſt it loves ;
Thine own all ſaving Arm employ,
And turn theſe Drops of Grief to Joy.

HYMN XIII.

1. AWAKE, and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb,
Wake every Heart and ev'ry Tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's Name.

2. Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his riſing Pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe Sins he bore.

3. Sing till we feel our Hearts
Aſcending with our Tongues,
Sing till the love of Sin departs,
And grace inſpires our Songs.

4. Sing on your Heav'nly Way,
Ye ranſom'd Sinners ſing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,
In Chriſt th' eternal King.

6. Sing

5. Sing till you hear Chriſt ſay,
Your Sins are all forgiv'n;
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
Till we all meet in Heav'n.

6. Soon ſhall ye hear Chriſt ſay,
"Ye bleſſed Children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his Wand'rers home.

HYMN XIV.

Morning.

1. AWAKE, my Soul, and with the Sun,
Thy daily Stage of Duty run;
Shake off dull Sloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning Sacrifice.

2. Redeem thy mis-ſpent Time that's paſt,
Live this Day as if 'twere thy laſt;
T' improve thy Talents take due care,
'Gainſt the great Day thy ſelf prepare.

3. Let all thy Converſe be ſincere,
Thy Conſcience as the Noon-Day clear:
Think how th' all-ſeeing God thy Ways,
And ev'ry ſecret Thought ſurveys.

4. Glory to God, who ſafe hath kept;
And hath refreſh'd me while I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from Death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs Life partake.

5. Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,
In thy ſole Glory may unite.

6. Praiſe God, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt.

Praiſe

Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN XV.

A Song of Praiſe for the Birth of Chriſt.

1. AWAY dark Thoughts, awake, my Joy;
Awake, my Glory ſing;
Sing Songs to celebrate the Birth,
Of Jacob's God and King.

2. O happy Night, that brought forth Light,
Which makes the Blind to ſee!
The Day Spring from on high came down,
To chear and viſit Thee.

3. The wakeful Shepherds, near their Flocks,
Were watchful for the Morn;
But better News from Heav'n was brought,
"Your Saviour Chriſt is born."

4. "In Bethle'm Town the Infant lies,
"Within a Place obſcure."
O little Bethle'm poor in Walls,
But rich in Furniture!

5. Since Heav'n is now come down to Earth,
Hither the Angels fly!
Hark, how the Heav'nly Choir doth ſing,
Glory to God on high!

6. The News is ſpread, the Church is glad,
Simeon o'ercome with Joy,
Sings with the Infant in his Arms,
Now let thy Servant die.

7. Wiſe Men from far beheld the Star,
Which was their faithful Guide,
Until it pointed for the Babe,
And him they glorify'd;

8. While Heav'n and Earth rejoice and ſing,

Shall

Shall we our Chriſt deny?
He's born for us, and we for him;
Glory to God on high!

HYMN XVI.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2. His Sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men.
And when like wandring Sheep we ſtray'd
He brought us to his Fold again.

3. We'll crow'd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raiſe;
And Earth with her ten thouſand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.

4. Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love;
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN XVII.

The Phariſee and Publican, Luke xviii, 10, &c.

1. BEHOLD how Sinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee!
One doth his Righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his Guilt and Shame,

2. This Man at humble Diſtance ſtands,
And cries for Grace with lifted Hands;
That boldly riſes near the Throne,
And talks of Duties he has done.

3. The Lord their diff'rent Language knows
And

And diff'rent Anſwers he beſtows;
The humble Soul with Grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the Proud his Anger frowns.

4. Dear Father let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting Phariſee;
I have no Merits of my own,
But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N XVIII.

A new Song to the Lamb that was ſlain, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1. BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
Amidſt his Father's Throne;
Prepare new Honours for his Name,
And Songs before unknown.

2. Let Elders Worſhip at his Feet,
The Church adore around,
With Vials full of Odours ſweet,
And Harps of ſweeter Sound.

3. Thoſe are the Prayers of the Saints,
And theſe the Hymns they raiſe:
Jeſus is kind to our Complaints,
He loves to hear our Praiſe.

[4. Eternal Father, who ſhall look
Into thy ſecret Will?
Who but the Son ſhould take that Book,
And open ev'ry Seal?

5. He ſhall fulfil thy great Decrees,
The Son deſerves it well;
Lo, in his Hand the Sov'reign Keys
Of Heav'n, and Death and Hell.]

6. Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain
Be endleſs Bleſſings paid;

Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
For ever on thy Head.

7. Thou haſt redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
Haſt ſet the Pris'ners free,
Haſt made us Kings and Prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with Thee.
8. The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath thy Pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying Days,
And bring the promis'd Hour.

HYMN XIX.

The Nativity of Chriſt, Luke i. 30, *&c.* Luke ii. 10, *&c.*

1. BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary the Wond'rous Virgin bears,
And Jeſus is the Child.

[2. The Lord, the Higheſt God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And gives him David's Throne.

3. O'er Jacob ſhall he reign
With a peculiar Sway;
The Nations ſhall his Grace obtain,
His Kingdom ne'er decay.]

4. To bring the glorious News,
A heav'nly Form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
And baniſhes their Fears.

5. Go humble Swains, ſaid he,
To David's City fly,
The Promis'd Infant born To Day,
Doth in a Manger lie.

6. with

6. With Looks and Hearts ſerene,
Go viſit Chriſt your King;
And ſtrait a flaming Troop was ſeen;
The Shepherds heard him ſing.

7. Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men, to Angels joy,
At the Redeemer's Birth.

[8. In Worſhip ſo Divine
Let Saints employ their Tongues;
With the Celeſtial Hoſt we Join,
And loud repeat their Songs.

9. Glory to God on High,
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,
At our Redeemer's Birth.]

HYMN XX.

Love to Enemies: or, The Love of Chriſt to Sinners, typified in David.

1. BEHOLD the Love, the gen'rous Love,
That holy David ſhows;
Hark! how his ſounding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes!

2. When they are ſick, his Soul complains,
And ſeems to feel the Smart!
The Spirit of the Goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart,

3. How did his flowing Tears condole
As for a Brother dead!
And Faſting mortify'd his Soul.
While for their Life he pray'd.

4. They groan'd, and curs'd him on their Bed,

Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns ;
And double Bleſſings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5. O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace !
Thus Chriſt the Lord appears ;
While Sinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears,

6. He the true David, Iſr'el's King,
Bleſt and belov'd of God,
To ſave us Rebels dead in Sin,
Paid his own deareſt Blood.

H Y M N XXI.

Chriſt *the Foundation of the Church.*

1. BEHOLD the ſure foundation Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praiſe.

2. Choſen of God, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name,
They truſt their whole Salvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer Shame.

3. The fooliſh Builders, Scribe and Prieſt,
Reject it with Diſdain ;
Yet on this Rock the Church ſhall reſt,
And Envy rage in vain.

4. What tho the Gates of Hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this Building riſe ;
'Tis Thy own Work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

H Y M N XXII.

The repenting Prodigal.

1. BEHOLD the Wretch whoſe Luſt and Wine
Had waſted his Eſtate, He

He begs a Share among the Swine,
To taſte the Huſks they eat !

2 "I die with Hunger here he cries;
" I ſtarve in foreign Lands ;
" My Father's Houſe has large Supplies,
" And bounteous are his Hands.

3. " I'll go and with a mournful Tongue
" Fall down before his Face ;
" Father I've done thy Juſtice wrong,
" Nor can deſerve thy Grace."

4. He ſaid and haſten'd to his Home,
To ſeek his Father's Love ;
The Father ſaw the Rebel come,
And all his Bowels move.

5. He ran, and fell upon his Neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his Son :
The Rebel's Heart with Sorrow brake,
For Follies he had done.

6. " Take off his Clothes of Shame and Sin,"
(The Father gives Command)
" Dreſs him in Garments white and clean,
" With Rings adorn his Hand.

7. " A Day of feaſting I ordain ;
" Let Mirth and Joy abound ;
" My Son was dead, and lives again,
Was loſt, and now is found."

HYMN XXIII.

The Pool of Bethesda.

1. BESIDE the Goſpel pool
Appointed for the Poor ;
From Year to Year, my helpleſs Soul
Has waited for a Cure.

2. How often have I ſeen
The healing Waters move!
And others, round me, ſtepping in
Their Efficacy prove!

3. But my Complaints remain,
I feel the very ſame:
As full of Guilt, and Fear, and Pain,
As when at firſt I came.

4. O would the Lord appear
My Malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languiſh'd here,
And what Diſtreſs I feel.

5. How often have I thought
Why ſhould I longer lie?
Surely the Mercy I have ſought
Is not for ſuch as I.

6. But whether can I go?
There is no other Pool
Where Streams of ſov'reign Virtue flow
To make a Sinner whole,

7. Here then, from Day toDay,
I'll wait, and Hope, and try:
Can Jeſus hear a Sinner pray,
Yet ſuffer him to die?

8. No: He is full of Grace;
He never will permit
A Soul, that fain would ſee his Face,
To periſh at his Feet.

HYMN. XXIV.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our Youth
The Gift of ſaving Grace;
And let the Seed of ſacred Truth
Fall in a fruitful Place.

2.

2. Grace is a Plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and Heav'nly Root;
But faireſt in the Youngeſt ſhews.
And yields the ſweeteſt Fruit.

3. Ye careleſs Ones, O hear betimes
The Voice of Sov'reign Love!
Your Youth is ſtain'd with many Crimes,
But Mercy reigns above.

4. True, you are Young, but there's a Stone
Within the youngeſt Breaſt;
Or half the Crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your reſt.

5. For you the public Pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public Pray'r!
For you the ſecret Tear is ſhed,
O ſhed your ſelves a Tear!

6. We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's Pow'r to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jeſus whom we preach.

HYMN XXV.

Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification and Redemption. 1 Cor. i, 30.

BELIEVERS own they are but blind
They know themſelves Unwiſe;
But Wiſdom in the Lord they find,
Who opens all their Eyes.

2. Unrighteous are they all, when try'd;
But God himſelf declares,
In Jeſus they are juſtify'd;
His Righteouſneſs is theirs.

3. That we're Unholy needs no Proof;

We ſorely feel the Fall:
But Chriſt has Holineſs enough
To ſanctify us all.

4. Expos'd by Sin to God's juſt Wrath,
We look to Chriſt and View
Redemption in his Blood by Faith;
And full Redemption too.

5. Some this, ſome that, good Virtue teach,
To rectify the Soul;
But we firſt after Jeſus reach,
And richly graſp the whole.

6. To Jeſus join'd we all that's good,
From him, our Head, derive;
We eat his Fleſh, we drink his Blood,
And by and in him live.

HYMN XXVI.

The Beatitudes.

[1. BLESS'D are the humble Souls that ſee
Their Emptineſs and Poverty:
Treaſures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]

[2. Bleſs'd are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart;
The Blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
A Healing Balm for all their Woes.]

[3. Bleſs'd are the Meek, who ſtand afar
From Rage and Paſſion, Noiſe and War;
GOD will ſecure their happy State,
And plead their Cauſe againſt the Great.]

[4. Bleſs'd are the Souls that thirſt for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed,

With

With living Streams and living Bread.]

[5. Bleſs'd are the Men whoſe Bowels move,
And melt with Sympathy and Love;
From CHRIST the LORD ſhall they obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again.]

[6. Bleſs'd are the Pure, whoſe Hearts are clean
From the defiling Pow'r of Sin;
With endleſs Pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A GOD of ſpotleſs Purity.]

[7. Bleſs'd are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;
They ſhall be call'd the Heirs of Bliſs,
The Sons of GOD, the GOD of Peace.]

[8. Bleſs'd are the Suffrers, who partake
Of Pain and Shame for Jeſus ſake;
Their Souls ſhall triumph in the LORD,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

HYMN XXVII.

On the Death of a Saint.

1. BLESSED are they (the Scriptures ſay)
That dying win the Prize,
For reſt they ſhall, their good works all
Do follow them likewiſe.

2. Death's but a Sleep, why ſhould we weep
For thoſe in Chriſt who die?
Since this we know to Peace they go,
And Joys poſſeſs on High.

3. Altho' to duſt their Bodies muſt
Be turn'd beneath the Clod,
Yet they ſhall riſe above the Skies,
And ever live with God.

4. Chriſt will aloud before the Croud
Compos'd of Adam's Race,
Confeſs them dear, who own'd him here,
And bore for him Diſgrace.

5. Robes they ſhall have that will outbrave
The Whiteneſs of the Snow ;
Moſt pure and bright, like ſhining Light ;
Such Jeſus will beſtow.

6. Then why need we dejected be ?
Our Loſs is their great Gain ;
For they ſhall ſtand at Chriſt's right Hand,
And with their Saviour reign.

7. Their happy Days are ſpent in Praiſe,
While here we ſigh and groan ;
Could we but ſee how bleſt they be,
'Twould make us ceaſe to moan.

8. If there was End, 'twould Trouble ſend,
And would eclipſe the Joy,
But 'tis not ſo, they'll never go
Out of that ſweet Employ.

9. When they've been there ten Million Years,
And Millions more are done,
They've no leſs Days to ſing God's Praiſe
Than when they firſt begun.

HYMN XXVIII.

A bleſſed Goſpel.

1. BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound ;
Peace ſhall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

2. Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;

His

His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength, and Salvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN XXIX.

A Song of Praiſe for the Goſpel.

1. BLEST be my God that I was born
To hear the Goſpel ſound;
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
And bred on holy Ground:

2. That I was bred where God appears
With Tokens of his Grace;
The Lines are fallen unto me
In a moſt pleaſant Place.

3. I might have been a Pagan bred,
Or elſe a veiled Jew,
Or cheated with the Al Koran
Amongſt the Turkiſh Crew.

4. So in a Dungeon dark as Night
I might have ſpent my Days;
But thou haſt ſent me Goſpel-Light,
To thine eternal Praiſe.

5. The Sun that roſe up in the Eaſt,
And drove the Shades away,
Its healing Wings have reach'd the Weſt,
And turn'd the Night to Day.

6. Bleſt be my God for what I ſee,
My God for what I hear,
I hear ſuch bleſſed News from Heav'n
Not Earth nor Hell I fear.

7. I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die,
My Lord for me did riſe again,
And did aſcend on High ;

8. On High he ſtands to plead my Cauſe,
And will return again,
And ſet me on a glorious Throne,
And I with him ſhall reign.

HYMN XXX.

Charity to the Poor : or, Pity to the Afflicted.

1. BLEST is the Man whoſe Bowels move,
And melt with Pity to the Poor ;
Whoſe Soul, by ſympathizing Love,
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure

2. His Heart contrives for their Relief,
More Good than his own Hands can do ;
He, in the Time of gen'ral Grief,
Shall find the LORD has Bowels too.

3. His Soul ſhall live ſecure on Earth,
With ſecret Bleſſings on his Head,
When Drought, and Peſtilence, and Dearth,
Around him multiply their Dead.

4. Or if he Languiſh on his Couch,
GOD will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n,
Will ſave him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n,

HYMN XXXI.

1. BLEST is the Mau who ſhuns the Place
Where Sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffer's Seat :

2. But in the Statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief Delight ; By

By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

3. (He like a Plant of gen'rous kind,
By living Waters ſet,
Safe from the Storms and blaſting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]

4. Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
Shall his Profeſſion ſhine,
While Fruits of Holineſs appear
Like Cluſters on the Vine.

5. Not ſo the Impious and Unjuſt;
What vain Deſigns they form!
Their Hopes are blow'n away like Duſt,
Or Chaff before the Storm.

6. Sinners in Judgment ſhall not ſtand
Amongſt the Sons of Grace,
When Chriſt the Judge at his right Hand,
Appoints his Saints a Place.

7. His Eye beholds the Path they tread;
His Heart aproves it well:
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

HYMN XXXII.

The Lord's Day; or, the Reſurrection of Chriſt.

1. BLEST Morning, whoſe young dawning Rays
Behold our riſing God,
That ſaw him triumph o'er the Duſt,
And leave his dark Abode.

2. In the cold Priſon of a Tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The Third, th' appointed Day.

3.

3. Hell and the Grave unite their Force.
To hold our God in vain,
The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble Chain.

4. To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
Theſe ſacred Hours we pay,
And loud Hoſannas ſhall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day,

[5. Salvation and immortal Praiſe
To our Victorious King;
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
With glad Hoſannas ring.]

HYMN XXXIII.

THE JUBILEE.

1. BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn Sound,
Let all the Nations know,
To Earth's remoteſt Bounds
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd Sinners home.

2. Exalt the Son of God,
The all attoning Lamb
Redemption thro' his Blood
To all the World proclaim:
The Year, &c.

3. Ye, who have ſold for nought,
Your Heritage above;
Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſus Love:
The Year, &c.

4. The Goſpel Trumpet ſounds;
Let all the Nations hear,

And

And Earth's remoteſt Bounds
Before the Throne apear :
The Year, &c.

HYMN XXXIV.

1. BRIGHT burning Beams of goſpel Grace
Haſte Lord, for to diſplay ;
For to burn up in all thy Saints
Their Stubble, Wood, and Hay.

2. Break forth O Sun of Righteouſneſs
Unto the perfect Day :
Haſte Holy One unto thy Throne,
Our Jeſus, haſte away !

3. But O, who may abide the Day
When Zions King ſhall reign ?
Who may abide, when he the Pride
Of all proud Fleſh ſhall ſtain ?

4. Tremble ye careleſs Ones, that are
At Eaſe in Zion, and
Wonder and Stay, becauſe that Day
Is very nigh at Hand :

5. It now doth dawn ; the glorious Morn
Begins for to appear ;
What elſe doth mean theſe Lowings, and
Theſe Bleatings which we hear ?

6. The Saints do ſing to Chriſt their King,
Whilſt others rage in Pain,
Becauſe His bright and dazzling Light
Shines thro' the World amain.

7. Redeemed Ones, ſing Praiſes, for
This Fire's but ſent to try,
And purge your Droſs, that by its Loſs
Chriſt may you purify.

HYMN

HYMN XXXV.

Few saved: or, *The Almost Christians, the Hypocrites, and Apostate.*

1. BROAD is the Road that leads to Death,
And Thousands walk together there;
But Wisdom shews a narrower Path
With here and there a Traveller.

2. Deny thyself, and take thy Cross,
Is the Redeemer's great Command;
Nature must count her Gold but Dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly Land.

3. The fearful Soul that tires and faints,
And walks the Ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a Saint,
And makes his own Destruction sure.

4. Lord, let not all my Hopes be vain,
Create my Heart intirely new,
Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false Apostates never knew.

HYMN XXXVI.

1. BURIED in Baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to Life restor'd:
Not the bare Life in Adam lost,
But richer far; for more it cost.

2. Water can cleanse the Flesh we own;
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our Cleansing stood,
Baptiz'd with Fire, and bath'd in Blood.

3. HIS was a Baptism deep indeed,
O'er Feet and Body, Hands and Head,
He in his Body purg'd our Sin:

A little Water makes us clean.

4. Not but we taſte his bitter Cup;
But only he could drink it up,
To burn for us was his Deſire:
And he baptizes us with Fire.

5. This Fire will not conſume but melt,
How ſoft compar'd with that he felt!
Thus cleans'd from Filth, and purg'd from Droſs,
Baptized Chriſtian, bear the Croſs.

HYMN XXXVII.

1. BY what amazing Ways,
The Lord vouchafes t'explain
The Wonders of his Sov'reign Grace
Towards the Sons of Men!

2. He ſhews us firſt, how foul
Our Natur's made by Sin:
Then teaches the believing Soul
The way to make it clean.

3. Our Baptiſm firſt declares,
What need we've all to cleanſe;
Then ſhews that Chriſt to all God's Heirs
Can Purity diſpenſe.

4. Water the Body laves:
And, if 'tis done by Faith,
The Blood of Jeſus ſurely ſaves
The ſinful Soul from Death.

5. Water no Man denies:
But, Brethren, reſt not there:
'Tis Faith in Chriſt that juſtifies.
And makes the Conſcience clear.

6. Baptiz'd into his Death,
We riſe to Life divine.

The Holy Spirit works the Faith;
And Water is the Sign.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1. BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
Nor Sword nor Spear the ſtripling took.
But choſe a pebble from the Brook.

2. 'Twas Iſrael's God and King,
Who ſent him to the Fight;
Who gave him Strength to ſling,
And Skill to aim aright,
Ye feeble Saints, your Strength endures,
Becauſe young David's God is yours.

3. Who order'd Gideon forth,
To ſtorm th' invaders Camp,
With Arms of little Worth,
A Pitcher and a Lamp?
The Trumpets made his coming known,
And all the Hoſt was overthrown.

4. Oh! I have ſeen the Day
When with a ſingle Word,
God helping me to ſay
"My Truſt is in the Lord;"
My Soul has quell'd a Thouſand Foes,
Fearleſs of all that would oppoſe.

5. But Unbelief, Self-Will,
Self-Righteouſneſs and Pride;
How often do they ſteal?
My Weapon from my Side?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his Servant to the End.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIX.

1. CAN such poor feeble Worms as we
Praise and adore our Saviour's Name?
Or bring a Tribute Lord to thee?
Or half thy Pow'r and Love proclaim?

2. We stand amaz'd, when we behold
Thy Glory and thy Beauty Lord!
Thy Love and Grace can ne'er be told,
Which thou to Mortals dost afford.

3. Yet Lord, we would attempt thy Praise,
We would exalt thy Holy Name;
Lord, we would walk in thy sweet Ways;
And sing, and tell thy wond'rous Fame.

4. Fain would our Souls mount up to thee,
And Feast forever on thy Love;
And Praise the sacred Deity,
As Angels do that dwell above.

HYMN XL.

Resting under the Cross.

1. CHILDREN of Israel see what Shade,
The Cross does us afford;
It was for weary Trav'llers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.

2. Here let us sit, and all prepare
To sing his worthy Fame;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his Name.

3. We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds and Blood,
The Virtue of thy Pain:
We sing thy Griefs, thou Son of God,
Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.

4. We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,

To thee we bow the Knees ;
Hail ! very God, the promis'd Child,
The Prophets ſang of thee.

5. While others praiſe an unknown God,
We each will ſing of thee ;
" Jeſus has waſh'd me in his Blood,
And liv'd, and dy'd for me."

H Y M N XLI.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1. CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye Journey ſweetly ſing.
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praiſe,
Glorious in his Works and Ways !

2. Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the Way the Fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their Happineſs ſhall ſee.

3. O ye baniſh'd Seed be glad !
Chriſt our Advocate is made ;
Us to ſave our Fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

4. Shout ye little Flock and bleſt,
You on Jeſu's Throne ſhall reſt,
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom, and Reward.

5. Fear not Brethren joyful ſtand
On the Borders of your Land ;
Jeſus Chriſt, your Father's Son,
Bids you joyfully come on.

6. Lord obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee !

HYMN XLII.

1. CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,
Sons of Men and Angels say!
Raiſe your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

2. Love's redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won;
Lo! our Sun's Eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in Blood no more.

3. Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Chriſt hath burſt the Gates of Hell:
Death in vain forbids his Riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd Paradiſe.

4. Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death is now thy Sting?
Once he dy'd our Souls to ſave,
Where's thy Victory, O Grave?

5. Soar we now where Chriſt hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the Croſs, the Grave, the Skies.

6. What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our Parents Fall;
Second Life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7. Hail the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we Greet Triumphant now,
Hail the Reſurrection—thou!

8. King of Glory! Soul of bliſs!
Everlaſting Life is this—
Thee to know—thy Pow'r to prove,
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

HYMN XLIII.

On the PASSION.

1. COME, all ye Chosen Saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing Blood,
In pensive Pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad Gethsemane.

2. Gethsemane the Olive Press!
(And why so call'd, let Christians guess)
Fit Name! Fit Place! Where Vengeance strove,
And grip'd and grappled hard with Love.

3. 'Twas here the Lord of Life appear'd,
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd and fear'd;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With Strength enough—and none to spare.

4. The Pow'rs of Hell united press'd,
And squeez'd his Heart, and bruiz'd his Breast.
What dreadful Conflicts rag'd within,
When Sweat and Blood forc'd thro' the Skin!

5. Dispatch'd from Heaven an Angel stood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in Blood;
Ador'd by Angels, and obey'd;
But lower now than Angels made.

6. He stood to strengthen, not to fight;
Justice exacts its utmost Mite.
This Victim Vengeance will pursue;
He undertook, and must go through.

7. Three favor'd Servants left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the War.
But Christ withdrawn, what Watch we keep!
To shun the Sight, they sunk in Sleep.

8. Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some Help from Man;

Or

Or wiſh'd at leaſt they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd Soul.

9. Whate'er he ſought for, there was none;
Our Captain fought the Field alone;
'Soon as the Chief to Battle led,
That Moment ev'ry Soldier fled.

10. Myſterious Conflict! Dark Diſguiſe!
Hid from all Creature's piercing Eyes.
Angels aſtoniſh'd view'd the Scene,
And wonder yet what all could mean.

11. Oh, Mount of Olives! ſacred Grove!
Oh, Garden, Scene of tragic Love!
What bitter Herbs thy Beds produce!
How rank their Scent! How harſh their Juice!

12. Rare Virtues now thoſe Herbs contain:
The Sav'our ſuck'd out all their Bane.
My Mouth with theſe if Conſcience cram,
I'll eat them with the Paſchal Lamb.

13. Oh, Kedron, gloomy Brook, how foul
Thy black polluted Waters roll!
No Tougue can tell (but ſome can taſte)
The Filth that into thee was caſt.

14. In Eden's Garden there was Food
Of ev'ry kind for Man, while good;
But, baniſh'd thence, we fly to Thee,
O Garden of Gethſemane.

HYMN LXIV.

The Love of CHRIST *ſhed abroad in the Heart.*

1. COME, deareſt LORD, deſcend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel
The Joys that cannot be expreſs'd,

2. Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength.
Make our enlarged Souls poſſeſs,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length.
Of thine unmeaſurable Grace.

3. Now to the GOD whoſe Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts and Wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his Son.

H Y M N LXV.

1. COME, deſcend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each ſpark into a Flame,
Bleſſings let us now inherit,
Bleſſings that we cannot Name
Whilſt Hoſannas we are ſinging,
May our Hearts in Rapture move,
Feel new Grace in them ſtill ſpringing,
Breathe the Air of pureſt Love.

2. Let us ſail in grace's Ocean
Float on that unbounded Sea,
Guided into pure Devotion,
Kept from Paths of Error free:
On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious Foe;
Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding
All for thee we would forego.

3. Keep us, Lord ſtill in Communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee;
Sinking in the ſweeteſt Union
Of that heart-felt Myſtery:
Keep us ſafe from each Deluſion,
Well protected from all Harms;
Free from Sin and all Confuſion,
Circle us within thy Arms.

HYMN

HYMN XLVI.

Redeeming Love.

1. COME heav'nly Love, inſpire my Song,
With thy immortal Flame;
And teach my Heart, and teach my Tongue,
The Saviour's lovely Name.

2. The Saviour! O what endleſs Charms
Dwell in the bliſsful Sound!
Its Influence ev'ry Fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet Comfort round.

3. Here pardon, Life, and Joys divine
In rich Effuſion flow,
For guilty Rebels loſt in Sin,
And doom'd to endleſs Woe.

4. God's only Son, (ſtupendous Grace!)
Forſook his Throne above;
And ſwift to ſave our wretched Race,
He flew on Wings of Love.

5. Th' Almighty former of the Skies
Stoop'd to our vile Abode;
While Angels view'd with wond'ring Eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6. O the rich Depths of Love divine!
Of bliſs, a boundleſs Store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wiſh for more.

7. On thee alone my Hope relies,
Beneath thy Croſs I fall.
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

H Y M N XLVII.

1. COME hither ye, that fain would know
Th' exeeding Sinfulneſs of Sin :
Come ſee a Scene of matchleſs Woe ;
And tell me what it all can mean.

2. Behold the darling Son of God
Bow'd down with Horror to the Ground,
Wrung at the Heart, and ſweating Blood,
His Eyes in Tears of Sorrow drown,d

3. See how the Victim panting lies,
His Soul with bitter Anguiſh preſt.
He ſighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
Diſmay'd, dejected, ſhock'd, diſtreſt.

4. What Pangs are theſe that tear his Heart ?
What Burden's this that's on him laid ?
What means this Agony of Smart ?
What makes our Maker hang his Head ?

5. 'Tis Juſtice with it's Iron Rod,
Inflicting Strokes of Wrath divine :
'Tis the vindictive Hand of God,
Incens'd at all your Sins, and mine.

6. Deep in his Breaſt our Names were cut,
He undertook our deſp'rate Debt.
Such Loads of Guilt were on him put,
He could but juſt ſuſtain the Weight.

7. Then let us not our ſelves deceive :
For while of Sin we lightly deem,
Whatever Notions we may have,
Indeed we are not much like him.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, *Fervency of Devotion deſired.*

1. COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs, Kin-

Kindle a Flame of ſacred Love
In theſe cold Hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe Trifling Toys;
Our Souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal Joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas Languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever lie
At this poor dying Rate;
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee?
And thine to us ſo great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN XLIX.

Deſiring to love CHRIST.

1. COME let me love; or is my Mind
Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice!
I ſee the bleſſed fair one bend,
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the ſkies.

2. O! 'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,
And make an Heart of Iron move,
That thoſe ſweet Lips, that heav'nly Look,
Should ſeek and Wiſh a Mortal,s Love.

3. I was a Traytor doom'd to Fire,
Bound to ſuſtain Eternal Pains;
He flew on Wings of ſtrong Deſire,
Aſſum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

4. Infinit

4. Infinite Grace! Almighty Charms!
Stand in amaze. O Earth and Skies!
JESUS the GOD with naked Arms,
Hangs on a Croſs of Love and dies.

5. Did Pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in Divinity and Blood?
Was ever Rebel courted ſo
With Groans of an expiring GOD?

6. Again he lives, and ſpreads his Hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring Smart;
By theſe dear Wounds, ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his Heart.

7. Sure I muſt Love; or are my Ears
Still deaf, nor will my Paſſions move;
Then let me melt this Heart to Tears;
This Heart ſhall yield to Death or Love.

HYMN L.

To Jeſus Chriſt.

1. COME let us all unite to praiſe
The Saviour of Mankind,
Our thankful Hearts in ſolemn lays,
Be with our Voices join'd.

2. But how ſhall Duſt his Worth declare,
When Angels try in vain;
Their Faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.

3. O Lord, we cannot Silent be,—
By Love we are conſtrain'd
To offer our beſt Thanks to Thee,
Our Saviour, and our Friend!

4. Tho' feeble are our beſt Eſſays,
Thy Love will not diſpiſe;

Our

Our grateful Songs of humble Praiſe,
Our well-meant Sacrifice.

5. Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodneſs ſhow,
And ſpread abroad thy Fame ;
Let ev'ry Heart with Praiſe o'erflow,
And bleſs thy ſacred Name !

6. Worſhip and Honour, Thanks and Love,
Be to our Jeſus giv'n !
By Men below,—by Hoſts above,—
By all in Earth and Heav'n !

H Y M N LI.

The Tree of Life.

1. COME,, let us join a joyful Tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye Saints on high around his Throne,
And we around his Board,

2. While once upon this lower Ground,
Weary and faint ye ſtood,
What dear Refreſhments here ye found
From this immortal Food ?

3. The Tree of Life, that near the Throne
In Heav'ns high Garden grows,
Laden with Grace, bends gently down
Its ever ſmiling Boughs.

[4. Hov'ring amongſt the Leaves, there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove ;
And Jeſus on the Branches hangs
The Banner of his Love.]

[5. Tis a young Heav'n of ſtrange Delight,
While in his Shade we ſit ;
His Fruit is pleaſing to the Sight,
And to the Taſte as ſweet.

6. Come

6. New Life it ſpreads through dying Hearts,
And cheers the drooping Mind;
Vigour and Joy the Juice imparts,
Without a Sting behind.]

7. Now let the flaming Weapon ſtand,
And guard all Eden's Trees,
Ther's ne'er a Plant in all that Land,
That bears ſuch Fruit as theſe.

8. Infinite Grace our Souls adore,
Whoſe wond'rous Hand has made
This living Branch of ſov'reigh Pow'r,
To raiſe and heal the Dead.

H Y M N LII.

CHRIST JESUS *the Lamb of* GOD, *worſhipped by all the Creation.*

1. COME let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten Thouſand Thouſand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are One.

2. Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
Worthy the Lamb," our Lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3. Jeſus is worthy to recieve
Honour and Pow'r Divine;
And bleſſing more then we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4. Let all that dwell above the Sky,
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Conſpire to lift thy Glories High,
And ſpeak thine endleſs Praiſe:

5. The whole Creation join in One,

To

To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of Him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LIII.

The PENITENT THIEF.

1. COME ſee the Pow'r of Chriſt our King
When on the Croſs the Saviour hung,
His Grace a dying Thief did bring,
To own him with his Heart and Tongue.

2. One Malefactor ſcorn'd Chriſt's Name,
The other did his Sin reprove;
Then ſaid by Faith to God's dear Lamb,
"Remember me O Lord above."

3. What noble Faith in him appear'd,
That he could truſt a dying Lord!
He ſoon the bleſſed Jeſus heard
pronounce this ſweet reviving Word;

4. "Amen, this Day thy Soul ſhall be
"With me in Paradiſe above."
This made the dying Pris'ner free;
Theſe Words were full of boundleſs Love.

5. What Comfort did this Speech convey,
To his poor guilty wretched Mind!
When thus he heard the Saviour ſay,
Great Peace the Criminal did find.

6. Thus Jeſus Chriſt forgave the Thief,
And ſhew'd great Mercy to the Man;
So in the midſt of Woe and Grief,
His Joy and Happineſs began.

7. O how he ſings the Saviour's Praiſe,
Who took him at the very laſt,
When he his youthful Strength and Days
In Satan's Cauſe had ſpent and paſt! 4. Now

8. Now he adores God's holy Name,
And ſtands before the Saviours Face ;
And will eternally proclaim
The boundleſs Riches of his Grace !

H Y M N LIV.

Deſiring to praiſe worthily.

1. COME thou Fount of ev'ry Bleſſing !
Tune my Heart to ſing thy Grace !
Streams of Mercy never ceaſing,
Call for Songs of loudeſt Praiſe ;
Teach me ſome melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above ;
Praiſe the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging Love !

2. Here I raiſe mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy Help I'm come ;
And I hope by tny good Pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at Home ;
Jeſus ſought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
He to reſcue me from Danger,
Interpos'd his precious Blood.

3. Oh, to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be !
Let that Grace, Lord, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Soul to thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it !
Prone to leave the God I love——
Here's my Heart—Oh take and ſeal it !
Seal it for thy Courts above !

4. Oh that Day when freed from Sinning !
I ſhall ſee thy lovely Face !
Clothed in thy Blood-waſh'd Linnen

How

How I'll ſing thy Sov'reign Grace!
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd Soul away;
Send thine Angels down to carry
Me to Realms of endleſs Day.

5. If thou ever didſt diſcover
To my Faith the promis'd Land,
Bid me now the Stream paſs over,
On the heav'nly Borders ſtand;
Now ſurmount whate'er oppoſes,
And to thine Embrace I'll fly;
Speak the Word thou ſpake to Moſes;
Bid me, "Get me up and die."

HYMN LV.

1. COME, thou long expected Jeſus!
Born to ſet thy People free;
From our Fears and Sins releaſe us,
Let us find our Reſt in thee!
Iſrael's Strength and Conſolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art;
Dear deſire of ev'ry Nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart!

2. Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone;
By thine All-Sufficient Merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious Throne.

HYMN LVI.

Invitation:

1. COME ye Sinners Poor and Wretched,
Weak and wounded ſick and ſore,

Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of Pity, Love and Pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye Needy, come and welcome,
God's Free-Bounty glorify,
True belief and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,
Without Money,
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.

3. Let not Conſcience make you linger,
Nor of Fitneſs fondly dream:
All the Fitneſs he requireth
Is to feel your Need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirits glimm'ring Beam.

4. Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall.
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the Righteous,
Sinners Jeſus came to call.

5. Agonizing in the Garden,
Lo your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody Tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd,"
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

6. Lo! th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the Merit of his Blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other Truſt intrude:
None but Jeſus,
Can do helpleſs Sinners good.

7. Saints

7. Saints and Angels join'd in Concert
Sing the Praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful Seats of Heaven
Sweetly Eccho with his Name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

HYMN LVII.

The Diſciples at Sea.

1. CONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,
And venture without him to Sea.
The Seaſon tempeſtuous and dark,
How griev'd the Diſciples muſt be!
But tho' he remain'd on the Shore,
He ſpent the Night for them in Pray'r;
They ſtill were as ſafe as before,
And equally under his Care.

2. They ſtrove, tho' in vain, for a while,
The Force of the Waves to withſtand;
But when they were weary'd with Toil,
They ſaw their dear Saviour at hand;
They gladly receiv'd him on Board,
His Preſence their Spirits reviv'd:
The Sea became calm at his Word,
And ſoon at their Port they arriv'd.

3. Believers now like them are toſt
By Storms, of a perilous Deep;
But cannot be poſſibly loſt
While Jeſus has Charge of the Ship:
Tho' Billows and Winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make them their Sport;
This Pilot hath firmly engag'd
To bring them, in Safety, to Port.

4. If ſometimes we ſtruggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our View,

It makes us more willing to own
We nothing without him, can do :
Then Satan our Hopes would aſſail,
But Jeſus is ſtill within call ;
And when our poor Efforts quite fail,
He comes in good Time, and does all.

5. Yet, Lord, we are ready to ſhrink
Unleſs we thy Preſence perceive ;
O ſave us (we cry) or we ſink,
We would, but we cannot believe :
The Night has been long and ſevere,
The Winds and the Seas are ſtill high ;
Dear Saviour, this Moment appear,
And ſay to our Souls, " It is I !"

HYMN LVIII.

The Day of Judgment.

1. DAY of Judgment, Day of Wonders !
Hark ! the Trumpet's awful Sound,
Louder than a Thouſand Thunders,
Shakes the vaſt Creation round !
How the Summons
Will the Sinner's Heart confound !

2. See the Judge our Nature wearing,
Cloth'd in Majeſty Divine !
You who long for his Appearing,
Then ſhall ſay, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that Day for thine !

3. At his Call the Dead awaken,
Riſe to Life from Earth and Sea ;
All the Pow'rs of Nature ſhaken
By his Look, prepare to thee :
Careleſs Sinner,
What will then become of thee ! 4. Hor-

4. Horrors paſt Imagination,
Will ſurprize your trembling Heart,
When you hear your Condemnation,
" Hence, accurſed Wretch depart !
" Thou with Satan
" And his Angels, have thy Part !"

5. Satan, who now tries to Pleaſe you,
Leſt you timely Warning take,
When that Word is paſt, will ſeize you,
Plunge you in the burning Lake :
Think, poor Sinner,
Thy eternal All's at Stake !

5. But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd and ſerv'd the Lord below ;
He will ſay, " Come near ye Bleſſed,
" See the Kingdom I beſtow:
" You for ever
" Shall my Love and Glory know."

7. Under Sorrows and Reproaches,
May this Thought your Courage raiſe !
Swiftly God's great Day approaches,
Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to Praiſe :
We ſhall Triumph
When the World is in a Blaze.

H Y M N LIX.

A dying Saint's Farewel.

1. DEAR Friends farewel, I go to dwell
With Jeſus Chriſt, on High ;
There for to ſing Praiſe to my King
To all Eternity.

2. While I've been here you have been dear,
I've always found you kind ;
But now thro' Grace, I quit this Place,

And leave you all behind.

3. Weep not for me, for here you ſee
My Trials have been great;
But now ('tis true) I bid adieu,
And change my mournful State.

4. 'Twill not be long before the Throng
Will all together be;
And you that know the Lord, below,
Shall then your Saviour ſee.

5. There we ſhall join in Songs Divine,
God's holy Name ſhall Praiſe;
And view Chriſt's Smiles, forget the Toils
Of theſe few evil Days.

6. There we ſhall ſtand at his right Hand,
And in his Preſence dwell;
And him adore, forevermore,
So Brethren, now farewel.

HYMN LX.

God the only Refuge in Trouble.

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary Soul,
On thee when Sorrows riſe;
On thee, when Waves of Trouble roll,
My fainting Hope relies.

2. While Hope revives, tho' preſs'd with Fears,
And I can ſay, "My God,"
Beneath thy Feet I ſpread my Cares,
And pour my Woes abroad.

3. To thee I tell each riſing Grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy Word can bring a ſweet Relief,
For ev'ry Pain I feel.

4. But

4. But oh ! when gloomy Doubts prevail
I fear to call thee mine ;
The Springs of Comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my Hopes decline.

5. Yet gracious God, where ſhall I flee ?
Thou art my only Truſt ;
And ſtill my Soul wou'd cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the Duſt.

6. Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy Face ?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain ?
And can the Ear of Sov'reign Grace
Be deaf when I complain ?

7. No, ſtill the Ear of Sov'reign Grace
Attends the mourner's Prayer ;
O may I ever find Acceſs,
To Breathe my Sorrows there.

8. Thy Mercy-Seat is open ſtill ;
Here let my Soul retreat,
With humble Hope attend thy Will,
And wait beneath thy Feet.

HYMN LXI.

1. DEAR Lord, how wond'rous is thy Love
To ſuch unworthy Worms as we !
Thou haſt ſent down the heav'nly Dove,
To ſet our Souls at Liberty.

2. We that were doom'd to Woe and Pain,
Expos'd to Death of ev'ry kind,
Thro' Jeſus Chriſt, the Lamb once ſlain,
Do Life, and Peace, and Pardon find.

3. Shall we forget our Saviour's Grace,
Who dy'd to ſave our Guilty Souls,
And bring us to his Father's Face,

Where endleſs Peace and Pleaſure rolls?

4. Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring Thought,
May Chriſt be all in our Eſteem;
Let earthly Things be all forgot,
And counted Loſs, compar'd with him.

5. Lord Jeſus, make us bear in Mind
Thy rich thy pure redeeming Love,
Till we ſhall be for ever join'd
With thoſe that ſing thy Praiſe above.

6. Then ſhall we ſtand before thy Face,
And Shout with all the Ranſom'd Throng;
Our Cry ſhall be, "Free Grace, Free Grace,"
While endleſs Ages roll along.

HYMN LXII.

Aſſurances of Heaven: or, a Saint prepar'd to die.

[1. DEATH may diſſolve my Body now,
And bear my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my Salvation come?

2. With Heav'nly Weapons I have fought
The Battles of the Lord,
Finiſh'd my Courſe and kept the Faith,
And wait the ſure Reward.]

3. God has laid up in Heav'n for me
A Crown which cannot fade;
The Righteous Judge of that great Day
Shall place it on my Head.

4. Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This Prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to ſee
Th' Appearance of his Son.

5. Jeſus, the Lord, ſhall guard me ſafe
From ev'ry ill Deſign ;
And to his heav'nly Kingdom take
This feeble Soul of mine.

6. God is my everlaſting Aid,
And Hell ſhall rage in vain ;
To Him be higheſt Glory paid,
And endleſs Praiſe. AMEN.

HYMN LXIII.

Death dreadful or delightful.

1. DEATH ! 'Tis a melancholy Day,
To thoſe that have no God,
When the Poor Soul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt abode.

2. In vain to Heav'n ſhe lifts her Eyes,
But Guilt, a heavy Chain,
Still drags her downward from the Skies,
To Darkneſs, Fire and Pain.

3. Awake and mourn, ye Heirs of Hell,
Let ſtubborn Sinners fear ;
You muſt be driv'n from Earth, and dwell
A long For Ever there.

4. See how the Pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your Face ;
And thou, my Soul, look downwards too,
And ſing recov'ring Grace,

5. He is a God of Sov'reign Grace.
That promis'd Heav'n to me ;
And taught my Thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy Spirits be.

6. Prepare me, Lord, for thy Right Hand,
Then come the joyful Day,

Come Death and ſome celeſtial Band,
To bear my Soul away.

H Y M N LXIV.

1. DESERTERS, to the Camp return,
Reſume your former Poſt,
Bewail your Crimes, your Baſeneſs mourn;
For yet Ye are not loſt.

2. Your's is a ſad a dang'rous Caſe,
Be humble, and repent;
Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er ſo baſe,
The Moment you relent.

3. Sinners are ſav'd by Jeſu's Blood,
How vile ſo e'er they be;
Eternal Life's the Gift of God;
And Gifts are always free.

4. 'Tis not by Works of Righteouſneſs
Which any Man has done;
But God has ſent his Son to bleſs;
Return, and kiſs the Son.

H Y M N LXV.

1. DID our IMMANUEL die for us,
To ſave ſuch poor rebellious Men?
Did he diſplay his Pity thus,
That we might come to GOD again?

2. All human Language wants a Name,
For this unfathom'd wond'rous Love:
This pure Immortal fervent Flame,
Sprang only from the GOD above.

3. What can we add? Our Speech is faint;
We ſink beneath the pond'rous Load:
This Love no Eloquence can paint;
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a GOD?

4. O'er-

4. O'erwhelm'd with this Abys of Love,
We ſtand aſtoniſh'd at the Grace,
That brought the Saviour from above,
To die for all the fallen Race!

5. Did our IMMANUEL die for us?
What more can be by ſounds expreſt?
For Sinners CHRIST was made a Curſe;
Eternity muſt tell the reſt.

H Y M N LXVI.

1. DISCIPLES of Chriſt
Ye Friends of the Lamb;
Attend, and aſſiſt
In ſinging his Fame:
Eternal Thankſgiving
The Faithful ſhould pay,
The Living, the Living,
As we do this Day.

2. A Body of Clay
He humbly put on.
And then took away
The Sin we had done;
And in it endured
The Wrath to us due,
The Curſe we incurred,
Our Stripes and our Woe.

3. Not only he dy'd,
But alſo aroſe;
Laid Weakneſs aſide,
And over his Foes,
(Sin, Death and the Devil,)
He triumph'd, and o'er
This World, and all Evil,
Dominion and Pow'r.

4. O merciful Lamb, Who

Who ſits on the Throne,
We bow at thy Name,
The Saviour we own,
Deſerving our Bleſſing,
And Bleſſing we'll give,
Without ever ceaſing,
So long as we live.

H Y M N LXVII.

Diſmiſſion.

1. DISMISS us with thy Bleſſing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy Word.
All that has been amiſs forgive;
And let thy Truth within us live.

2. Tho we are guilty thou art good,
Waſh all our Works in Jeſu's Blood.
Give ev'ry Fetter'd Soul Releaſe;
And bid us all depart in Peace.

H Y M N LXVIII.

Before Sermon.

1. DOES it not Grief and Wonder move,
To think of Iſrael's dreadful Fall!
Who needed Miracles to prove!
Whether the Lord were God or Baal!

2. Methinks I ſee Elijah ſtand,
His Features glow with Love and Zeal,
In Faith and Pray' r he lifts his Hand,
And makes to Heav'n his great Appeal.

3. "Oh, G O D, if I thy Servant am,
It 'tis thy Meſſage fills my Heart,
Now glorify thy holy Name,
And ſhew this People who thou art."

4. He ſpoke, and lo, a ſudden Flame
Conſum'd the Wood, the Duſt, the Stone,
The People ſtruck, at once proclaim
"The LORD is GOD, the LORD alone."

5. Like him we mourn an awful Day,
When more for Baal than GOD appear;
Like him Believers, let us pray,
And may the GOD of Iſrael hear.

6. Lord! if thy Servant ſpeaks thy Truth,
If he indeed is ſent by Thee,
Confirm the Word to all our Youth,
And let them thy Salvation ſee.

7. Now may the Spirit's holy Fire
pierce ev'ry Heart that hears thy Word;
Conſume each hurtful vain Deſire,
And make them know thou art the LORD.

HYMN LXIX.

Believers buried with CHRIST *in Baptism.*

1. DO we not know that ſolemn Word,
That we are bury'd with the LORD;
Raptiz'd into his Death, and then
Put off the Body of our Sin?

2. Our Souls receive diviner Breath,
Rais'd from Corruption, Guilt, and Death:
So from the Grave did CHRIST ariſe,
And lives to GOD above the Skies.

3. No more let Sin or Satan reign
Over our Mortal Fleſh again:
The various Luſts we ſerv'd before,
Shall have Dominion now no more.

HYMN LXX.

Every Creature at GOD's *Command.*

1. ELIJAH's Example declares,
Whatever Diſtreſs may betide,
The Saints may commit all their Cares
To him who will always provide,
When Rain long witheld from the Earth
Occaſion'd a Famine of Bread,
The Prophet, ſecur'd from the Dearth,
By Ravens was conſtantly fed.

2. More likely to rob than to feed,
Are Ravens who live upon Prey;
But where the LORD's People have need,
His Goodneſs will find out a Way:
This Inſtance to thoſe may ſeem Strange,
Who know not how Faith can prevail;
But ſooner all Nature ſhall change,
Than one of GOD's Promiſes fail,

3. Nor is it a Singular Caſe;
The Wonder is often renew'd;
And many may ſay to GOD's Praiſe,
By Ravens he ſendeth them Food.
Thus Worldlings, tho' Ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and Selfiſh their Mind,
If GOD has a Servant to feed,
Againſt their own Wills can be kind.

4. Thus Satan the Raven unclean,
That croaks in the Ears of the Saints,
O'er-rul'd by a Power unſeen,
Adminiſters oft to their Wants;
GOD teaches them how to find Food
From all the Temptations they feel:
This Raven who thirſts for my Blood,
Has help'd me to many a Meal.

5. How

5. How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He'll give them Out Strength for their Day,
Their Wants he Will surely supply,
He Ravens and Lions can tame;
All Creatures obey his Command:
Then let me rejoice in his Name,
And leave all my Cares in his Hand.

HYMN LXXI.

The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST, John i. 1, 3, 14. *and* Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1. E'ER the blue Heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From Everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2. By his own Pow'r were all Things made;
By him supported all Things stand;
He is the whole Creation's Head,
And Angels fly at his Command.

3. E'er Sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the Host of Morning-Stars;
(Thy Generation who can tell,
Or count the Number of thy Years?)

4. But lo, he leaves those Heav'nly Forms·
The Word descends and dwells in Clay,
That he may hold Converse with Worms,
Drest in such feeble Flesh as they.

5. Mortals with Joy beheld his Face,
Th' Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of Truth! how full of Grace!
When thro' his Eyes the Godhead shone!

6. Arch-Angels leave their high Abode,

To

To learn new Myſt'ries here, and tell
The Love of our deſcending God,
The Glories of EMANUEL.

HYMN LXXII.

1. ETERNAL God, thy Pow'r make kuown,
Make the whole Earth confeſs
That thou art God, and thou alone
Doſt rule in Righteouſneſs.

2. May the whole Earth thy Glory ſee,
And thy Salvation know;
And to thy Saints, who wait for thee,
Thy Works and Wonders ſhow.

3. Lord Jeſus, come, and take thy pow'r,
And rule us by thy Grace:
We wait for that expected Hour
When we ſhall ſee thy Face.

4. Our Souls are longing for the Day
When Jeſus ſhall be King;
When he our ſtubborn Sins ſhall ſlay,
And we his Praiſe ſhall ſing.

5. Our Hearts rejoice in Jeſu's Name,
His Word forbids our Fear;
We love his Goſpel to Proclaim
That all Mankind may hear.

6. But deareſt Lord, let us enjoy
That Everlaſting Peace,
That nothing ever ſhall deſtroy,
Nor cauſe it to decreaſe,

7. Lord here we wait to know thy Will,
And to obey the ſame,
May we our Courſe on Earth fulfil,
In Honour to thy Name.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Praiſe to the Creator.

1. ETERNAL Majeſty on High,
Thou God of Pow'r and Love,
Thy Hands have ſpread the ſtarry Sky,
And form'd the World above.

2. This Globe below ſhews forth thy Might,
Thy Goodneſs and thy Skill;
The Sun, the Moon, the Day, and Night,
Thy Pleaſure do fulfil.

3. Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, Inſects all declare
Thou art the mighty God;
Fire, Hail, and Storms, Earth, Water, Air,
Declare thy Name abroad.

4. Trees, Mountains, Rivers, Rocks, and Plains,
Gardens, and fruitful Lands.
Proclaim "The God of Goodneſs reigns;"
And will while Nature ſtands.

5. All Things below, and all above,
God, Wiſe, Good, Great proclaim;
Then let the Children of his Love
Delight to bleſs his Name.

6. The heav'nly Father, and the Son,
And Spirit we adore;
'Tis now as 'twas when Time begun,
And ſhall be evermore.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Chriſt the Beloved deſcribed.

1. FAIR Salem's Daughters aſk to know
Why I ſhould love my Jeſus ſo;

What are his Charms, ſay they, above
The Objects of another's Love ?

2. Yes, my Beloved, to my Sight
Shews a ſweet Mixture, Red and White :
All human Beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and Shine.

3. White is his Soul, from Blemiſh free ;
Red was his Blood he ſhed for me ;
The Faireſt of Ten Thouſand Fairs;
A Sun among ten Thouſand Stars.

4. His Head the fineſt Gold excels ;
There Wiſdom in Perfection dwells,
And Glory, like a Crown, adorns
Thoſe Temples once beſet with Thorns.

5. Compaſſions in his Heart are found,
Hard by the ſignals of his Wound :
His Sacred Side no more ſhall bear
The cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.

6. His Hands are fairer to behold
Than Diamonds ſet in Rings of Gold ;
Thoſe heav'nly Hands that on the Tree
Where nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7. Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
Loaded with Sins and Agonies,
Now on the Throne of his Command,
His Legs like Marble Pillars ſtand.

8. His Eyes are Majeſty and Love,
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove ;
No more ſhall trickling Sorrows roll,
Thro' thoſe dear Windows of his Soul.

9. His Mouth that pour'd out long Complaints,
Now ſmiles, and cheers his fainting Saints ;
His Countenance more graceful is
Than

Than Lebanon with all its Trees.

10. All over Glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His Worth if all the Nations knew
Sure ev'ry one would Love him too.

HYMN LXXV.

God glorious, and Sinners ſaved.

1. FATHER, how wide thy Glory ſhines!
How high thy Wonders riſe!
Known thro' the Earth by Thouſand Signs,
By Thouſands thro' the Skies.

2. Thoſe mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r.
Their Motions ſpeak thy Skill;
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour
We read thy Patience ſtill;

3. Part of thy Name divinely Stands
On all thy Creatures writ,
They ſhews the Labour of thy Hands,
The Impreſs of thy Feet.

4. But when we View thy grand Deſign
To ſave rebellious Worms,
Where Wiſdom Pow'r and Goodneſs ſhine,
In their moſt glorious Forms;

5. Our Thoughts are loſt in rev'rend Awe;
We Love, and we adore;
The holy Angels never ſaw
So much of GOD before.

6. Here GOD hath made his Nature known,
And Thought can never trace,
Which of his Glories brighteſt ſhone,
In our Redeemer's Face.

7. O the ſweet Myſt'ries of that Croſs
Where Jeſus lov'd and dy'd,
Her nobleſt Life my Spirit draws
From his dear wounded Side.

8. Now the full Glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heav'nly Plains;
Sweet Cherubs learn Immanuel's Name,
And try their choiceſt Strains.

9. O may I bear ſome humble Part
In that immortal Song!
Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart,
And love command my Tongue.

HYMN LXXVI.

1. FATHER, I ſtrech my Hands to thee,
No other Help I know;
If thou withdraw thyſelf from me,
Ah! whither ſhall I go?

2. What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my Breath?
What Pain, what Labour to ſecure
My Soul from endleſs Death!

3. O Jeſu, could I this believe,
I now ſhould feel thy Pow'r;
Now my poor Soul thou would'ſt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one Hour.

4. Author of Faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing Eyes;
O let me now receive that Gift!
My Soul without it dies!

HYMN LXXVII.

1. FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear,
Our earneſt ſuit for Abra'ms Seed!

Juſtly

Juſtly they claim the ſofteſt Pray'r
From us, adopted in their Stead:
Who Mercy through their Fall obtain,
And Chriſt by their Rejection gain.

2. Outcaſts from thee and ſcatter'd wide
Through ev'ry Nation under Heav'n
Blaſpheming whom they crucify'd,
Unſav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n.
Branded like Cain, they bear the Load,
Abhorr'd of Men, and curs'd of God.

3. But haſt thou finally forſook,
Forever caſt thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the Murd'rers Look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes grac'ous Lord, thy Word is paſt:
All Iſrael ſhall be ſav'd at laſt.

4. Come then, thou great deliv'rer come!
The Veil from Jacob's Heart remove!
Receive thy ancient People Home;
That quieken'd by thy dying Love,
The World may their Reception find,
Life from the Dead for all Mankind.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Baptiſm.

1. FATHER of Heav'n, we Thee addreſs
(Obedience is our View)
Accept us in thy Son; and Bleſs
The Work we have to do.

2. Jeſus, as Water well applied
Will make the Body clean;
So in the Fountain of thy Side
Waſh Thou the Soul from Sin.

3. Celeſtial Dove, deſcend from High,
And on the Water brood;
And with thy quick'ning Pow'r apply
The Water and the Blood.

4. Great God, Three-One, again we call,
And our Requeſts renew,
Accept in Chriſt; and bleſs withal
The Work we've now to do.

HYMN LXXIX.

The Promis'd Land.

1. FAR from theſe narrow Scenes of Night,
Unbounded Glories riſe,
And Realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to Mortal Eyes.

2. There Pain and Sickneſs never come,
And Grief no more complains;
Health Triumphs in Immortal Bloom,
And endleſs Pleaſure reigns.

3. No Cloud thoſe bliſsful Regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For Sin, the ſource of mortal Woe,
Can never enter there.

4. There no alternate Night is known,
Nor Sun's faint ſickly Ray;
But Glory from the ſacred Throne
Spreads everlaſting Day.

5. O may the heav'nly Proſpect fire
Our Hearts with ardent Love,
Till Wings of Faith, and ſtrong Deſire
Bear ev'ry Thought above.

6. Prepare us, Lord, by Grace Divine

For

For thy bright Courts on High ;
Then bid our Spirits rise and join
The Chorus of the Sky.

HYMN LXXX

1. FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

2. Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD ;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word :
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN LXXXI.

Queen of Sheba.

1. FROM Sheba a distant Report
Of Solomon's Glory and Fame,
Invited the Queen to his Court,
But all was outdone when she came ;
She cry'd with a Pleasing Surprize,
When first she before him appear'd,
" How much, what I see with my Eyes,
" Surpasses the Rumour I heard."

2. When once to Jerusalem come,
The Treasure and Train she had brought.
The Wealth she possessed at home,
No longer had Place in her Thought :
His House, his Attendants, his Throne,
All struck her with Wonder and Awe ;
The Glory of Solomon shone,
In every Object she saw.

3. But Solomon most she admir'd,
Whose Spirit conducted the Whole ;

His Wisdom, which God had inspir'd,
His Bounty and Greatness of Soul;
Of all the hard Questions she put,
A ready Solution he shew'd;
Exceeded her Wish and her Suit,
And more than she ask'd him bestow'd.

4. Thus I when the Gospel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great Name in my Ears,
The Wisdom for which he is fam'd,
The Love which to Sinners he bears;
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his Presence might bow;
I saw, and transported I cry'd,
"A greater than Solomon Thou!"

5. My Conscience no Comfort could find,
By Doubt and hard Questions oppos'd;
But he restor'd Peace to my Mind,
And answer'd each Doubt I propos'd!
Beholding me poor and Distress'd,
His Bounty supply'd all my Wants;
My Pray'r could have ne'er express'd
So much as this Solomon grants.

6. I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my Eyes I behold,
Much more than my Heart could conceive,
Or Language could ever have told:
How happy thy Servants must be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchafe, Lord, this Blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

HYMN LXXXII.

1. GETHSEMANE, thou doleſome Place,
Near Cedron's Brook to which the Lamb,
Who

Who love'd to be in loneliness
With his Disciples often came,
Where out of boundless Love to me,
He wrestled in an Agony.

2. There, quite o'erwhelm'd wih Grief, he said:
"My Soul is sorrowful to Death"
And suff'ring freely in my Stead,
He drank the bitter Cup of Wrath;
Now on his Knees, then on his Face,
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds and prays.

3. So lov'd me the Eternal God,
That he became the Son of Man,
And took my Sins' prodigious Load.
My Soul admire his gracious Plan!
Thy Stripes, thy Guilt and Curse he bore;
Believe and thankfully adore.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Praise to the Trinity.

GLORY, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high;
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Sing his Praises round the Sky.

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God most kind;
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Heav'n and Earth, and Sky be join'd

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy,
Holy is the Lord of Hosts;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the LAMB of GOD,
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,

Who lov'd and waſh'd us in his Blood.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Evening.

1. GLORY, to thee, my God, this Night,
For all the Bleſſings of the Light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thine own Almighty Wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this Day I've done;
That with the World, my ſelf, and Thee,
I' 'ere I ſleep, at Peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe at the laſt Day.

4. O may my Soul on Thee repoſe,
And with ſweet Sleep my Eye-Lids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.

5. Let my bleſt Guardian, while I ſleep,
Cloſe to my Bed his Vigils keep;
Let no vain Dreams diſturb my Reſt.
Nor Pow'rs of Darkneſs me moleſt.

6. Praiſe God from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

H Y M N LXXXV

Sick-bed Devotion: Or, *Pleading without repining.*

1. GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel.

But

But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy Will.

2. Diſeaſes are thy Servants, Lord,
They come at thy Command:
I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word,
Againſt thy chaſt'ning Hand.

3. Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
Remove thy ſharp Rebukes:
My Strength conſumes, my Spirit dies,
Through thy repeated Strokes.

4. Cruſh'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand,
We moulder to the Duſt;
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty's loſt.

[5. This mortal Life decays apace,
How ſoon the Bubble's broke!
Adam and all his num'rous Race
Are Vanity and Smoke.]

6. I'm but a ſojourner below,
As all my Father's were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the Summons hear.

7. But if my Life be ſpar'd a while
Before my laſt remove,
Thy Praiſe ſhall be my Buis'neſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy Love.

HYMN LXXXVI.

1. GOD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy Bleſſing to receive:
Full of Guilt, alas! I am,

But

But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee :
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

2. Standing now as newly ſlain,
To thee I lift mine Eye,
Balm of all my Grief and Pain,
Thy Blood is always nigh :
Now as yeſterday the ſame
Thou art and will for ever be :
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

3. Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure,
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor :
Duſt and Aſhes is my Name,
My all is Sin and Miſery :
Friend of Sinners ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

4. No good Word, or Work or Thought,
Bring I to buy thy Grace :
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy Proffer I embrace :
Coming, as at firſt I came,
To take and not beſtow on thee :
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

5. Saviour from thy wounded Side
I never will depart,
Here will I my Spirit hide,
When I am pure in Heart,
Till my Place above I claim,
This only ſhall be all my Plea,
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Light shining out of Darkness.

1. GOD moves in a Mysterious Way
His Wonders to perform,
He plants his Footsteps in the Sea,
And rides upon the Storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable Mines
Of never failing Skill.
He treasures up his bright Designs,
And works his Sov'reign Will.

3. Ye fearfull Saints fresh Courage take;
The Clouds ye so much dread
Are big with Mercy, and shall break
In Blessings on your Head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble Sense,
But trust him for his Grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling Face.

5. His Purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry Hour,
The Bud may have a bitter Taste,
But sweet will be the Flow'r.

6. Blind Unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his Work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

A Morning Hymn.

1. GOD of the Morning, at whose Voice
The chearful Sun makes haste to rise,
And like a Giant doth rejoice

To

To run his Journey thro' the Skies;

2. From the fair Chambers of the East
The Circuit of his Race begins,
And without Weariness or Rest,
Round the whole Earth he flies and shines:

3. Oh, like the Sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed Duties of the Day,
With ready Mind and active Will
March on and keep my heav'nly Way.

[4. But I shall rove and lose the Race,
If GOD, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this World's wild Maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.]

5. LORD, thy Commands are clean and pure,
Enlightning our beclouded Eyes;
Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure:
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

6, Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,
And then receive me to thy Bliss;
All my Desires and Hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

HYMN LXXXIX.

The Apostles Commission.

1. "GO preach my Gospel, saith the LORD,
"Bid the whole Earth my Grace receive:
"He shall be sav'd that trust my Word;
"He shall be damn'd that won't believe,

[2. "I'll make your great Commission known,
"And you shall prove my Gospel true,
"By all the Works that I have done,
"By

" By all the Wonders ye ſhall do.

3. " Go heal the Sick, go raiſe the Dead,
" Go caſt out Devils in my Name ;
" Nor let my Prophets be afraid, (pheme.)
" Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaſ-

4. " Teach all the Nations my Commands ;
" I'm with you till the World ſhall end ;
" All Pow'r is truſted in my Hands,
" I can deſtroy, and can defend."

5. He ſpake, and Light ſhone round his Head ;
On a bright Cloud to Heav'n he rode ;
They to the fartheſt Nations ſpread
The Grace of their aſcended GOD.

HYMN XC.

Charracter of Chriſt.

1. GO worſhip at IMMANUEL's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

[2. The whole Creation can afford
But ſome faint Shadows of my LORD ;
Nature, to make his Beauties known,
Muſt mingle Colours not her own.]

[3. Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread ?
Dear LORD ! our Souls would thus be fed :
That Fleſh, that dying Blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.

[4. Is he a Tree ? The World receives
Salvation from his healing Leaves :
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is David's Root and Offspring too.]

[5. Is

[5. Is he a Roſe ? Not Sharon yields,
Such Fragrancy in all her Fields :
Or if the Lilly he aſſume,
The Vallies bleſs the rich Perfume.]

[6. Is he a Vine ? his heav'nly Root
Supplies the Boughs with Life and Fruit.
O let a laſting Union join
My Soul to CHRIST the living Vine !]

[7. Is he a Head ? Each Member lives,
And owns the Vital Pow'r he gives ;
The Saints below and Saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his Love.]

[8. Is he a Fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the Plague of Sin and Death :
Theſe Waters all my Soul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted Garments too.]

[9. Is he a Fire ? He'll purge my Droſs :
But the true Gold ſuſtains no Loſs :
Like a Refiner ſhall he ſit,
And tread the Refuſe with his Feet.]

[10. Is he a Rock ? How firm he proves !
The Rock of Ages never moves ;
Yet the ſweet Streams that from him flow
Attend us all the Deſart thro'.]

[11. Is he a Way ? He leads to GOD,
The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood ;
There would I walk with Hope and Zeal,
'Till I arrive at Zion's Hill.]

[12. Is he a Door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the Paſtures large and green ,
A Paradiſe divinely fair,
None but the Sheep have Freedom there.]

[13. Is

[13. Is he design'd the Corner-Stone,
For Men to build their Heav'n upon?
I'll make him my Foundation too,
Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.]

[14. Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and Pow'r;
And still to his most Holy Place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my Face.]

[15. Is he a Star? He breaks the Night,
Piercing the Shades with dawning Light;
I know his Glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning Star.]

[16. Is he a Sun? His Beams are Grace,
His Course is Joy and Righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their Clouds, and dry their Tears.]

[17. O let me climb those higher Skies,
Where Storms and Darkness never rise!
There he displays his Pow'rs abroad,
And shines and Reigns th' Incarnate GOD.]

18. Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears;
His Beauties we can never Trace,
Till we behold him Face to Face.

HYMN XCI.

1. GRACE! 'tis a charming Sound,
Harmonious to the Ear!
Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,
And all the Earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious Man;
And all the Steps, that Grace display,
Which drew the wondrous Plan.

3. Grace taught my roving Feet
To tread the Heav'nly Road ;
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
While preſſing on to God.

4. Grace all the Work ſhall Crown,
Thro' everlaſting Days,
It lays in heav'n the Topmoſt Stone ;
And well deſerves the Praiſe.

HYMN XCII.

1. GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine Ear,
My Complaint vouchafe to hear ;
Sore diſtreſt with Guilt am I,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

2. Wealth and Honour I diſdain,
Earthly Comforts all are vain ;
They can never ſatisfy,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

3. Lord deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my Guilt ;
Mourning at thy Feet I lie ;
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die,

4. All Unholy and Unclean,
I am ſinful, vile and mean ;
But to Thee for Mercy fly,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

5. Thou doſt freely ſave the Loſt ;
In thy Grace alone I Truſt :
Unto Thee I lift my Cry,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

6. O my God, what ſhall I ſay ?
Take, oh take my Sins away !
Jeſu's Blood to me apply,

Give

Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

H Y M N XCIII.

Triumph over Death.

1. GREAT God, I own thy Sentence juſt ;
And Nature muſt decay ;
I yield my Body to the Duſt.
To dwell with Fellow-Clay.

2. Yet Faith may Triumph o'er the Graves,
And Trample on the Tombs ;
My Jeſus, my Redeemer lives,
My God my Saviour comes.

3. The mighty Conqu'ror ſhall apear
High on a Royal Seat,
And Death, the laſt of all his Foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his Feet.

4. Tho' greedy Worms devour my Skin,
And gnaw my waſting Fleſh,
When God ſhall build my Bones again,
He'll clothe them all afreſh :

5. Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely Face
With Strong immortal Eyes,
And feaſt upon thy unknown Grace.
With Pleaſure and Surprize.

H Y M N XCIV.

1. GREATEST High-Prieſt, Saviour Chriſt,
Who for me waſt ſacrific'd ;
Make my Heart thro' thy bleſt Paſſion,
To thy ſelf a pure Oblation.

2. Thy pure Love accepts of Nought,
But what by thy Love is wrought ;
What's not of thy own Formation,

Ne'er attaineth to Salvation.

3. Kill in me what is Unclean
Kill in me the Root of Sin ;
Snatch my Heart from its Pollution,
And th'old Man's entire Confufion,

4. On the Altar lay the Wood,
And confume old Adam's Brood :
Source of all celeftial Graces.
I would die in thine Embraces.

5. Lo, at length it fhall appear,
That the Lord has heard my Pray'r;
Lo, e'en in my prefent Station,
He'll be pleas'd with my Oblation.

HYMN XCV.

The Effufion of the Spirit : Or, *The Succefs of the Gofpel.*

1. GREAT was the Day, the Joy was great
When the divine Difciples met. ;
Whilft on their Heads the Spirit came,
And fat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

2. What Gifts, what Miracles he gave !
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to fave !
Furnifh'd their Tongues with wond'rous Words,
Inftead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords,

3. Thus arm'd, he fent the Champion forth,
From Eaft to Weft, from South to North ;
Go, and aflert your Saviour's Caufe :
Go, fpread the Myft'ry of his Crofs,

4. Thefe Weapons of the holy War,
Of what Almighty Force they are,
To make our ftubborn Paffions bow,
And lay the proudeft Rebel low !

5.

5. Nations, the Learned and the Rude,
Are by these Heav'nly Arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his Loss,
And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

6. Great King of Grace! my Heart subdue;
I would be led in Triumph too,
A willing Captive to my Lord,
And sing the Vict'ries of his Word.

H Y M N XCVI.

Christ a sure Guide.

1. GUIDE me, o thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this Barren Land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand;
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the Crystal Fountain
Whence the healing Streams do flow,
Let the fi'ry cloudy Pillar
Lead me all my Journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3. When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious Fear subside;
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's Side.
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

H Y M N XCVII.

A funeral Thought.

1. HARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound,
My Ears attend the Cry. Ye

" Ye living men, come view the Ground,
Where you muſt ſhortly lye.

2. " Princes, this Clay muſt be your Bed,
" In ſpite of all your Tow'rs !
" The Tall, the Wiſe, the Rev'rend Head,
" muſt lye as low as ours."

3. Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we ſtill ſecure !
Still walking downward to our Tomb,
And yet Prepare no more ?

4. Grant us the Pow'r of quick'ning Grace,
To fit our Souls to fly ,
Then, when we drop this dying Fleſh
We'll riſe above the Sky.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Aſcention.

1. HAIL the Day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful Eyes !
CHRIST a while to Mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his Native Heav'n :
There the Pompous Triumph waits,
Lift your Heads, eternal Gates !
Wide unfold the radiant Scene !
Take the King of Glory in !

2. Him, though higheſt Heav'n receives,
Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his Throne,
Still he calls Mankind his own :
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
Near himſelf prepares our Place,
Harbinger of human Race.

3. Ma-

3. Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our Head to-day
See thy faithful Servants, ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, tho parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant our Heart may thither riſe
Following thee beyond the Skies.

4. Ever upwards let us move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love;
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after Home:
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thy glorious Reign;
There thy Face unclouded ſee,
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee.

HYMN XCIX.

The Nativity.

1. HARK, the glad Sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
And ev'ry Voice a Song.

2. On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred Fire;
Wiſdom and Might, and Zeal, and Love,
His Holy Breaſt inſpire.

3. He comes the Pris'ners to releaſe,
In Satans Bondage held;
The Gates of Braſs before him burſt,
The Iron Fetters yield.

4. He comes, from thickeſt films of Vice
To clear the mental Ray;
And on the Eye-Balls of the Blind

To Pour celeſtial Day.

5. He comes the broken Heart to bind,
The bleeding Soul to cure;
And with the Riches of his Grace.
T' enrich the humble Poor,

6. Our glad Hoſannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And Heav'n's Eternal Arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

HYMN C.

Bleſſed are the Dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv, 13.

1. HEAR what the Voice from Heav'n proclaims
For all the pious Dead,
Sweet is the Savour of their Names.
And ſoft their ſleeping Bed.

2. They die in Jeſus, and are bleſſ'd;
How kind their Slumbers are!
From Suff'rings and from Sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry Snare.

3. Far from this World of Toil and Strife,
They're preſent with the Lord;
The Labours of their Mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

HYMN CI.

1. HE comes! He comes! The Saviour dear,
The Seventh Trumpets ſpeaks him near;
His Light'nings Flaſh, his Thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful Soul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, to the faithful Soul.

2. From Heav'n angelic Voices ſound!
See the Almighty JESUS crown'd!

Gire

Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face;
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's Face.

3. Descending on his Azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdom for his own;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their Triumphant LORD:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their Triumphant LORD.

4. Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the most High:
Our GOD, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever Reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever and for ever Reigns.

5. The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for ever more;
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome the Great THREE IN ONE!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome the Great THREE IN ONE!

HYMN CII.

1. HE dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around
A Solemn Darkness veils the Skies!
A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground!
Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your Load!
He shed a Thousand drops for you,
A Thousand Drops of richer Blood!

2. Come, Sinners, View your Saviour Dead;
And weep around his lonely Tomb!
Your Hope, your Joy, your All is fled,

For ah ! your Champion's overcome !
A Conflict with the Pow'rs of Hell
Your Saviour did for you ſuſtain ;
He nobly fought, but ah ! he fell !
Break, Hearts of Flint ! the Lamb is ſlain !

3. Here's Love, and Grief, beyond Degree,
The LORD of Glory dies for Men !
But lo ! what ſudden Joys we ſee,
JESUS, the Dead, revives again !
The riſing GOD forſakes the Tomb :
(The Tomb in vain forbids his Riſe)
Cherubic Legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the Skies !

4. Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer Reigns ;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell,
And led the Monſter Death in Chains,
Say : " Live for ever, wond'rous King !
" Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave !
Then aſk the Monſter—" Where's thy Sting ?
" And where's thy Vict'ry, boaſting Grave ?"

H Y M N CIII.

1. HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be !

2. Jeſus ſee my panting Breaſt :
See I pant in thee to reſt !
Gladly would I now be clean :
Cleanſe me now from ev'ry Sin.

3. Fix, Oh ! fix my wav'ring Mind ;
To thy Croſs my Spirit bind ;
Earthly Paſſions far remove :

Swal-

Swallow up our Souls in Love.

4. Duſt and Aſhes though we be,
Full of Guilt and Miſery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God :
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood !

5. Who in Heart on thee believes,
He th' Atonement now receives :
He with Joy beholds thy Face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning Grace.

6. See ye Sinners, ſee the Flame
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb ;
Marks the New, the living Way,
Leading to eternal Day !

7. Jeſu, when this Light we ſee,
All our Soul's athirſt for thee :
When thy quick'ning Pow'r we prove,
All our Heart diſſolves in Love.

8. Boundleſs Wiſdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine !
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n
Sons of Earth, and Hoſts of Heav'n.

HYMN CIV.

Hoſanna to Chriſt, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1. HOSSANNA to the Royal Son
Of David's ancient Line,
His Nature's Two, his Perſon One,
Myſterious and Divine.

2. The Root of David here we find,
And Offspring is the ſame ;
Eternity and Time are join'd
In our Immanuel's Name.

3. Bleſt

3. Bleſt' He that comes to wretched Men
With peaceful News from Heav'n;
Hoſanna's of the higheſt Strain
To Chriſt the Lord be giv'n.

4. Let Mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' Hoſanna on their Tongues,
Leſt Rocks and Stones ſhould riſe, and break
Their Silence into Songs.

HYMN CV.

The bleſſedneſs of Goſpel Times.

1. HOW beauteous are their Feet,
Who ſtand on Zion's Hill!
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal!

2. How charming is their Voice!
How ſweet the Tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour - King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our Ears
That hear this joyful Sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

4. How bleſſed are our Eyes
That ſee this heav'nly Light;
Prophets and Kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the Sight!

5. The Watchmen join their Voice,
And tuneful Notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in Songs,
And Deſarts learn the Joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his Arm
Thro' all the Earth abroad:

Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N CVI.

Christ's dying Love: Or, *Our Pardon bought at a dear Price.*

1. HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
And Pity brought him down.

[2. When Justice, by our Sins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
Without a murm'ring Word.

3. He sunk beneath his heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne;
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows,
But cost his Heart a Groan.]

4. This was Compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

5. Now tho' he reigns exalted High,
His Love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his Saints forget.

[6. Here we behold his Bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the Sorrows of his Soul
Bleed thro' his wounded Side.]

[7. Here we receive repeated Seals
Of Jesus' dying Love:
Hard is the Wretch that never feels

One

One ſoft Affection move.]

8. Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record,
And with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN CVII.

The Safety and Protection of the Church, Iſa. xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

1. HOW honourable is the Place,
Where we adoring ſtand,
Sion the Glory of the Earth,
And Beauty of the Land!

2. Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
The City where we dwell;
The Walls, of ſtrong Salvation made,
Defy th' Aſſaults of Hell.

3. Lift up the Everlaſting Gates,
The Doors wide open fling;
Enter ye Nations that obey
The Statutes of our King.

4. Here ſhall you taſte unmingled Joys,
And live in perfect Peace;
You that have known JEHOVAH'S Name,
And ventur'd on his Grace.

5. Truſt in the Lord, for ever Truſt,
And baniſh all your Fears,
Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH dwells;
Eternal as his Years.

6. What though the Rebels dwell on High,
His Arm ſhall bring them low;
Low as the Caverns of the Grave,
Their lofty Head ſhall bow.

7. On

7. On Babylon our Feet ſhall tread,
In that rejoicing Hour;
The Ruins of her Walls ſhall ſpread
A Pavement for the Poor.

HYMN. CVIII.

True Happineſs.

1. HOW happy is the Chriſtian's State!
His Sins are all forgiven;
A cheering Ray confirms the Grace,
And lifts his Hopes to Heav'n.

2. Tho' in the rugged Path of Life,
He heaves the penſive Sigh;
Yet truſting in his God he finds
Deliv'ring Grace is nigh.

3. If, to prevent his wand'ring Steps,
He feels the chaſt'ning Rod;
The gentle Stroke ſhall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4. And when the welcome Meſſage comes
To call his Soul away;
His Soul, in Raptures ſhall aſcend
To everlaſting Day.

HYMN CIX.

A Proſpect of the Reſurrection.

1. HOW long ſhall Death the Tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the juſt,
While the rich Blood of Martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the Duſt?

2. When ſhall the tedious Night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond Deſires would pray him down,

Our

Our Love embrace him here,

3. Let Faith ariſe, and climb the Hills.
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his Chariot Wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

4. Lo, I behold the ſcatt'ring Shades,
The Dawn of Heav'n appears,
The ſweet Immortal Morning ſpreads
Its Bluſhes round the Spheres,

5. I ſee the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming Guards around!
The Skies divide to make him room,
The Trumpet ſhakes the Ground.

6. I hear the Voice!" Ye Dead ariſe;"
And lo, the Graves obey,
And waking Saints with joyful Eyes
Salute th' expected Day.

7. They leave the Duſt, and on the Wing
Riſe to the middle Air,,
In ſhining Garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

8. O may my humble Spirit ſtand
Amongſt them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt Place at his Right Hand
Is infinite Delight.

9. How will our Joy and Wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies
On Love's triumphant Wing!

HYMN CX.

Happy FRAILTY.

1. HOW meanly dwells th' immortal Mind!
How vile theſe Bodies are! Why

Why was a Clod of Earth, design'd
T' enclose a heav'nly Star ?

2. Weak Cottage where our Souls reside,
This Flesh a tott'ring Wall :
The frightfull Breaches gaping wide,
The Buildings bends to fall.

3. All rouud it Storms of Sorrow blow,
And Waves of Trouble roll ;
Cold Waves, and Winter Storms, beat through,
And Pain the Tenant Soul.

4. " Alas, how frail our State !" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving Sky
A Gleam of Glory shone.

5. My Soul all felt the Glory come,
And breath'd her native Air;
Then she remember'd Heav'n her Home,
And she a Pris'ner here.

6. Straight she began to change her Key,
And joyful in her Chains,
She sung the Frailty of her Clay
In pleasurable Strains.

7. " How weak the Pris'n is where I dwell !
" This Flesh a tott'ring Wall !
" The Breaches chearfully foretell,
" The House must shortly fall.

8. " No more my Friends, shall I complain,
" Tho' all my Heart Strings ake,
" Welcome Disease, and ev'ry Pain,
That makes the Cottage shake.

9. " I have a Mansion built above,
" By the eternal Hand,

" And ſhould the Earth's old Baſis move
" My Heav'nly Houſe muſt ſtand.

10. " Yes for 'tis there my Saviour Reigns ;
" (I long to ſee my God)
" And his immortal Strength ſuſtains
" The Purchaſe of his Blood.

11. " Hark, from on High my Saviour calls
" I come, my Lord, my Love ;
" Devotion breaks the Priſon Walls,
" And ſpeeds my laſt Remove."

H Y M N CXI.

Inſtruction from Scripture, Pſalm cxix.

Vers 9.

1. HOW ſhall the Young ſecure their Heart
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choiceſt Rules imparts,
To keep the Conſcience clean.

Vers 130.

2. When once it enters to the Mind,
It ſpreads ſuch Light abroad,
The meaneſt Souls Inſtruction find.
And raiſe their Thoughts to GOD.

Vers 105.

3. 'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day ;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

Vers 99, 100.

4. The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiſer than their Teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

Vers

Vers 104, 113.

5. Thy Precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the Sinner's Road;
I hate my own vain Thoughts that riſe,
But love thy Law, my GOD

Vers 89, 90, 91.

6. [The ſtarry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place:
And theſe thy Servants Night and Day,
Thy Skill and Pow'r expreſs.

7. But ſtill thy Law and Goſpel, LORD,
Have Leſſons more divine;
Not Earth ſtands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars ſo nobly ſhine.]

Ver. 160, 140. 9, 116.

8. Thy Word is everlaſting Truth,
How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
And well ſupport our Age.

HYMN CXII.

Faith in Chriſt for Pardon and Sanctification.

1. HOW ſad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive Minds
Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.

2. But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the ſacred Word;
Ho! ye deſpairing Sinners come,
And truſt upon the Lord.

3. My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
And runs to this Relief;
I would believe thy Promiſe Lord;
O! help my Unbelief.

[4. To the dear Fountain of of thy Blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted Soul
From Crimes of deepest dye.

5. Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
My reigning Sins subdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With all his hellish Crew.]

6. A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm
On thy kind Arms I fall:
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

HYMN CXIII.

GOD *Holy, just, and Sovereign.*

1. HOW should the Sons of Adam's Race
Be pure before their GOD!
If he contend in Righteousness.
We fall beneath his Rod.

2. To vindicate my Words and Thoughts
I'll make no more Pretence;
Not one of all my thousand Faults
Can bear a just Defence.

3. Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wise;
What vain Presumers dare
Against their Maker's Hand to rise
Or tempt th' unequal War?

[4. Mountains by his Almighty Wrath
From their old Seats are torn;
He shakes the Earth, from South to North,
And all her Pillars mourn.

5. He bids the Sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient Sun forbears:

His

His Hand with Sackcloth ſpreads the Skies,
And Seals up all the Stars.

6. He walks upon the ſtormy Sea ;
Flies on the ſtormy Wind ;
There's none can trace his wond'rous Way,
Or his dark Footſteps find.]

H Y M N CXIV.

The Works of Moſes and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

1. HOW ſtrong thine Arm is, mighty God !
Who would not fear thy Name !
Jeſus, how ſweet thy Graces are !
Who would not love the Lamb ?

2. He has done more then Moſes did
Our Prophet and our King ;
From Bonds of Hell he freed our Souls,
And taught our Lips to ſing.

3. In the Read-Sea by Moſes' Hand
Th' Egyptian Hoſt was drown'd ;
But his own Blood hides all our Sins,
And Guilt no more is found.

4. When thro' the Deſart Iſrael went,
With Manna they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his Fleſh,
And calls it Living Bread.

5. Moſes beheld the promis'd Land,
Yet never reach'd the Place ;
But Chriſt ſhall bring his Followers home,
To ſee his Father's Face.

6. Then ſhall our Love and Joy be full,
And feel a warmer Flame,
And ſweeter Voices tune the Song
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

HYMN CXV.

The Name of Jesus.

1. HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a Believers Ear ?
It sooths his Sorrows, heals his Wounds,
And drives away his Fear.

2. It makes the wounded Spirit whole,
And calms the troubled Breast ;
'Tis Manna to the hungry Soul ;
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and hiding Place ,
My never-failing Treas'ry fill'd
With boundless Stores of Grace.

4. By thee my Pray'rs Acceptance gain,
Altho with Sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a Child.

5. Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the Praise I bring.

6. Weak is the Effort of my Heart,
And cold my warmest Thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought !

7. Till then I would thy Love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting Breath ;
And may the Music of thy Name
Refresh my Soul in Death.

HYMN CXVI.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

1. HOW vain are all Things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each Pleaſure hath its Poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a Snare.

2. The brighteſt Things below the Sky
Give but a flatt'ring Light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome Danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs Delight.

3. Our deareſt Joys, and neareſt Friends,
The Partners of our Blood,
How they divide our wav'ring Minds,
And leave but half for God.

4. The Fondneſs of a Creature's Love
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the Senſe!
Thither the warm Affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5. Dear Saviour! let thy Beauties be
My Soul's Eternal Food;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.

HYMN CXVII.

The Wonders of redeeming Love.

1. HOW wondrous are the Works of God,
Diſplay'd thro' all the World abroad!
Immenſely great! Immenſely ſmall!
Yet one ſtrange Work exceeds them all.

2. He form'd the Sun, fair fount of Light;

The Moon, and Stars to rule the Night ;
But Night, and Stars, and Moon, and Sun,
Are little Works compar'd with One.

3. He roll'd the Seas and Spread the Skies ;
Made Vallies ſink and Mountains riſe ;
The Meadows cloth'd with Native Green ;
And bade the Rivers glide between.

4. But what are Seas, or Skies, or Hills'
Or verdant Vales, or gliding Rills,
To Wonders Man was born to prove ?
The Wonders of redeeming Love !

5. 'Tis far beyond what Words expreſs,
What Saints can feel, or Angels gueſs ;
Angels, that Hymn the Great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.

6. The higheſt Heav'ns are ſhort of this,
'Tis deeper then the vaſt Abyſs,
'Tis more than Thought can e'er conceive,
Or Hope expect, or Faith believe.

7. Almighty God ſigh,d human Breath,
The Lord of Life experienc'd Death ;
How it was done we can't diſcuſs ;
But this we know, 'twas done for us.

8. Bleſt with this Faith then let us raiſe
Our Hearts in Love, our Voice in Praiſe,
All Things to us muſt Work for Good,
For whom the Lord hath ſhed his Blood.

9. Trials may preſs of ev'ry Sort ;
They may be ſore ; they muſt be ſhort.
We now believe but ſoon ſhall view,
The greateſt Glories God can ſhew.

HYMN.

HYMN CXVIII.

1. I AM, saith Christ, the Way.
Now if we credit him,
All other Paths must lead astray
How fair soe'er they seem.

2. I am, saith Christ, The Truth.
Then all that lacks this Test,
Proceed it from an Angel's Mouth,
Is but a Lie at best.

3. I am saith CHIST, the Life.
Let this be seen by Faith,
It follows without further Strife,
That all besides is Death.

4. If what those Words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply;
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd nor die.

HYMN CXIX.

1. I Ask'd the LORD that I might grow
In Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace;
Might more of his Salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his Face.

2. 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;
And he, I trust, has answer'd Pray'r:
But it has been in such a Way
As almost drove me to Despair.

3. I hop'd that in some favour'd Hour,
At once he'd grant me my Request;

And, by his Love's conſtraining Pow'r,
Subdue my Sins, and give me Reſt.

4. Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden Evils of my Heart,
And let the angry Pow'rs of Hell
Aſſault my Soul in ev'ry Part.

5. Yea more, with his own Hand he ſeem'd
Intent to agravate my Woe;
Croſs'd all the fair Deſigns I ſchem'd,
Blaſted my Gourds, and laid me low.

6. LORD, why is this? I trembling cry'd;
Wilt thou purſue thy Worm to Death?
'Tis in this Way, the LORD reply'd,
I anſwer Pray'r for Grace and Faith.

7. Theſe inward Trials I employ
From Self and Pride to ſet thee free,
To break thy Schemes of wordly Joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy All in Me.

HYMN CXX.

Paul's Voyage.

1. IF Paul in Cæſar's Court muſt ſtand,
He need not fear the Sea;
Secur'd from Harm, on ev'ry Hand,
By the divine Decree.

2. Altho' the Ship wherein he ſail'd,
By dreadful Storms was toſs'd;
The promiſe over all prevail'd,
And not a Life was loſt.

3. Jeſus! the God whom Paul ador'd,
Who ſaves in Time of need;
Was then confeſs'd by all on Board,
A preſent Help indeed!

4. Tho'

4. Tho' neither Sun nor Stars were ſeen
Paul knew the Lord was near;
And Faith preſerv'd his Soul Serene,
When others ſhook with Fear.

5. Believers thus are toſs'd about
On Life's tempeſtuous Main;
But Grace aſſures beyond a Doubt
They ſhall their Port attain.

6. They muſt, they ſhall appear one Day,
Before their Saviour's Throne;
The Storms they meet with by the Way,
But make his Power known.

7. Their Paſſage lies acroſs the Brink
Of many a threat'ning Wave;
The World expects to ſee them ſink,
But Jeſus lives to ſave.

8. Lord, tho' we are but feeble Worms,
Yet ſince thy Word is paſt;
We'll venture thro' a thouſand Storms,
To ſee thy Face at laſt.

HYMN CXXI.

Before Baptiſm.

1. IF glorious Angels do rejoice
When Sinners turn to God,
Let us unite with chearful Voice
To ſpread his Praiſe abroad.

2. When Jeſus unto Jordan came,
And was baptiz'd of John,
A Voice from Heaven did proclaim
'Tis my beloved Son.

3. His Miniſters he ſent about
To preach the Word of Grace,

And

And to baptize the World throughout,
Who ſhould his Truth embrace.

4. Lord we have here before your Eyes,
Some that have ſet their Hands
To ſerve thee, and to be baptiz'd
As thou didſt give Command.

5. Glory to God who reigns above,
For his abounding Grace,
In this the Token of his Love
To us a guilty Race.

6. Let us employ our Tongues to ſing
The Praiſes of the Lord,
For calling Sinners home to him
By his all-powerful Word.

H Y M N CXXII.

The Ruin of Antichriſt, Iſai 63. Ver. 4. 5, 6, 7.

1. " I Lift my Banner, ſaith the Lord,
" Where Antichriſt has ſtood;
" The City of my Goſpel-Foes
" Shall be a Field of Blood.

2. " My Heart has ſtudied juſt Revenge,
" And now the Day appears,
" The Day of my Redeem'd is come
" To wipe away their Tears.

3. " Quite weary is my Patience grown.
" And bids my Fury go;
" Swift as the Lightning it ſhall move,
" And be as fatal too.

4. " I call for Helpers, but in vain:
" Then has my Goſpel none?

"Well

" Well, mine own Arm has Might enough
" To crush my Foes alone.

5. " Slaughter and my devouring Sword
" Shall walk the Streets around.
" Babel shall reel beneath my Stroke,
" And stagger to the Ground."

6. Thy Honour, O victorious King!
Thine own Right-Hand shall raise,
While we thy awful Vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer Praise.

HYMN CXXIII.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

1. I LOVE the Windows of thy Grace,
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's Face,
Without a Glass between.

2. O that the happy Hour were come,
To change my Faith to Sight!
I shall behold my Lord at Home,
In a diviner Light.

3. Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing Days;
Then shall my Passions all be Love,
And all my Pow'rs be Praise.

HYMN LXXIV.

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i, 12.

1. I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

2. Jesus,

2. Jesus, my God ! I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

3. Firm as his Throne his Promise stands.
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
Till the decisive Hour.

4. Then will he own my worthless Name
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my Soul a Place.

H Y M N CXXV.

God is every where.

1. IN all my vast Concerns with thee,
In vain my Soul would try
To shun thy Presence, Lord, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

2. Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
My Rising and my Rest,
My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breast.

3. My Thoughts lye open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within ;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word
He knows the Sense I mean.

4. O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and High !
Where can a Creature hide ?
Within thy circling Arms I lye,
Beset on ev'ry Side.

5. So let thy Grace surround me still,
And like a Bulwark prove,

To

To guard my Soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by Sov'reign Love.

PAUSE.

6. Lord, where ſhall guilty Souls retire
forgotten and unknown?
In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

7. Should I ſuppreſs my vital Breath
To 'ſcape the Wrath Divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

8. If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light,
I fly beyond the Weſt,
Thy Hand which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Would ſoon betray my Reſt.

9. If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Would turn the Shades to Light.

10. The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

HYMN CXXVI.

Prayer for Deliverance anſwered, Iſa. xxvi. 8—20.

1. IN thine own Ways, O God of Love,
We wait the Viſits of thy Grace;
Our Souls Deſire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.

2. My Thoughts are ſearching, Lord for thee;
'Mongſt the black Shades of loneſom Night;

My

My earneſt Cries ſalute the Skies,
Before the Dawn reſtores the Light.

3. Look how rebellious Men deride
The tender Patience of my God;
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted Hand,
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.

4. Hark! the Eternal rends the Sky,
A mighty Voice before him goes,
A Voice of Muſic to his Friends,
But threat'ning Thunder to his Foes.

5. Come Children, to your Fathers Arms,
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,
'Till the fierce Storm be overblown,
And my revenging Fury ceaſe.

6. My Sword ſhall boaſt its Thouſands ſlain
And drink the Blood of haughty Kings,
While heav'nly Peace around my flock
Stretches its ſoft and ſhady Wings.

HYMN CXXVII.

At a Marriage-Solemnity.

1. IT is not good, JEHOVAH ſaid,
For Man new form'd to be alone;
Then of his Rib an Help-meet made,
And Man and Wife pronounc'd but one,

2. From near his Heart this Rib he took,
To ſhew the Favour ſhould be priz'd:
Not from his Head to overlook;
Nor from his Foot to be diſpiſ'd.

3. Beneath his Arm, to ſignify
Wives ſhould Authority diſclaim,
And that Protection and Supply
Are from the Huſbands due to them.

3. Bleſs

4. Bleſs, Lord, this newly-married Pair,
And make the Match a Bleſſing prove ;
Their Int'reſt one, their Joys, their Care,
Made happy in each other's Love.

5. May each to each an Help-meet be,
And bend their Necks to Jeſu's Yoke :
Banded to ſeek Felicity
With Chriſt's deſpiſed little Flock.

6. Should Olive Plants, around their Board,
To them the Gift of Heav'n be,
Help them to give them back, dear Lord ;
Help them to bring them up for thee.

7. Jeſus we aſk thy Preſence here ;
O may thy Face upon us ſhine :
Thy Goodneſs more our Hearts can chear
Than coſtlieſt Food or richeſt Wine.

HYMN CXXVIII.

1. I That am drawn out of the Depth,
Will ſing upon the Shore :
I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,
Pure Mercy will adore.

2. The Terrors of the living God
My Soul did ſo affright ;
I fear'd leſt I ſhould be condemn'd
To an Eternal Night.

3. Kind was the Pity of my Friends,
But could not eaſe my Smart ;
Their Words indeed did reach my Caſe.
But could not reach my Heart.

4. Ah, what was then this World to me,
To whom God's Word was dark ?
Who in my Dungeon could not ſee

One Beam or ſhining Spark.

5. What then were all the Creatures Smiles,
When the Creator frown'd?
My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,
My Being was my Wound.

6. Tortur'd and rack'd, with helliſh Fears,
Leſt God the Blow ſhould give;
Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did ſink
Then Mercy bid me live.

HYMN CXXIX.

1. I'VE found the Pearl of greateſt Price,
My Heart doth ſing for Joy:
And ſing I muſt, a Chriſt I have;
O what a Chriſt have I?

2. Chriſt is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
The Way to God on High,
Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types.
The Truth of Propheſy.

3. Chriſt is a Prophet, Prieſt and King:
A Prophet full of Light,
A Prieſt that ſtands 'twixt God and Man,
A King that rules with Might.

4. Chriſt's Manhood is a Temple, where
The Altar God doth reſt;
My Chriſt, he is the Sacrifice,
My Chriſt he is the Prieſt.

5. My Chriſt he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of Kings;
He is the Sun of Righteouſneſs,
With Healing in his Wings.

6. My Chriſt, he is the Tree of Life,

Which

Which in God's garden grows ;
Whose Fruit does feed, whose Leaves do heal ;
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

7. Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
My Physick and my Health,
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory and my Wealth.

8. Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love ;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

9. My Christ, he is the Heav'n of Heav'ns,
My Christ what shall I call ?
My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,
My Christ is All in All.

HYMN CXXX.

1. I Want an Heart to pray ;
To pray, and never cease:
Never to Murmur at thy Stay,
Or wish my Suff'rings less.

2. This Blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want :
Out of the Deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

3. I want a true Regard,
A single, steady Aim,
(Unmov'd by Threatning or Reward—)
To thee, and thy great Name.

4. A jealous just Concern
For thine immortal Praise ;
A pure Desire, that all may learn
And glorify thy Grace.

5. I want with all my Heart
Thy Pleasure to fulfil;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect Will.

6. I want, I know not what;
I want my Wants to see:
I want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

H Y M N CXXXI.

The Good that I would I do not.

1. I Would but cannot sing,
Guilt has untun'd my Voice,
The Serpent sin's envenom'd Sting
Has poison'd all my Joys.

2. I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my Soul away.

3. I would, but can't Repent
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This stony Heart can ne'er relent
'Till Jesus makes it soft.

4. I would, but cannot Love,
Tho' woo'd by Love Divine;
No Arguments have pow'r to move
A Soul so base as mine.

5. I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy Will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet Murmur at it still.

6. Oh could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;

I would

I would, but cannot; Lord relieve,
My Help muſt come from thee!

7. But if indeed I wou'd,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the Deſire is ſomething good,
For which my Praiſe is due.

8. By Nature prone to Ill,
Till thine appointed Hour
I was as deſtitute of Will,
As now I am of Pow'r.

9. Wilt thou not Crown, at length,
The Work thou haſt begun?
And with a Will, afford me Strength
In all thy Ways to run.

H Y M N CXXXII.

Salvation, Righteouſneſs, and Strength in CHRIST.

1. JEHOVAH ſpeaks, let Iſr'el hear,
Let all the Earth rejoice and fear,
While GOD's eternal Son proclaims
His Sov'reign Honours and his Names:

2. "I am the Laſt, and I the Firſt,
"The SAVIOUR-GOD, and GOD the Juſt;
"There's none beſides pretends to ſhew
"Such Juſtice and Salvation too.

3. "Ye that in Shades of Darkneſs dwell,
"Juſt on the Verge of Death and Hell,
"Look up to me from diſtant Lands,
"Light, Life and Heav'n, are in my Hands.

4. "I by my holy Name have ſworn,
"Nor ſhall the Word in vain return,
"To me ſhall all Things bend the Knee,

" And ev'ry Tongue ſhall ſwear to me.]

5. " In me alone ſhall Men confeſs
" Lies all their Strength and Righteouſneſs;
" But ſuch as dare diſpiſe my Name,
" I'll clothe them with eternal Shame.

6. " In me the LORD, ſhall all the Seed
" Of Iſr'el from their Sins be freed,
" And by their ſhining Graces prove
" Their Int'reſt in my pard'ning Love."

HYMN CXXXIII.

On one Stone ſhall be ſeven Eyes.

1. JESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,
Who his Blood for Sinners ſpilt;
Is the Stone by God appointed,
And the Church is on him built:
He delivers
All who truſt him from their Guilt.

2. Many Eyes at once are fixed
On a Perſon ſo Divine;
Love, with awful Juſtice mixed,
In his great Redemption ſhine:
Mighty Jeſus!
Give me leave to call thee mine.

3. By the Father's Eye approved,
Lo, a Voice is heard from Heav'n,
" Sinners, this is my Beloved,
" For your Ranſom freely giv'n:
" All Offences,
" For his ſake ſhall be forgiv'n."

4. Angels with their Eyes purſu'd him,
When he left his glorious Throne;
With Aſtoniſhment they view'd him,

Put

Put the Form of Servant on :
Angels worſhip'd
Him who was on Earth unknown.

5. Satan and his Hoſt amazed,
Saw this Stone in Zion laid ;
Jeſus, tho' to Death abaſed,
Bruis'd the ſubtil Serpent's Head :
When to ſave us,
On the Croſs his Blood he ſhed.

6. When a guilty Sinner ſees him,
While he looks his Soul is heal'd ;
Soon this Sight from Anguiſh frees him,
And imparts a Pardon ſeal'd :
May this Saviour
Be to all our Hearts reveal'd !

7. With Deſire and Admiration,
All his Blood bought Flock behold
Him, who wrought out their Salvation,
And enclos'd them in his Fold :
Yet their warmeſt
Love and Praiſes are too cold.

8. By the Eye of carnal Reaſon
Many view him with Diſdain ;
How will they abide the Seaſon
When he'll come with all his Train ?
To eſcape him
Then they'll wiſh, bu wiſh in vain.

9. How their Hearts will melt and tremble
When they hear his awful Voice !
But his Saints he'll then aſſemble,
As his Portion, and his Choice:
And receive them
To his everlaſting Joys.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

2. JESUS drinks the bitter Cup,
The Wine-Preſs treads alone!
Tears the Graves and Mountains up
By his expiring Groan:
Lo the Pow'rs of Heav'n he ſhakes,
Nature in Convulſion lies;
Earth's profoundeſt Center quakes,
The Great Redeemer dies.

2. Dies the glorious Cauſe of all,
The true Eternal Pan;
Falls to raiſe us from our Fall,
To Ranſom ſinful Man.
Well may Sol withdraw his Light,
With the Suff'rer ſympathize;
Leave the World in ſudden Night,
While his Creator dies.

3. O my God, he dies for me;
I feel the Mortal Smart!
See him hanging on a Tree!
A Sight that breaks my Heart!
Oh that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For him who bled for you!

4. Weep o'er your Deſire and Hope,
With Tears of humbleſt Love!
Sing, for Jeſus is gone up,
And Reigns enthron'd above.
Lives our Head, to die no more,
Pow'r is all to Jeſus giv'n;
Worſhipp'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of Heav'n.

HYMN CXXXV.

CHRIST *and Aaron, taken from* Heb. vii and ix.

1. JESUS, in thee our Eyes behold
A thouſand Glories more
Than the rich Gems and poliſh'd Gold
The Sons of Aaron wore.

2. They firſt their own Burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themſelves from Sin ;
Thy Life was pure without a Spot,
And all thy Nature clean.

[3. Freſh Blood, as conſtant as the Day,
Was on their Altar ſpilt ;
But thy one Off'ring takes away
For ever all our Guilt.]

[4. Their Prieſthood ran thro' ſev'ral Hands,
For Mortal was their Race :
Thy never changing Office Stands,
Eternal as thy Days.]

[5. Once in the Circuit of a Year,
With Blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the Veil appears
Before the golden Throne.

6. But CHRIST by his own Pow'rful Blood
Aſcends above the Skies,
And in the Preſence of our GOD
Shews his own Sacrifice.]

7. JESUS, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly Hill ;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his Prieſthood ſtill.

8. He ever lives to intercede

Before his Father's Face :
Give him, my Soul, thy Cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Chriſt the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

1. JESU, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Boſom fly,
While the nearer Waters roll,
While the Tempeſt ſtill is high ;
Hide me, oh, my Sav'our hide,
Till the Storm of Life is paſt :
Safe into the Haven guide,
Oh, receive my Soul at laſt.

2. Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs Soul on thee,
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and Comfort me ;
All my Truſt on thee is ſtay,d,
All my Help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceleſs Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

3. Thou, oh Chriſt, art all I want,
More then all in thee I find ;
Raiſe the Fallen, chear the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind,
Juſt and Holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteouſneſs !
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace,

4. Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
Grace to Pardon all my Sin ;
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within ;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,

Spring

Spring thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

1. JESUS, my All to Heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my Hopes upon;
His Track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow Way, till him I view,

2. The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment;
The King's Highway of Holiness,
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

3. No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of this World, and Sin;
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there;

4. No; Nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling Souls, may I be one;
Wayfaring Men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in this Way be found.

5. This is the Way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

6. The more I strove against its Pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Untill I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, Soul, I am the Way"

7. Lo glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Will take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love would I receive.

8. Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood, And

And ſay, "Behold the Way to God!"

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

1. JESUS, the only Thought of thee
With Sweetneſs fills my Breaſt;
But ſweeter far it is to ſee,
And on thy Beauty feaſt.

2. No Sound, no Harmony ſo gay,
Can Art of Muſic frame;
No Thoughts can reach, no Words can ſay
The Sweets of thy bleſt Name.

3. Jeſus our Hope, when we repent,
Sweet Source of all our Grace;
Sole Comfort in our Baniſhment,
O! what, when Face to Face!

4. Jeſus! that Name inſpires my Mind
With Springs of Life and Light;
More then I aſk in thee I find,
And laviſh in Delight.

5. No Art, or Eloquence of Man,
Can tell the Joys of Love;
Only the Saints can underſtand
What they in Jeſus prove.

6. Thee then I'll ſeek retir'd apart,
From World and Buſineſs free;
When theſe ſhall knock, I'll ſhut my Heart,
And keep it all for thee.

7. Before the Morning Light I'll come,
With Magdalene to find
In Sighs and Tears, my Jeſu's Tomb,
And there refreſh my Mind.

8. My Tears upon his Grave ſhall flow,
My Sighs the Garden fill;

Then

Then at his Feet my ſelf I'll throw,
And there I'll ſeek his Will.

9. Jeſus, in thy bleſs'd Steps I'll tread,
And walk in all thy Ways;
I'll never ceaſe to weep and plead,
Till I'm reſtor'd to Grace.

10. O King of Love, thy bleſſed Fire
Does ſuch ſweet Flames exite;
That firſt it raiſes our Deſire,
Then fills us with Delight.

11. Thy lovely Preſence ſhines ſo clear
Thro' every Senſe and Way,
That Souls which once have ſeen thee near,
See all Things elſe decay.

12. Come then dear Lord, poſſeſs my Heart,
Chaſe thence the Shades of Night;
Come pierce it with thy flaming Dart,
And ever-ſhining Light.

13. Then I'll for ever Jeſus ſing,
And with the Saints rejoice;
And both my Heart and Tongue ſhall bring
Their Tribute to my deareſt King,
In never-ending Joys. Amen.

HYMN CXXXIX.

Free Grace in revealing Chriſt, Luke x. 21.

1. JESUS, the Man of conſtant Grief,
A Mourner all his Days;
His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his Joy to Praiſe.

2. Father, I thank thy wond'rous Love,
That hath reveal'd thy Son

To

To Men unlearned ; and to Babes
Has made thy Goſpel known.

3. The Myſt'ries of redeeming Grace
Are hidden from the Wiſe ;
While Pride and Carnal Reas'nings join
To ſwell and blind their Eyes.

4. Thus doth the Lord of Heav'n and Earth
His great Decrees fulfil,
And orders all his Works of Grace
By his own Sov'reign Will.

HYMN CXL.

1. JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary Sinner's Friend :
Come to my Help pronounce the Word,
Bid my Corruptions end.

2. Thou canſt o'ercome this Heart of mine,
Thou canſt Victorious prove ;
For everlaſting Strength is thine,
And everlaſting Love.

3. Thy pow'rful Spirit can ſubdue
Unconquerable Sin ;
Cleanſe my foul Heart, and make it new,
And write thy Law within.

4. Bound down with twice ten thouſand Ties,
Yet let me hear thy Call ;
My Soul in Confidence ſhall riſe,
Shall riſe and break thro' all.

5. Speak, and the Deaf ſhall hear thy Voice.
The Blind his Sight receive,
The Dumb in Songs of Praiſe rejoice,
The Heart of Stone believe.

6. The

6. The Æthiop then ſhall change his Skin,
The Dead ſhall feel thy Pow'r;
The loathſome Leper ſhall be clean,
And I ſhall Sin abhor.

HYMN CXLI.

Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.

1. JESU, thy Blood and Righteouſneſs,
My Beauty are, my glorious Dreſs;
Midſt flaming Worlds in theſe array'd,
With Joy ſhall I lift up My Head.

2. When from the Duſt of Death I riſe,
To claim my Manſion in the Skies;
E'en then ſhall this be all my Plea,
" Jeſus hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."

3. Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great Day,
For who ought to My Charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' theſe abſolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

4. Thus Abraham the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners thee proclaim;
Sinners of whom the Chief I am.

5. This ſpotleſs Robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd Nature ſinks in Years;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of Chriſt is ever new.

6. O Jeſu Chriſt, all Praiſe to thee,
That thou a Man vouchſaf'd to be;
And for each Soul, which thou haſt made,
Haſt an eternal Ranſom paid.

7. I do believe if Sinners Race
Ten Thouſand Times more Num'rous was;
Yet,

Yet. ſtill the Devil had his Full,
'Tis without Right he keeps one Soul.

8. Ah, give to all thy Servants, Lord,
With Pow,r to ſpeak thy quick'ning Word,
That all who to thy Wounds will flee,
May find eternal Life in Thee.

9. Thou God of Might, thou God of Love.
Let all the World thy Mercy prove;
Now let thy Word o'er all prevail,
Now take the Spoils of Death and Hell.

10. O let the Dead now hear thy Voice;
Now bid thy baniſh'd Ones rejoice;
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dreſs,
Jeſus, the Lord OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

HYMN CXLII.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1. JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wiſdom, Love and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his Worth,
Too mean to ſet
My SAVIOUR forth.

2. But, O what gentle Terms,
What condeſcending Ways
Doth our REDEEMER uſe
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
Mine Eyes with Joy,
And Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love
He bears for me.

[3. Array'd in Mortal Fleſh,
He like an ANGEL ſtands,
And holds the Promiſes
And Pardons in his Hands:
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.]

[4. Great PROPHET of my GOD,
My Tongue would bleſs thy Name;
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.]

[5. Be thou my COUNSELLOR,
My PATTERN, and my Guide;
And thro' this Deſart Land
Still keep me near thy Side.
O let my Feet
Ne'er run aſtray.
Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked Way!]

[6. I love my SHEPHERD'S Voice,
His watchful Eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring Soul among
The Thouſands of his Sheep:
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Boſom bears
The tender Lambs.]

[7. To this dear Surety's Hand
Will I commit my Cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfills

His Father's broken Laws
Behold my Soul
At Freedom ſet;
My Surety paid
The dreadful Debt.

[8. Jeſus, my great HIGH PRIEST,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
My guilty Conſcience ſeeks
No Sacrifice beſide.
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.]

[9. My ADVOCATE appears
For my Defence on High;
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can ſay,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.]

[10. My dear Almighty LORD;
My CONQU'ROR and my KING,
Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I ſing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
Behold I ſit
In willing Bonds
Beneath thy Feet.

[11. Now let my Soul ariſe,
And tread the Tempter down:
My CAPTAIN leads me forth
To Conqueſt and a Crown,
A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho Death and Hell
Obſtruct the Way.]

12. Should all the Hoſts of Death,
And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful Forms
Of Rage and Miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe;
For Chriſt diſplays
Superior Pow'r
And guardian Grace.

HYMN CXLIII.

1. JOY is a Fruit that will not grow
In Nature's barren Soil;
All we can boaſt, 'till Chriſt we know,
Is Vanity and Toil.

2. But where the Lord has planted Grace,
And made his Glories known;
There Fruits of Heav'nly Joy and Peace
Are found, and there alone.

3. A bleeding Saviour, ſeen by Faith,
A Senſe of Pard'ning Love,
A Hope that triumphs over Death,
Give Joys like thoſe above.

4. To take a Glimpſe within the Vail,
To know that God is mine;
Are Springs of Joy that never fail,
Unſpeakably Divine.

5. Theſe are the Joys that ſatisfy,
And ſanctify the Mind;
Which make the Spirit mount on High,
And leave the World behind.

6. No more Believers, mourn your Lot,
But if you are the Lord's,

Reſign to them that know him not,
Such Joys as Earth affords.

HYMN CXLIV.

The Meſſiah's Coming and Kingdom,

1. JOY to the World; the Lord is come;
Let Earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry Heart prepare him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.

2. Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let Men their Songs employ;
While Fields, and Floods, Rocks, Hills and Plains
Repeat the ſounding Joy.

3. No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infeſt the Ground;
He comes to make his Bleſſings flow
Far as the Curſe is found.

4. He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteouſneſs,
And Wonders of his Love.

HYMN. CXLV

My Grace is ſufficient for thee. 2 Corin. 12. v. 9.

1. KIND are the Words that Jeſus ſpeaks,
To chear the drooping Saint;
"My Grace ſufficient is for you,
"Tho' Nature's Powers may faint.

2. My Grace its Glories ſhall display,
And make your Griefs remove;

"Your

"Your Weakneſs ſhall the Triumph tell
Of Boundleſs Pow'r and Love."

3. What though my Griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why ſhould I diſpair ?
While my kind Saviours Arms ſupport
I can the Burden bear.

4. Jeſus, my Saviour and my Lord !
'Tis good to truſt thy Name :
Thy Power, thy Faithfulneſs and Love
Will ever be the ſame.

5. Weak as I am, yet thro' thy Grace
I all Things can perform ;
And ſmiling Triumph in thy Name,
Amid'ſt the raging Storm.

HYMN CXLVI.

Praying for Relations.

1. KIND Souls, who for the Mis'ries mean
Of thoſe who ſeldom mind their own ;
But treat your Zeal with cold Diſdain.
Reſolv'd to make your Labours vain.

2. You whoſe ſincere Affection tends,
To help your dear, ungrateful Friends,
Who think you Foes, or Mad, or Fools,
Becauſe you fain would ſave their Souls.

3. Though deaf to ev'ry Warning giv,n,
They ſcorn to walk with you to Heav'n ;
But often think, and ſometimes ſay,
They'll never go if that's the Way.

4. Though they the Spir't of God reſiſt,
Or ridicule your Faith in Chriſt ;
Tho' they blaſpheme, oppoſe, contemn ;

And hate you for your Love to them.

5. One ſecret Way is left you ſtill,
To do them Good againſt their Will:
Here they can no Obſtruction give;
You may do this without their Leave.

6. Fly to the Throne of Grace by Pray'r,
And pour out all your Wiſhes there:
Effectual fervent Pray'r prevails,
When ev'ry other Method fails.

HYMN CXLVII.

On Mortality.

1. KIND Souls reflect, awhile with me,
Upon our wretched State,
How frail our Life, how ſhort our Time,
Our Miſeries, how great.

2. How Short the Pleaſures Earth affords,
How tranſient, and how few,
Compar'd with Heav'ns Eternal Joys,
And Pleaſures ever new.

3. Come let us leave the Things of Earth,
(Whoſe Pleaſures Poiſons are,)
And haſte away to Canaans Land,
And try our Intreſt there.

4. Make the extended Skies your Tomb,
Let Heav'n record your Worth,
For know: Vain Mortals all muſt die:
As Natures ſickleſt Birth.

5. Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,
A nobler Choice I frame,
Then here to be eſteemed great,
Or gain an Earthly Name.

6. But

6. But in thy Book of Life Divine,
My God! inſcribe my Name:
There let it fill ſome humble Place,
Beneath the ſlaughter'd Lamb,

7. My God! this Witneſs let me have,
Till I reſign my Breath,
And chearfully my Soul ſhall wait
" Till it is free'd from Death."

HYMN CXLVIII.

1. KNOW, ye that are of Adams Race,
That God hath call'd you by his Grace;
And has proclaim'd his Goſpel loud,
For to give Warning, to the Proud,

2. Ye youthful Virgins ſtop, and pauſe,
And think upon your Sav'ours Laws;
Let not your Life which God has lent,
Alone in Vanity be ſpent.

3. Awake to Thought! ye tender Souls,
And think, alas! we are but Fools,
To Spend our Time, which ends in Strife,
And loſe this glorious Scene of Life.

4. Your Life to God muſt be reſign'd;
Your Mind in Jeſus be confin'd;
For Word and Action muſt agree,
If Jeſus Chriſt ſhall ſet you free.

5. That Servant Form you muſt put on,
And think that Chriſt's before me gone,
He is the Way, the Truth, and Life,
Therefore forſake this World of Strife.

HYMN CXLIX.

A Welcome to Chriſtian Friends.

1. KINDRED in Chriſt, for his dear ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive; May

May we together now Partake
The Joys which only he can give !

2. To you and us by Grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious Name ;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in Heav'n,
Our Hope, our Way, our End, the ſame.

3. May he, by whoſe kind Care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our Communications ſweet,
And cauſe our Hearts to burn with Love !

4. Forgotten be each worldly Theme,
When Chriſtians ſee each other thus ;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd and dy'd and roſe for us.

5. We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below ;
The Path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6. Thus, as the Moments paſs away,
We'll love, and Wonder and adore.
Lord, haſten on the glorious Day'
When we ſhall meet to part no more !

HYMN CL.

Bleſſings of the Goſpel.

1. LET ev'ry Mortal Ear attend.
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Goſpel Sounds,
With an inviting Voice,

2. Come all ye hungry ſtarving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly ſtrive, with earthly Toys,
To fill an empty Mind.

3. Eter-

3. Eternal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A Soul - reviving Feaſt ;
And bids your longing Appetites
The rich Proviſion taſte.

4. Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging Thirſt
With Springs that never dry.

5. Rivers of Love and Mercy here
In a rich Ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like Floods of Milk and Wine.

6. Dear God ! the Treaſures of thy Love
Are everlaſting Mines ;
Deep as our helpleſs Miſ'ries are,
And boundleſs as our Sins.

7. The happy Gates of Goſpel Grace
Stand open Night and Day ;
Lord, we are come to ſeek Supplies,
And drive our Wants away.

HYMN CLI.

Our own Weakneſs, and CHRIST *our Strength,* 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1. LET me but hear my Saviour ſay,
Strength ſhall be equal to the Day;
Then I rejoice in deep Diſtreſs,
Leaning on all-ſufficient Grace.

2. I glory in Infirmity,
That Chriſt's own Pow'r may reſt on me ;
When I am weak, then I am ſtrong,
Grace is my Shield, and Chriſt my Song.

3. I can do all Things, or can bear

All Suff'rings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet Pleaſures mingle with the Pains,
While his Left-Hand my Head ſuſtains.

4. But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the Work alone ;
When new Temptations ſpring and riſe,
We find how great our Weakneſs is.

5. So Sampſon, when his Hair was loſt,
Met the Philiſtines to his Coſt ;
Shook his vain Limbs with ſad Surprize,
Made feeble Fight, and loſt his Eyes.

HYMN CLII.

Our frail Bodies, and God our Preſerver.

1. LET others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor Death nor Danger fear ;
But we'll confeſs, O Lord to thee,
What feeble Things we are.

2. Freſh as the Graſs our Bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay :
A blaſting Wind ſweeps o'er the Land,
And fades the Graſs away.

3. Our Life contains a thouſand Springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a Harp of thouſand Strings,
Should keep in Tune ſo long !

4. But 'tis our God ſupports our Frame,
The God that built us firſt ;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That rear'd us from the Duſt.

5. He ſpoke, and ſtrait our Hearts and Brains,
In all their Motions roſe,
Let Blood, ſaid he, flow round the Veins,
And

And round the Veins it flows.

6. While we have Breath, or uſe our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore:
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN CLIII.

Chriſtian Love.

1. LET Party Names no more
The Chriſtian World o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Chriſt their Head.

2. Among the Saints on Earth,
Let mutual Love be found;
Heirs of the ſame Inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3. Let Envy and ill-Will
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt Friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4. Thus will the Church below
Reſemble that above,
Where Streams of Pleaſure ever flow.
And ev'ry Heart is Love.

HYMN CLIV.

Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2-7-12.

1. LET Phariſees of high Eſteem
Their Faith and Zeal declare,
All their Religion is a Dream,
If Love be wanting there.

2. Love ſuffers long with patient Eye,

Nor

Nor is provok'd in Haſte,
She lets the preſent Inj'ry die,
And long forgets the paſt.

[3. Malice and Rage, thoſe Fires of Hell.
She quenches with her Tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though ſhe endures the Wrong.]

[4. She ne'r deſires, nor ſeeks to know
The Scandals of the Time;
Nor looks with Pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.]

5. She lays her own Advantage by
To ſeek her Neighbour's Good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our Lives with Blood.

6. Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r,
In all the Realms above;
There Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever love.

H Y M N CLV.

Striving to praiſe Chriſt.

1. LET us, the Sheep by Jeſus Nam'd
Our Shepherd's Mercy bleſs;
Let us, whom Jeſus hath redeem'd
Shew forth our Thankfulneſs.

2. Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be Praiſe and Glory giv'n;
Here ſhall thy Praiſes be begun,
But carry'd on in Heav'n.

3. The Hoſts of Spirits now with thee,
Eternal Anthems ſing;
To imitate them here, lo! we

Our

Our Hallalujahs bring.

4. Had we our Tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our Songs ſhould riſe;
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But Love the Sacrifice.

5. Till we this veil of Fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
We'll join in nobler Praiſe.

HYMN CLVI.

Prayer heard, and Zion reſtored.

1. LET Zion and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour;
Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.

2. Her Duſt and Ruins that remain,
Are precious in our Eyes;
Thoſe Ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that Duſt ſhall riſe.

3. The LORD will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in Glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.

4. He ſits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes;
He hears the dying Pris'ners groan,
And ſees their Sighs ariſe.

5. He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
It ſha'nt be ſaid, "That praying Breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

6. This

6. This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the LORD.

HYMN CLVII.

Judgment.

1. LO! he cometh, countleſs Trumpets
Blow before the bloody Sign;
Midſt ten thouſand Saints and Angels,
See the crucified Shine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2. Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep reſounds;
Now reſplendent ſhine his Nail-Prints,
Ev'ry Eye ſhall ſee his Wounds;
They who pierc'd him, they who
pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
Shall at his Appearance wail.

3. Ev'ry Iſland, Sea and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, aſhamed,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day:
Come to Judgment, come to judg-
ment, come to Judgment,
Stand before the Son of Man.

4. Saints who love him, view his Glory
Shining in his bruiſed Face,
His dear Perſon on the Rainbow.
Now his Peoples Head ſhall raiſe:
Happy Mourners, happy Mourners,
happy Mourners,
Lo! in Clouds he comes, he comes!

5. Now Redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn Pomp Appear; All

All his People once rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah? hallelujah!
Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

6. View him ſmiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry Evil to deſtroy;
All the Nations now ſhall ſing him
Songs of everlaſting Joy:
O come quickly, O come quickly,
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come! Lord come,

HYMN CLVIII.

A Viſion of the Kingdom of Chriſt among Men.

1. LO, what a glorious Sight apears
To our believing Eyes!
The Earth and Seas are paſs'd away,
And the old rolling Skies:

2. From the third Heav'n, where God reſides,
That holy, happy Place,
The new Jeruſalem comes down,
Adorn'd with ſhining Grace.

3. Attending Angels ſhout for Joy,
And the bright Armies ſing,
"Mortals behold the ſacred Seat
"of your deſcending King!

4. "The God of Glory down to Men
"Removes his bleſs'd abode;
"Men, the dear Objects of his Grace,
"And He the Loving God.

5. "His own ſoft Hand ſhall wipe the Tears
"From ev'ry Weeping Eye;
"And pains, and Groans, and Griefs, and Fears,
"And Death itſelf ſhall die." 6. How

6. How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright Hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye Wheels of Time,
And bring the welcome Day.

HYMN CLIX.

1. LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety!

2. When Streams of Love, from Christ the Spring,
Descend to ev'ry Soul;
And heav'nly Peace with balmy Wing
Shades and bedews the whole:

3. 'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend Head,
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments spread.

4. 'Tis pleasant as the Morning Dews,
That fall on Sion's Hill,
Where God his mildest Glory shews
And makes his Grace distil.

HYMN CLX.

1. LORD Christ reveal thy holy Face,
And send the Spirit of thy Grace
To fill our Hearts with fervent Zeal,
To learn thy Truth, and do thy Will.

2. Lord lead us in thy holy Ways,
And teach our Lips to tell thy Praise;
Increase our Faith, and raise the same
To taste the Sweetness of thy Name.

3. Till we with Angels join to sing

Eternal

Eternal Praiſe to thee, our King ;
Till we behold thy Face moſt bright
In Joy and everlaſting Light.

4. To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth and all in Heav'n.

H Y M N CLXI.

Diſmiſſion.

1. LORD, diſmiſs us with thy Bleſſing ;
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace ;
Let us each, thy Love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming Grace :
O refreſh us, &c.
Trav'ling thro' this Wilderneſs.

2. Thanks we give, and Adoration,
For thy Goſpel's joyful Sound :
May the Fruits of thy Salvation
In our Hearts and Lives abound!
Ever faithful, &c.
To the Truth may we be found!

3. So whene'er the Signal's given
Us from Earth to call away,
Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,
Glad the Summons to obey
May we ever, &c.
Reign with CHRIST in endleſs Day!

H Y M N CLXII.

Original and actual Sin confeſſed.

1. LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;

Sprung from the Man whoſe guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death:
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

3. [Great GOD, create my Heart anew,
And form my Spirit pure and true:
O make me wiſe betimes to ſpy
My Danger and my Remedy.]

4. Behold I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace;
No outward Forms can make me clean,
The Leproſy lies deep within.

5. No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beaſt,
Nor Hyſſop Branch, nor ſprinkling Prieſt,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can waſh the diſmal Stain away.

6. JESUS, my GOD, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r ſufficient to atone;
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow,
No Jewiſh Types could cleanſe me ſo.

7. While Guilt diſturbs und breaks my Peace,
Nor Fleſh nor Soul hath Reſt nor Eaſe;
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice,

HYMN CLXIII.

1. LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love
When Men of Spight againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2 Their

2. their Hope and Portion lie below,
'Tis all the Happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek ; they take their Shares,
And leave the reſt among their Heirs.

3. What Sinners Value, I reſign ;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand compleat in Righteouſneſs.

4. This Life's a Dream, an empty Show ;
But the bright World to which I go,
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere ;
When ſhall I wake and find me there ?

5. O Glorious Hour ! O bleſt Abode !
I ſhall be near, and like my God !
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

6. My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
'Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound ;
Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surprize
And in my SAVIOUR's Image riſe.

H Y M N CLXIV.

The Myſteries of Providence.

1. LORD, how Myſterious are thy Ways !
How blind are we, how mean our Praiſe !
Thy Steps can Mortal Eyes explore ?
'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.

2. Thy deep Decrees from Creature Sight,
Are hid in Shades of awfull Night ;
Amid the Lines, with curious Eye,
Not Angel minds preſume to pry.

3. Great GOD, I would not aſk to ſee,

What in Futurity ſhall be;
If Light and Bliſs attend my Days,
Then let my future Hours be Praiſe.

4. Is Darkneſs and Diſtreſs my Share?
Then let me truſt thy guardian Care;
Enough for me, if Love Divine
At length thro' ev'ry Cloud ſhall ſhine.

5. Yet this my Soul deſires to know,
Be this my only Wiſh below;
"That Chriſt is mine!--this great Requeſt
Grant, bounteous God---and I am bleſt.

HYMN CLXV.

Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. vii. 8. 9. 14, 24.

1. LORD, how ſecure my Conſcience was,
And felt no inward Dread!
I was alive without the Law,
And thought my Sins where dead.

2. My Hope of Heav'n were firm and Bright,
But ſince the Precept came
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
I find how vile I am.

[3. My Guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till terribly I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt, and pure,
Was thine eternal Law.

4. Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
My Sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my Hopes were ſlain.]

5. I'm like a helpleſs Captive ſold,
Under the Pow'r of Sin;

I cannot

I cannot do the Good I would,
Nor keep my Conſcience clean,

6. My God, I cry with every Breath
For ſome kind Pow'r to ſave,
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
And thus redeem the Slave.

H Y M N CLXVI.

1. LORD; I believe a Reſt remains
To all thy People known,
A Reſt where pure Enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2. A Reſt where all our Souls Deſire
Is fixt on Things above;
Where Fear and Sin, and Grief expire,
Caſt out by perfect Love.

3. Oh that I now the Reſt might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now Saviour, now the Pow'r beſtow,
And let me ceaſe from Sin!

4. Remove this Hardneſs from my Heart,
This Unbelief remove:
To me the Reſt of Faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy Love.

5. I would be thine; thou know'ſt I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, Oh! my All-Sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6. Thy Name to me, thy Nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n:
Nothing beſide my God I want,
Nothing in Earth or Heav'n.

7. Come, Oh my Saviour, come away,

Into my Soul deſcend!
No longer from thy Creature ſtay,
My Author and my End!

8. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And Seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
Let all be loſt in God.

HYMN CLXVII.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

1. LORD in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending High;
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To thee lift up mine Eye.

2. Up to the Hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Preſenting at his Father's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints:

3. Thou art a GOD before whoſe Sight
The Wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right Hand.

4. But to thy Houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine Holy Court,
And Worſhip in thy Fear.

5. O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry Path of Duty ſtraight,
And plain before my Face.

HYMN CLXVIII.

Longing for the House of God.

1. LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!
To thine Abode
My Heart aspires,
With warm Desires
To see my GOD.

2. The Sparrow for her Young,
With Pleasure seeks a Nest;
And wand'ring Swallows long
To find their wonted Rest:
My Spirits faints
With equal Zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy Saints.

3. O happy Souls that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill!

4. They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

HYMN CLXIX.

1. LORD, thou haſt planted me a Vine
In fertile Soil and Air:
Now tend and water me as thine,
And make me ſtill thy Care.

2. My Chriſt I'm wholly thine, direct
My Goings, for I'm dark;
O may my conſtant Aims be right!
Thine Honour be my mark!

3. Shall Simon bear thy Croſs alone,
And other Saints be free?
Each Saint of thine ſhall find his Own,
And there is One for me:

4. Whene'er it falls unto my Lot,
Let it not frighten me;
Nor drive me from my gracious GOD,
But bring me home to thee.

5. O happy Chriſtians, be not loth
To have a coarſer Fare;
Saints that have had no Table-Cloth
Had Chriſt at Dinner there.

6. To do or ſuffer I am pleas'd,
So long as Chriſt ſtands by;
Support me with thy conſtant Aid,
Leſt all thy Graces die.

7. Thy Way is to the Upright Strength;
Lord, make it ſo to me,
That never tiring with the Length,
My Soul may reach to thee.

HYMN CLXX.

An Evening Psalm.

1. LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my weary Head,
From Cares and Bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet Conversing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.

3. I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice,
And when my Work is done,
Great GOD! my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

4. Thus, with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to Sleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

HYMN CLXXI.

The Presence of GOD *worth dying for.*

1. LORD, 'tis an infinite Delight
To see thy lovely Face,
To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight,
And feel thy vital Rays.

2. This Gabriel knows; and sings thy Name
With Raptures on his Tongue;
Moses the Saint enjoys the same,
And Heav'n repeats the Song.

3. While the bright Nation Sounds thy Praise
From each Eternal Hill,
Sweet Odours of exhaling Grace

The happy Region fill.

4. Thy Love, a Sea without a Shore,
Spreads Life and Joy abroad;
O 'tis a Heav'n worth dying for
To see a smiling GOD.

5. Shew me thy Face, and I'll away
From all inferior Things;
Speak, LORD, and here I quit my Clay,
And stretch my airy Wings.

6. Sweet was the Journey to the Sky
The wondrous Prophet try'd;
"Climb up the Mount (says GOD) and die;"
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.

7. Softly his fainting Head he lay
Upon his Maker's Breast;
His Maker kiss'd his Soul away,
And laid his Flesh to rest.

8. In GOD's own Arms he left the Breath
That GOD's own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest Road to Death.
And his the sweetest Grave.

HYMN CLXXII.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1. LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our Mortal Frame?
Our Life, how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the Name!

2. Alas, the brittle Clay
That built our Body first!
And ev'ry Month, and ev'ry Day,
Tis mould'ring back to Dust.

3. Our Moments fly apace,

Nor

Nor will our Minutes ſtay:
Juſt like a Flood our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.

4. Well, if our Days muſt fly,
We'll keep their End in Sight,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdom's Way,
And let them ſpeed their Flight.

5. They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This Life's tempeſtuous Sea:
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful Shore
Of bleſt Eternity.

HYMN CLXXIII.

The Proſperity of Sinners curſed.

1. LORD, what a thoughtleſs Wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To ſee the wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour ſhine!

2. But, O their End, their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me ſo:
O ſlipp'ry Rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

3. Now let them boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may ſtand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endleſs Pain.

4. Their fancy'd Joys, how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a Dream when Man awakes;
Their Songs of ſofteſt Harmony;
Are but a Preface to their plagues.

5. Now I eſteem their Mirth and Wine,
Too dear to Purchaſe with my Blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my God.

HYMN CLXXIV.

1. LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our Suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Lord, on Thee our Souls depend,
In Compassion now descend:
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

3. In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go
'Till a Blessing thou bestow.

4. Send some Message from thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

5. Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the Time of Joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in Faith and Hope!

6. Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free.
Let us all rejoice in Thee!

HYMN CLXXV.

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii, 3—7.

[1. LORD, we confess our num'rous Faults,
How great our Guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts,
And all our Lives were Sin.

2. But, O my Soul, for ever praise,

For

For ever love his Name,
Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways,
Of Folly, Sin, and Shame.]

[3. 'Tis not by Works of Righteouſneſs,
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by Sov'reign Grace;
Abounding through his Son.]

4. 'Tis from the Mercy of our God
That all our Hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our Souls are waſh'd from Sin.

5. 'Tis through the Purchaſe of his Death,
Who hung upon the Tree,
The Spirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry Bones as we.

6. Rais'd from the Dead we live anew;
And juſtify'd by Grace,
We ſhall appear in Glory too,
And ſee our Father's Face.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Bleſſed be ye Poor, Luke vi. 20.

1. LORD, when I hear thy Children talk,
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with Delight thy Ways they walk,
And gladly thy Commandments do.

2. In my own Breaſt I look, and read
Accounts ſo very diff'rent there,
That had I not thy Blood to plead,
Each Sight would ſink me to Deſpair.

3. Needy, and naked, and unclean,
Empty of Good, and full of Ill,
A lifeleſs Lump of loathſome Sin,

Without

Without the Power to act or will.

4. I feel my fainting Spirits droop;
My wretched Leanness I deplore,
'Till gladden'd with a Gleam of Hope
From this, "The Lord has bless'd the Poor."

5. Then while I make my secret Moan,
Upwards I cast my Eyes and see,
Though I have Nothing of my own,
My Treasure is immense in Thee.

6. Still may I keep thy Love in View,
Lean there; nor envy those that run;
Still trust to—not what I can do,
But what thyself hast for me done.

7. My Treasure is thy precious Blood;
Fix there my Heart: And for the rest,
Under thy forming Hands, my God,
Give me that Frame which thou lik'st best.

HYMN CLXXVII.

1. LO! he comes with Clouds descending;
Once for guilty Sinners slain!
Thousand Thousand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumph of his Train:
Halleluja!
Alleluia! Amen.

2. Ev'ry Eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty;
Those who set at Nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

3. Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away;

All

All who hate him muſt confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the Day;
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! Come away!

2. Now Redemtion long expected,
See! in ſolemn Pomp appear!
All his Saints by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air!
Hallelujah!
See the Day of GOD appear!

5. Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Haſten, LORD, the gen'ral Doom!
The new Heav'n and Earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles home:
All Creation
Travails, Groans, and bids Thee come!

6. Yea! Aman! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
Saviour, take the Pow'r and Glory:
Claim the Kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

HYMN CLXXVIII.

Mercy comes to the Miſerable.

1. MERCY is welcome News indeed,
To thoſe that guilty ſtand:
Wretches that feel what Help they need,
Will bleſs the helping Hand.

2. Who rightly would his Alms diſpoſe,
Muſt give them to the Poor:

None

None but the wounded Patient knows
That Comfort of his Cure.

3. We all have ſinn'd againſt our GOD;
Exception none can boaſt:
But he that feels the heavieſt Load,
Will prize Forgiveneſs moſt.

4. No Reck'ning can we rightly keep;
For who the Sums can know?
Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep;
And ſome Five Hundred owe.

5. But let out Debts be what they may,
However great, or ſmall;
As ſoon as we have nought to pay,
Our LORD forgives us all.

6. 'Tis perfect Poverty alone,
That ſets the Soul at large;
While we can call one Mite our own,
We have no full Diſcharge.

HYMN CLXXIX.

1. MESSIAH, full of Grace
Redeem'd by thee we plead
The promiſe made to Abra'ms Race
To Souls for Ages dead.

2. Their Bones are quite dry'd up
Throughout the Vale appear;
Cut of and loſt their laſt faint Hope
To ſee thy Kingdom here.

3. Open their Graves, and bring
The Outcaſts forth to Own
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
Their true anointed One.

4. To

4. To ſave the Race Forlorn
Thy glorious Arm diſplay:
And ſhew the World a Nation born,
A Nation in a Day!

HYMN CLXXX.

A living and a dead Faith, collected from ſeveral Scriptures.

1. Miſtaken Souls! that dream of Heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt,
Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n,
While they are Slaves to Luſt.

2. Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,
If Faith be cold and dead,
None but a living Pow'r unites
To Chriſt the living Head.

3. 'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart;
'Tis Faith that Works by Love;
That bids all ſinful Joys depart,
And lifts the Thoughts above.

4. 'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell
By a celeſtial Pow'r;
This is the Grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive Hour.

5. Faith muſt obey her Father's Will
As well as truſt his Grace,
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill
For his own Holineſs.

6. When from the Curſe he ſets us free,
He makes our Natures clean,
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
The Miniſter of Sin.

7. His Spirit purifies our Frame,
And Seals our Peace with God;

Jesus and his Salvation came
By Water and by Blood.]

HYMN CLXXXI.

1. MOURNING, and drooping, here I lie
Upon this earthly Clod,
While heav'nly Things invite my Eye,
And bring me to my GOD.

2. Transported with a glorious View
Of God's eternal Love,
Unto this World I bid adieu,
And long to be Above.

3. There all the Saints in Harmony
Do stand forevermore,
And to a vast Eternity.
Their glorious Lord adore,

4. Hark! Hark! Methinks I hear the Sound;
Methinks the Angels sing;
The glorious Melody goes round,
Which makes the Heav'ns to ring.

5. The Saints above do sing a Song
(In a melodious Strain)
Which doth to God alone belong,
And to the Lamb once slain.

6. Wonder, and Love, and Joy, and Praise,
Fill all their happy Souls,
While the vast Flood of sov'reign Grace
Through all the Region rolls.

7. The Saints all cloth'd in white Array,
Their Saviour's Praise declare;
Through the bright Realms of endless Day.
There's not one Mourner there.

8. But oh, the Glory of the Place,

No

No Mortal Tongue can tell !
Where they behold their Saviour's Face,
And in his Preſence dwell.

9. Oh, how they each perform their Parts,
Thro' all the happy Train !
This glorious Song inſpires their Hearts,
Worthy the Lamb, once ſlain !

10. Amen, they cry, Amen, Amen,
Thy Ways oh God are true ;
Bleſſing, and Glory, Wiſdom, and
Thankſgiving is thy Due.

11. Honour, and Pow'r, and endleſs Might,
Be giv'n to Thee, oh Lord !
In this ſweet Song they all unite,
And ſing with One Accord.

12. Oh, how the bending Seraphs join
To praiſe the God Above !
While all the Saints, in Notes Divine,
Do ſing redeeming Love.

13. Worthy, oh Lord, worthy art thou ;
To wear the glorious Crown ;
So all the Saints in Glory bow,
And caſt their Di'dems down.

14. The Song eternally goes round,
To him that made the Sky,
I'm loſt, I'm loſt, to view the Bound
Of vaſt Eternity.

15. When there have paſt more Million Years.
Than Sands upon the Shore ;
The Saints above will have no Fears
That the bleſt Space is o'er,

16. If all the Drops in Oceans wide
Were to be number'd o'er,

And then by Millions multiply'd,
And twice as many more;

17. And then as many Years ſhould paſs
As Water Drops in all;
Or Grains of Sand, or Spires of Graſs,
Upon this earthly Ball.

18. Then add as many Millions more
As Stars that fill the Sky;
Then all that Number doubled o'er
Can't mete Eternity.

19. Eternity will ſtill remain;
'Twill be Eternity.
The Song to God the THREE IN ONE
Will laſt eternally.

20. Who can deſcribe the Bleſſedneſs
Of Pleaſure ever new?
I long the Glory to poſſeſs,
And bid all Sin adieu.

21. Farewell my Friends, I long to go;
Adieu Death, Sorrow, Pain,
Adieu to Fears, Adieu to Woe;
And Welcome endleſs Gain.

22. Oh, how my Soul doth long to quit
This Earth, and Soar away!
Oh Jeſus, if it is moſt fit,
Let not thy Chariot ſtay.

23. Come take my longing Spirit up,
To dwell with Thee above;
I long with Thee, my Lord, to ſup,
On everlaſting Love.

24. The Time ſeems long till Thou doſt bring
My Soul unto that Place,
Where I thy Praiſe ſhall ever ſing,
And reſt in thine Embrace.

HYMN CLXXXII.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

1. MY drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so,
Awake my sluggish Soul!
Nothing has half thy Work to do,
Yet Nothing's half so dull.

2. The little Ants for one poor Grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live?

3. We, for whose Sake all Nature stands,
And Stars their Courses move;
We, for whose Guard the Angel Bands
Come flying from above;

4. We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown,
He purchas'd with his Blood!

5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And sit and warm our Hearts.

6. Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls shall rise:
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

2. MY God, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning Incense in thine House;

And let my nightly Worſhip riſe,
Sweet as the Ev'ning Sacrifice.

2. Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, LORD,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.

3. O may the Righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but chear my Head.

4. When I behold them preſt with Grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful Love.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

1. MY God I am thine;
'Tis Comfort Divine,
To know that the Sav'our of Sinners is mine.

2. In the heav'nly Lamb
Thrice happy I am.
My Heart doth rejoice at the Sound of his Name.

3. True Pleaſures abound
In the rapt'rous Sound,
Whoever hath found it, hath Paradiſe found.

4. My Jeſus to know,
And feel his Blood flow,
'Tis Life everlaſting, 'tis Heaven below.

5. Yet onward I haſte
To the heav'nly Feaſt:
That, that is the Fulneſs; but this is the Taſte.

6. And

6. And this I ſhall prove,
'Till glad I remove
To the Heav'n of Heavens in Jeſus's Love.

H Y M N. CLXXXV.

Human Weakneſs owned.

1. MY Lord, how great's the Favour!
That I a Sinner Poor,
Can thro' thy Blood's ſweet Savour
Approach thy Mercy,s Door:
And find an open Paſſage
Unto the Throne of Grace;
There wait the welcome Meſſage,
That bids me go in Peace.

2. Lord, I'm an helpleſs Creature,
Full of the deepeſt Need.
Throughout defil'd by Nature
Stupid, and inly dead:
My Strength is perfect Weakneſs,
And all I have is Sin;
My Heart is all Uncleanneſs,
A Den of Thieves within.

3. In this forlorn Condition,
Who ſhall afford me Aid?
Where ſhall I find Compaſſion
But in the Church's Head?
Jeſus thou art all Pity,
O take me to thine Arms,
And exerciſe thy Mercy,
To ſave me from all Harms.

4. I'll never ceaſe repeating
My numberleſs Complaints;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of Saints

'Til I attain the Image
Of him I inly Love;
And pay my greatful Homage
With all the Saints above.

5. Then I, with all in Glory,
Will thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing Story
Of Jesu's Love so great;
In this blest Contemplation
I ever shall be well;
And prove such Consolation,
As none below can tell.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

1. MY Soul come meditate the Day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

[2. And you mine Eyes, look down and View
The hollow gaping Tomb:
This gloomy Prison waits for you,
Whene'er the Summons come.]

3. Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would your Spirits learn to fly,
And converse With the Dead:

4. Then should we see the Saints above
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls should love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

5. How we should scorn these Cloaths of Flesh,
These Fetters, and this Load;

And

And long for Ev'ning to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.

6. We ſhould almoſt forſake our Clay
Before the Summons come,
And pray, and wiſh our Souls away
To their eternal Home.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

A Song of Praiſe for the Holy Ghoſt.

1. MY Soul doth magnify the Lord,
My Spirit doth Rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful Voice.

2. I need not go abroad for Joys,
I have a Feaſt at Home;
My Sighs are turned into Songs,
The Comforter is come

3. Down from above the bleſſed Dove,
Is come into my Breaſt,
To Witneſs God's eternal Love;
This is my Heav'nly Feaſt.

4. This makes me Abba Father cry,
With Confidence of Soul;
This makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
And that without Controul.

5. There is a Stream that iſſues forth
From God's eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb, a living Stream,
Clear as the Cryſtal Stone:

6. The Stream doth Water Paradiſe,
It makes the Angels ſing;
One Cordial Drop revives my Heart,
Hence all my Joys do ſpring;

7. Such Joys as are unſpeakable,
And full of Glory too;
Such hidden Manna, hidden Pearls,
As Worldlings do not know.

8. Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear hath heard,
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd
What thou Lord haſt laid up for thine,
And haſt to me reveal'd.

9. I ſee thy Face, I hear thy Voice,
I taſte thy ſweeteſt Love;
My Soul doth leap, but Oh, for Wings;
The Wings of Noah's Dove.

10. Then would I fly far hence away,
Leaving this World of Sin;
Then Would my Lord put forth his Hand.
And kindly take me in.

11. Then would my Soul with Angels Feaſt,
On Joys which always laſt;
Bleſt be my God, the God of Joy,
Who gives me here a Taſte.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

Submiſſion to Afflictive Providences.

1. NAKED as from the Earth we came,
And crept to Life at firſt,
We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Duſt.

2. The dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort Favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3. 'Tis

3. 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the Grave:
He gives, and (bleſſed be his Name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4. Peace, all our angry Paſſions then!
Let each rebellious Sigh
Be ſilent at his Sov'reign Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die,

5. If ſmiling Mercy crown our Lives,
Its Praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the Juſtice too
That ſtrikes our Comforts dead.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

Heaven inviſible and Holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10, Rev. xxi, 27.

1. NOR Eye has ſeen, nor Ear has heard,
Nor Senſe nor Reaſon known,
What Joys the Father has prepar'd
For thoſe that Love the Son.

2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals A Heav'n to come:
The Beams of Glory in his Word
Allure and guide us home.

3. Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
And all the Region Peace;
No wanton Lips, nor envious Eye,
Can ſee or taſte the Bliſs.

4. Thoſe holy Gates for ever bar
Pollution, Sin, and Shame;
None ſhall obtain Admittance there,
But Foll'wers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There

There all their Names are found;
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

HYMN CXC.

The Misery of being without God in this World; Or, *Vain Prosperity.*

1. NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely Great,
Tho' they increase their golden Store,
And rise to wond'rous Height.

2. They taste of all the Joys that grow
Upon this earthly Clod!
Well, they may search the Creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3. Shake off the Thoughts of dying too,
And think your Life your own;
But Death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your Glory down;

4. Yes, you must bow your stately Head,
Away your Spirit flies,
And no kind Angel near your Bed,
To bear it to the Skies.

5. Go now, and boast of all your Stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your Heaps of glitt'ring Dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN CXCI.

Charity and Uncharitableness.

1. NOT diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Dress,
Compose the Kingdom of our LORD:
But Peace and Joy and Righteousness,
Faith,

Faith and Obedience to his Word.

2. When weaker Chriſtians we deſpiſe
We do the Goſpel mighty Wrong:
For GOD the Gracious and the Wiſe,
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.

3. Let Pride and Wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and Love our Souls purſue;
Nor ſhall our Practice give Offence
To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN CXCII.

The Song of Zacharias, and the Meſſage of John the Baptiſt: Or, Light and Salvation of Jeſus, Chriſt, Luke i 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1. NOW be the God of Iſra'l bleſs'd,
Who makes his Truth appear;
His mighty Hand fulfils his Word,
And all the Oaths he ſware.

2. Now he bedews old David's Root
With Bleſſings from the Skies;
He makes the Branch of Promiſe grow,
The promis'd Horn ariſe.

[3. John was the Prophet of the Lord,
To go before his Face,
The Herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his Ways.

4. He makes the great Salvation known,
He ſpeaks of pardon'd Sins;
While Grace Divine, and heav'nly Love
In its own Glory ſhines.

5. "Behold the Lamb of God he cries,
"That takes our Guilt away:

"I

"I saw the Spirit o'er his Head
"On his Baptizing Day.]

6. "Be ev'ry Vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry Mountain low;
"The Proud must stoop, and humble Souls
"Shall his Salvation know.

7. "The Heathen Realms with Israel's Land
"Shall join in sweet Accord;
"And all that's born of Man shall see
"The Glory of the Lord.

8. "Behold the Morning-Star arise,
"Ye that in Darkness sit;
"He marks the Path that leads to Peace,
"And guides our doubtful Feet.

HYMN CXCIII.

Redeeming Love.

1. NOW begin the heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name;
Ye, who Jesu's Kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming Love.

2. Ye, who see the Father's Grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's Face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming Love.

3. Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears;
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming Love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin;
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop---and taste redeeming Love.

5. Welcome

5. Welcome all by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome all to Jeſus Chriſt;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming Love.

6. He ſubdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours,
From their curſed Empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming Love.

7. Hither then your Muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful String;
Mortals join the Hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming Love.

HYMN CXCIV.

Love and Hatred.

1. NOW by the Bowels of my GOD,
His ſharp Diſtreſs, his ſore Complaints,
By his laſt Groans, his dying Blood,
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

2. Clamour and Wrath and War be gone,
Envy and Spite for ever ceaſe;
Let bitter Words no more be known
Among the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

3. The Spirit like a peaceful Dove
Flies from the Realms of Noiſe and Strife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his Love,
Who Seals our Souls to heav'nly Life?

4. Tender and kind be all our Thoughts;
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run:
So GOD forgives our num'rous Faults,
For the dear Sake of CHRIST his Son.

HYMN CXCV.

New Year's Day.

1. NOW, gracious Lord, thine Arm reveal,
And make thy Glory known;
Now let us all thy Presence feel,
And soften Hearts of Stone!

2. Help us to venture near thy Throne,
And plead a Saviour's Name;
For all that we can call our Own,
Is Vanity and Shame.

3. From all the Guilt of former Sin
May Mercy set us free;
And let the Year we now begin,
Begin and End with Thee.

4. Send down thy Spirit from above,
That Saints may love Thee more;
And Sinners now may learn to love
Who never lov'd before.

5. And when before Thee we appear
In our Eternal Home;
May growing Numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our Room.

HYMN CXCVI.

An Evening Song.

1. NOW from the Altar of my Heart,
Let Incense Flames arise,
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine Evening Sacrifice.

2. Awake, my Love; awake, my Joy;
Awake, my Heart and Tongue;

Sleep

Sleep not when Mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a Song.

3. Man's Life's a Book of Hiſtory,
The Leaves thereof are Days;
The Letters Mercies cloſely join'd,
The Title is thy Praiſe.

4. This Day was God my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His tender Care o'er me was ſhown,
His Mercies multiply'd.

5. Minutes and Mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this Day;
Minutes came quick; but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

6. New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
New Songs of Praiſe require;
Till I ſhall praiſe Thee as I would
Accept my Heart's Deſire.

7. Lord of my Time, whoſe Hand hath ſet
New Time upon my Score,
Thee ſhall I Praiſe for all my Time,
When Time ſhall be no more.

HYMN CXCVII.

1. NOW from the Garden to the Croſs,
Let us attend the Lamb of God.
Be all Things elſe accounted Droſs,
Compar'd with Sin atoning Blood.

2. See, how the patient Jeſus ſtands,
Inſulted in his loweſt Caſe:
Sinners have bound th' Almighty's Hands;
And ſpit in their Creator's Face.

3. With Thorns his Temples gor'd and gaſh'd,

Send Streams of Blood from ev'ry Part.
His Back's with knotted Scourges laſh'd:
But ſharper Scourges tear his Heart.

4. Nail'd naked to th' accurſed Wood;
Expos'd to Earth, and Heav'n above,
A Spectacle of Wounds and Blood;
A Prodigy of injur'd Love!

5. Hark how his doleful Cries affright
Affected Angels, while they view.
His Friends forſook him in the Night;
And now his God forſakes him too.

6. Oh what a Field of Battle's here!
Vengeance and Love their Pow'rs oppoſe:
Never was ſuch a mighty Pair;
Never were two ſuch deſp'rate Foes.

7. Behold that Pale, that languid Face,
That drooping Head, thoſe cold dead Eyes!
Behold, in Sorrow and Diſgrace,
Our conqu'ring Heroe hangs and dies!

8. Ye that aſſume his ſacred Name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean?
What was it bruis'd God's harmleſs Lamb!
What was it pierc'd his Soul, but Sin?

9. Bluſh, Chriſtian, bluſh; let Shame abound,
If Sin affects Thee not with Woe,
Whatever Spirit's in Thee found,
Chriſt's Spirit thou didſt never know.

HYMN CXCVIII.

Love on a Croſs, and a Throne.

1. NOW let my Faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view my LORD in all his Love;
Look back to hear his dying Cries,

Then

Then mount and ſee his Throne above.

2. See where he languiſh'd on the Croſs;
Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my Cauſe,
By his Almighty Father's Side.

3. If I behold his bleeding Heart,
There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns,
He Triumphs o'er the killing Smart,
And buys my Pleaſure with his Pains.

4. Or if I climb th' eternal Hills,
Where the dear CONQU'ROR ſits enthron'd,
Still in his Heart Compaſſion dwells,
Near the Memorials of his Wound.

5. How ſhall a pardon'd Rebel ſhow
How much I Love my SAVIOUR GOD?
LORD here I baniſh ev'ry Foe,
I hate the Sins that coſt thy Blood.

6. I hold no more Commerce with Hell,
My deareſt Luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine Image ever dwell
Stampt as a Seal upon my Heart.

HYMN CXCIX.

The Agonies of Chriſt.

1. NOW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine;
Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2. In lively Figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us Hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our Griefs remove.

[3. Our humble Faith here takes her Rise,
While sitting round his Board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4. His Soul, what Agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew;
And the large Load of all our Guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5. But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying, he conquer'd Hell and Sin,
And made his Triumph there.]

6. Grace, Wisdom, Justice, join'd and wrought
The Wonders of that Day!
No Mortal Tongue, nor Mortal Thought,
Can equal Thanks repay.

7. Our Hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our Voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

HYMN CC.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1. NOW let our mournful Songs record
The dying Sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in Tears of Blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2. The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their Heads and laugh'd in Scorn:
"He rescu'd others from the Grave,
"Now let him try himself to save.

3. "This is the Man did once pretend

"God

"God was his Father and his Friend;
"If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4. Barbarous People! Cruel Prieſts!
How they ſtood round like Savage Beaſts;
Like Lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their Pow'r.

5. They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Streams of Blood each other meet;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

6. But God, his Father heard his Cry;
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;
The Nations learn his Righteouſneſs,
And humble Sinners taſte his Grace.

HYMN CCI.

Parting with Friends.

1. NOW Lord, tho' we muſt part a while,
Upon the Heav'nly Road;
Yet let thy Face upon us ſmile,
And keep us near our God.

2. And if on Earth again we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee:
And let thy gracious Preſence Sweet
From Bondage ſet us free.

3. This only this we humbly crave,
While Earth is our Abode,
That we with Chriſt and Saints may have
Communion on the Road.

4. For ſince our Fellowſhip below,
Affords ſuch Joy and Love,
We long its full Extent to know,

When we ſhall meet above.

5. Let this, O Lord excite us on,
To keep the narrow Way,
Till we ſhall meet around thy Throne,
With all the Heirs of Day.

6. Come Holy Ghoſt, our Souls inſpire!
Maintain this Flame of Love,
Till we ſhall join that glorious Choir
Of Worſhippers above.

HYMN CCII.

1. NOW may the Spirit's holy Fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting Family inſpire
With Joy, and Peace, and Love!

2. Thee we the Comforter confeſs;
Unleſs thou'rt Preſent here;
Our Songs of Praiſe are vain Addreſs,
We utter heartleſs Pray'r.

3. Wake heav'nly Wind, ariſe and come,
Blow on the drooping Field;
Our Spices then ſhall breathe Perfume,
And Fragrant Incenſe yield.

4. Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
That ſhall proclaim thy Word;
And bid each awfull Hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

5. Haſten the reſtitution-Day,
Which now Corruption ſhrouds;
New Heavens, and new Earth diſplay,
With Jeſus in the Clouds.

HYMN CCIII.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickneſs.

1. OFT have I ſat in ſecret Sighs,
To feel my Fleſh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted Eyes,
To view the tott'ring Clay.

2. But I forbid my Sorrows now,
Nor dares the Fleſh complain;
Diſeaſes bring their Profit too;
The Joy o'ercomes the Pain.

3. My chearful Soul now all the Day
Sits waiting here and ſings;
Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay,
And practiſes her Wings.

4. Faith almoſt changes into Sight,
While from afar ſhe ſpies,
Her fair Inheritance, in Light
Above created Skies.

5. Had but the Priſon Walls been ſtrong,
And firm without a Flaw,
In Darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of Glory ſaw:

6. But now the everlaſting Hills
Thro' ev'ry Chink appear,
And ſomething of the Joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a Priſoner here:

7. The ſhines of Heav'n ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping Flaws;
Viſions of endleſs Bliſs are ſeen
And Native Air ſhe draws.

8. O may theſe Walls ſtand tott'ring ſtill,
The Breaches never cloſe!
If I muſt here in Darkneſs dwell,
And all this Glory loſe!

9. Or rather let this Fleſh decay,
The Ruins wider grow,
Till glad to ſee th' enlarged Way,
I ſtretch my Pinions through.

HYMN CCIV.

The STONY HEART.

1. OH, For a Glance of heav'nly Day,
To take this ſtubborn Stone away;
And thaw with Beams of Love Divine
This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine!

2. The Rocks can rent; the Earth can quake;
The Seas can roar; the Mountains ſhake;
Of Feeling all Things ſhew ſome Sign;
But this unfeeling Heart of mine.

3. To hear the Sorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving Line,
And nothing move this Heart of mine.

4. Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing Thought!) which Devils fear.
Goodneſs and Wrath in vain combine,
To ſtir this ſtupid Heart of mine.

5. But ſomething yet can do the Deed;
And that dear Something much I need.
Thy Spirit can from Droſs refine;
And move and melt this Heart of mine.

HYMN CCV.

1. O H, that I had a Boſom Friend,
To tell my Secrets to!
On whoſe Advice I might depend,
In ev'ry Thing I do.

2. How do I wander up and down,
And no one Pities me;
I ſeem a Stranger quite unknown,
A Son of Miſery.

3. None lends an Ear to my Complaint,
Nor minds my Cries and Tears;
None comes to help me, though I faint,
Nor my vaſt Burthen bears.

4. While' others live in Mirth and Eaſe,
And feel no Want nor Woe;
Through this dark, howling Wilderneſs,
I full of Sorrow go.

5. Oh! faithleſs Soul, to Reaſon thus,
And Murmur without End;
Did Chriſt expire upon the Croſs?
And is not he thy Friend?

6. Why doſt thou envy carnal Men!
And think their State ſo bleſt?
How great Salvation haſt thou ſeen?
And Jeſus is thy Reſt.

7. What can this lower World afford,
Compar'd with Goſpel Grace,
Thy Happineſs is in the Lord,
And thou ſhalt ſee his Face.

8. Can preſent Griefs be counted great,
Compar'd with future Woes?
Will tranſient Pleaſures ſeem ſo ſweet,
Compar'd with endleſs Joys?

9. How ſoon will God withdraw the Scene,
And burn the World he made?
Then Woe to carnal careleſs Men;
My Soul lift up thy Head.

10. Thy Saviour is thy real Friend,
Conſtant, and true, and good:
He will be with thee to the End,
And bring thee ſafe to God.

11. What then my Soul haſt thou to fear!
Or why ſhould'ſt thou repine?
Look up, behold Redemption's near;
Rejoice, for Heav'n is thine.

12. Why O my Soul, art thou ſo ſad?
When will thy Sighs be o'er?
Rejoice in Jeſus, and be glad,
Rejoice for Evermore.

HYMN CCVI.

The two Debtors.

1. ONCE a Woman ſilent ſtood
While Jeſus ſat at Meat;
From her Eyes ſhe pour'd a Flood
To waſh his Sacred Feet:
Shame and Wonder, Joy and Love,
All at once poſſeſs'd her Mind,
That ſhe e'er ſo vile could prove,
Yet now Forgiveneſs find.

2. "How came this vile Woman here?
"Will Jeſus notice ſuch?
"Sure, if he a Prophet were,
"He would diſdain her touch!"
Simon thus, with ſcornful Heart,
Slighted one whom Jeſus lov'd;
But her Saviour took her Part,

And

And thus his Pride reprov'd :

3. " If two Men in Debt were bound,
" One leſs, the other more ;
" Fifty, or five hundred Pound,
" And both alike were Poor ;
" Should the Lender both forgive,
" When he ſaw them both diſtreſs'd ;
" Which of them would you believe
" Engag'd to love him beſt ?

4. " Surely he who moſt did owe,"
The Phariſee reply'd ;
Then our Lord, " By judging ſo,
" Thou doſt for her decide :
" Simon, if like her you knew
" How much you Forgiveneſs need ;
" You like her had acted too,
" And welcom'd me indeed !

5. " When the Load of Sin is felt,
" And much Forgiveneſs known ;
" Then the Heart of Courſe will melt,
" Tho' hard before as Stone ;
" Blame not then her love and Tears,
" Greatly ſhe in Debt has been ;
" But I have remov'd her Fears,
" And pardon'd all her Sin."

6. When I read this Woman's Caſe,
Her Love and humble Zeal ;
I confeſs, with Shame of Face,
My Heart is made of Steel ;
Much has been forgiv'n to me,
Jeſus paid my heavy Score ;
What a Creature muſt I be,
That I can love no more !

H Y M N CCVII.

1. ONCE more before we part,
We'll bleſs the Saviour's Name.
Record his Mercies, ev'ry Heart;
Sing, ev'ry Tongue, the fame.

2. Hoard up his Sacred Word,
And feed thereon, and grow:
Go on, and ſeek to know the Lord;
And practiſe what you know.

H Y M N CCVIII.

A Morning Song.

1. ONCE more my Soul, the riſing Day
Salutes thy waking Eyes;
Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
To him that Rules the Skies.

2. Night unto Night his Name repeats,
The Day renews the Sound,
Wide on the Heav'n on which he ſits
To turn the Seaſons round.

3. 'Tis he ſupports my Mortal Frame,
My Tongue ſhall ſpeak his Praiſe;
My Sins would rouze his Wrath to Flame,
And yet his Wrath delays.

4. [On a poor Worm thy Pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand:
Thy Juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But Mercy held thine Hand.

5. A Thouſand wretched Souls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting Sun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my Thread,
And yet my Moments run.]

6. Dear

6. Dear God, let all my Hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy thy Light;
Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant Night.

HYMN CCIX.

New Year's Day.

1. ONCE more the constant Sun, revolving round his Sphere, [Year:
His steady Course has run, and brings another
He rises, sets, but goes not back;
Nor ever quits his destin'd Track.

2. Hence let believers learn to keep a forward Pace;
Be this our main Concern, to finish well our Race.
Backslidings shun, with Patience press
Towards the Sun of Righteousness.

3. What now shall be our Task? or rather what our Pray'r?
What good Thing shall we ask, to prosper this New Year?
With One Accord our Hearts we'll lift;
And ask our LORD some New Year's Gift.

4. No trifling Gift or small should Friends of CHRIST desire;
Rich LORD, bestow on all pure Gold, well try'd by Fire;
Faith that stands fast; when Devils roar;
And Love which lasts for Evermore.

HYMN CCX.

Before Preaching.

1. ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his Blessing ask;

Oh,

Oh, may not Duty ſeem a Load!
Nor Worſhip prove a Taſk.

2. Father, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From Heav'n, in Jeſu's Name,
To make our waiting Minds attend,
And put our Souls in Frame.

3. May we receive the Word we hear;
Each in an honeſt Heart;
Hoard up the precious Treaſure there,
And never with it part.

4. To ſeek Thee all our Hearts diſpoſe,
To each thy Bleſſing ſuit.
And let the Seed thy Servant ſows
Produce a copious Fruit.

5. Bid the refreſhing North Wind wake;
Say to the South Wind, blow;
Let ev'ry Plant the Pow'r partake,
And all the Garden grow.

6. Revive the parch'd with heav'nly Show'rs,
The cold with Warmth Divine;
And as the Benefit is ours,
Be all the Glory thine.

HYMN CCXI.

1. ON Thee, O God of Purity,
I wait for hallowing Grace;
None without Holineſs ſhall ſee
The Glories of thy Face:
In Souls Unholy, and Unclean,
Thou never canſt Delight;
Nor ſhall they, while unſav'd from Sin,
Appear before thy Sight.

2. But as for me, with humble Fear,

I

I will approach thy Gate ;
Though moſt Unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy Courts to wait :
I truſt in thine unbounded Grace,
To all ſo freely giv'n ;
And worſhip t'ward thy Holy Place,
And lift my Soul to Heav'n.

3. Lead me in all thy righteous Ways,
Nor ſuffer me to ſlide ;
Point out the Path before my Face,
My God be thou my Guide !
O may I ne'er to Evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the Shield
Of thine Almighty Love.

HYMN CCXII.

Pardoning Grace.

1. OUT of the Depths of long Diſtreſs,
The Borders of Deſpair,
I ſent my Cries to ſeek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear

2. Great! God! ſhould thy ſeverer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Fleſh could ſtand.

3. But there are Pardons with my God
For Crimes of high Degree ;
Thy Son hath bought them with his Blood,
To draw us near to Thee.

4. [I wait for thy Salvation Lord,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait ;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.]

5. [Juſt

5. [Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes :

6. So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt Op'nings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]

7. [Then in the LORD let Iſra'l truſt,
Let Iſra'l ſeek his Face ;
The LORD is Good as well as Juſt,
And plenteous in his Grace.

8. There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enſlav'd ;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Iſra'l ſhall be ſav'd.]

HYMN CCXIII.

ADORING JESUS.

1. O Come let us join,
Together combine ;
To praiſe our dear Sav'our, our Maſter Divine.

2. Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with Gore,
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

3. He worthy is bleſs'd,
By Spirits at Reſt ;
Who once in this Deſert his Godhead confeſs'd,

4. The Heavenly Spheres,
Who ſaw him in Tears,
Yea ev'ry ſtrong Angel, his Perſon reveres.

5. The Prophets who told

His

His Suff'rings of old,
Sing now ſweet Thankſgiving on Pſalt'ries of Gold.

6. The Fathers to whom
He ſhew'd he would come,
Now in his Pavilion take up their long Home.

7. The Spirits of Men,
Who for him were ſlain,
From Abel the Righteous, ſhare now in his Reign.

8. Th' Apoſtles who ſtood,
Reſiſting to Blood,
For Jeſus's Goſpel, rejoice in their God.

9. The Confeſſor's too,
Them proſtrating low,
Caſt down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.

10. Oh Church of the Lamb,
Here met do the ſame,
With Saints, and with Angels, bleſs Jeſus's Name.

11. My Soul bear a Part,
For ranſom'd thou art,
By Jeſu's Blood ſhedding, his Burial, and Smart.

12. To him that was ſlain,
The ſcorn'd Nazarene,
Be Glory, and Honour, let all ſay Amen.

HYMN. CCXIV.

2. O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God;
Come, waſh us in thy Cleanſing Blood!
Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
Is ſweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

2. Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee;
Seal thou our Breaſts, and let us wear

That pledge of Love for ever there.

3. How can it be thou heav'nly King,
That thou ſhould Man to Glory bring!
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
And give them an immortal Crown!

4. Ah, Lord! enlarge our Scanty Thought;
To know the Wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring Tongues to tell
Thy Love Immenſe, unſearchable.

5. Firſt-born of many Brethren, thou,
To Thee both Earth and Heav'n muſt bow;
Help us to Thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

H Y M N CCXV.

1. O For an Heart to Love my God!
An Heart from Sin ſet free;
An Heart that always feels the Blood,
So freely ſhed for me!

2. An Heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's Throne;
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone.

3. An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither Life nor Death can part
From him that dwells within.

4. An Heart in ev'ry Thought renew'd,
And fill'd with Love Divine:
Perfect and Right, and pure, and good,
A Copy, Lord! of thine.

5. Thy tender Heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at Human Woe;

Send

Send down thy Grace, O bleſſed Lamb !
That I thy Love may know.

6. Thy holy Nature Lord ! impart
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
Thy new beſt Name of Love.

HYMN CCXVI.

Victory over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55. &c.

1. O For an over-coming Faith
To chear my dying Hours,
To Triumph o'er the Monſter Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs !

2. Joyful, with all the Strength I have.
My quiv'ring Lips ſhould ſing,
Where is thy boaſted Vict'ry Grave ?
And where the Monſter's Sting ?

3. If Sin be pardon'd, I'm ſecure,
Death hath no Sting beſides ;
The Law gives Sin its damning Pow'r ;
But Chriſt, my Ranſom, dy'd.

4. Now to the God of Victory
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Throu'h Chriſt our living Head.

HYMN CCXVII.

1. O For a ſweet inſpiring Ray,
To animate our feeble Strains,
From the bright Realms of Endleſs Day,
The bliſsful Realms, where Jeſus reigns !

2. There low before his glorious Throne,
Adoring Saints and Angels fall

And with delightful Worſhip own
His Smile their Bliſs, their Heav'n, their all.

3. Immortal Glories crown his Head,
While tuneful Hallelujahs riſe:
And Love, and Joy, and Triumph ſpread
Thro' all th' Aſſemblies of the Skies.

4. He Smiles, and Seraphs Tune their Songs,
To boundleſs Rapture while they Gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful Tongues
Reſound his Everlaſting Praiſe.

5. There all the ranſom'd of the Lamb
Shall join at laſt the Heav'nly choir;
O may the Joy-inſpiring theme,
Awake our Faith, our warm Deſire!

6. Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit Seal
Our Int'reſt in that bliſsful Place.
Till Death remove this Mortal Veil.
And we behold thy lovely Face.

HYMN CCXVIII.

Adoring Chriſt.

O For a Thouſand Tongues to ſing,
My Dear Redeemer's Praiſe!
The Glories of my God and King,
The Triumphs of his Grace.

2. Jeſus, the Name that charms our Fears,
That bids our Sorrows ceaſe;
'Tis Muſic in the Sinner's Ears,
'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.

3. He breaks the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin,
He ſets the Pris'ners free;
His Blood can make the foulеſt clean,
His Blood avail'd for me.

4. He

4. He ſpeaks, and liſt'ning to his Voice,
New Life the Dead receive;
The mournful, broken Hearts rejoice,
The humble Poor believe.

5. Hear him, ye Deaf; his Praiſe, ye Dumb,
Your looſen'd Tongues employ;
Ye Blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye Lame, for Joy.

HYMN CCXIX.

Man frail, and GOD *Eternal.*

1. OUR GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the ſtormy Blaſt,
And our Eternal Home.

2. Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is ſure.

3. Before the Hills in Order ſtood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From Everlaſting thou art GOD,
To Endleſs Years the ſame.

4. Thy Word commands our Fleſh to Duſt
"Return, ye Sons of Men,"
All Nations roſe from Earth at firſt,
And turn to Earth again.

5. A thouſand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Ev'ning gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the riſing Sun.

6. [The buſy Tribes of Fleſh and Blood,
With all their Lives and Cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the Flood,

And loſt in following Years.

7. Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

8. Like flow'ry Fields the Nations ſtand,
Pleas'd with the Morning Light;
The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.]

9. Our GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles laſt,
And our Eternal Home.

HYMN CCXX.

1. O H Jeſu, our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich Bleſſings convey'd by thy Word.

2. In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Concert of Praiſe.

3. The Ancient of Days
His Glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his Choſen with cheriſhing Rays.

4. The Trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad,
The Language of Mercy, Salvation through Blood.

5. Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the Bleſſings of this Goſpel Day.

6. The People who know
Their Sav'our below,
With burning Affection to worſhip him glow.

7. Their

7. Their Anguiſh and Smart,
And Sorrow depart,
Who find his Salvation inſcrib'd on their Heart.

8. This Bleſſing be mine,
Through Favour Divine;
But oh, my Redeemer, the Glory be thine.

9. The Work is of Grace,
Thine, thine be the Praiſe;
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

H Y M N CCXXI.

Agnus Dei.

1. O Lamb of God our Saviour!
Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow!
Thy ſuff'ring meek Behaviour
Paid what thou didſt not borrow.
Thy Bearing our Tranſgreſſion
Secur'd us from Damnation.
Have Mercy upon us, O Jeſu! O Jeſu!

2. O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.
Acknowledge thou us, O Jeſu! O Jeſu!

3. O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.
O grant us thy Peace, O Jeſu! O Jeſu!

H Y M N CCXXII.

1. O Lord, thou know'ſt my Soul's Deſires,
And thou canſt give me perfect Eaſe;
Thou art the Good my Heart admires,
There's nothing but thy Love can pleaſe.

2. Give me, O Lord, the Happineſs
To ſit and hear thy gracious Voice;
Come, Saviour, come, my Soul poſſeſs,
And make my mourning Heart rejoice.

3. Lord, I would praiſe thy holy Name,
Thou art my everlaſting Friend;
Thou haſt not put my Soul to ſhame;
Preſerve me ſafe unto the End.

4. Thou art my Strength, and my Support,
My Hope, my everlaſting Aid:
To Thee I always would reſort,
And truſt in Thee when I'm afraid.

5. Thy Name affords my Soul relief,
When I with Sorrows am oppreſt;
When I am full of Woe and Grief,
Thy Word doth give my Spirit reſt.

6. Teach me to do thy holy Will,
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name;
O lead me to thy heav'nly Hill,
Where ſtands the new Jeruſalem.

7. Were not the Lord of Hoſts my Strength
I ſhould have ſunk in deep Deſpair;
But now I truſt I ſhall at length
Arrive at Canaan's Harbour fair:

8. There ſhall I reſt for Evermore,
Fearleſs of Storms, and raging Seas,
And ſit upon the heav'nly Shore,
And dwell at everlaſting Eaſe.

HYMN CCXXIII.

1. O Lord! to whom for Help I call,
Thy Miracles repeat;
With pitying Eye behold me fall
A Leper at thy Feet.

2. Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my Sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious Word
Of thine, can make me clean.

3. Thou

3. Thou ſeeſt me Deaf to thy Commands,
Open O Lord! mine Ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd Hands,
And lift them up in Pray'r.

4. Silent (alas! thou know'ſt how long!)
My Voice I cannot raiſe;
But, O! when thou ſhalt looſe my Tongue,
The Dumb ſhall ſing thy Praiſe.

5. Lame at the Pool I ſtill am found,
Give, and my Strength employ;
Light as an Hart I then ſhall bound,
The Lame ſhall leap for Joy.

6. Blind from my Birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within;
The Love of God I cannot ſee,
Nor Sinfulneſs of Sin.

7. But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by,
O let me find Thee near!
Jeſus, in Mercy hear my Cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

8. Long have I waited in the Way,
For Thee, the heav'nly Light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
"Sinner, receive thy Sight."

HYMN CCXXIV.

A Sinner's Prayer.

1. O My Lord, what muſt I do?
Only thou the Way canſt ſhew;
Thou canſt ſave me in this Hour,
I have neither Will nor Pow'r:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the ſinful Heart;

Let it now on me be ſhown,
Take away the Heart of Stone.

2. Take away my darling Sin,
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
What thy Goodneſs waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear all Idols from my Heart;
Let thy Pow'r on me be ſhown,
Take away the Heart of Stone.

3. Jeſu, mighty to renew,
Work in me, to will and do;
Turn my Nature's rapid Tide,
Stem the Torrent of my Pride,
Stop the Whirlwind of my will,
Bid Corruptions, Lord, be ſtill;
Now thy Love Almighty ſhew,
Make e'en me a Creature new.

4. Arm of God, thy Strength put on,
Bow the Heavens, and come down;
All mine Unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aſpiring Mountain low;
Conquer thy worſt Foe in me.
Get thyſelf the Victory,
Save the vileſt of the Race,
Force me to be ſav'd by Grace.

HYMN CCXXV.

For the laſt Day of the Year.

1. O praiſe the Lord of Heav'n,
Whoſe mercy never fails;
Six Troubles come, and alſo Sev'n,
But ſtill his Grace prevails.

2. The Year that's almoſt paſt

His

His Goodneſs did proclaim ;
His Love doth now and always laſt,
Give glory to his Name.

3. How Wond'rous are his Ways
Which he to us makes known !
We join to ſing our Makers Praiſe ;
And worſhip him alone.

4. When we the Year begun
We rais'd our chearful Songs ;
And ſurely when its Courſe is run
To God our Praiſe belongs.

5. His Mercies ſtill are new,
Let us extol his Love
May we this Bleſſed Theme purſue
Till we ſhall meet above.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

Breathing after Holineſs,

1. O that the Lord would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes ſtill !
O that my God would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will !

2. O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart !
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

3. From Vanity turn off my Eyes ;
Let no corrupt Deſign,
Nor Covetous Deſires ariſe
Within this Soul of mine.

4. Order my Footſteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart ſincere ;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,

But

But keep my Conſcience clear.

5. My Soul hath gone too far aſtray,
My Feet too often ſlip:
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy Way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring Sheep.

6. Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend againſt my God.

HYMN CCXXVII.

Sins and Sorrows laid before God

1. O that I knew the ſecret Place
Where I might find my God!
I'd ſpread my Wants before his Face,
And pour my Woes abroad.

2. I'd tell him how my Sins ariſe,
What Sorrows I ſuſtain,
How Grace decays, and Comfort dies,
And leaves my Heart in Pain:

3. I'd ſay how Fleſh and Senſe rebel,
What inward Foes combine,
With this vain World and Pow'rs of Hell,
To vex this Heart of mine.

4. He knows what Arguments I'd take
To wreſtle with my God;
I'd plead for his own Mercy's ſake,
And for my Saviour's Blood.

5. My God will pity my Complaints,
And heal my broken Bones;
He takes the Meaning of his Saints,
The Language of their Groans.

6. Ariſe

6. Arise my Soul from deep Distress,
And banish ev'ry Fear;
He calls thee to his Throne of Grace,
To spread thy Sorrows there.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

1. O TELL me no more
Of this World's vain Store;
The Time for such Trifles with me now is o'er.

2. A Country I've found
Where true Joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.

3. The Souls that believe,
In Paradise live;
And me in that Number will Jesus receive.

4. My Soul don't Delay,
He calls the away;
Rise, follow thy Sav'our, and bless the glad Day.

5. No Mortal doth know
What he can bestow; (go.
What Light, Strength, and Comfort, go after him

6. Lo, onward I move,
And but Christ above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

7. Great Spoils I shall win,
From Death, Hell, and Sin;
'Midst outward Afflictions, shall feel Christ within.

8. Perhaps for his Name,
(Poor Dust as I am)
Some Works I shall finish with glad loving Aim.

9. I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear Breast

(As at the Beginning) find Pardon and Reſt.

10. And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jeſus has lov'd me, I cannot ſay why.

11. But this I do find,
We two are ſo join'd,
He'll not live in Glory, and leave me behind.

12. Lo this is the Race
I'm running through Grace,
Henceforth till admitted to ſee my Lord's Face.

13. And now I'm in Care,
my Neighbours may ſhare;
Theſe Bleſſings to ſeek them will none of you dare!

14. In Bondage, oh why,
And Death will you lie,
When One here aſſures you Free Grace is ſo nigh?

HYMN CCXXIX.

Lamenting the Loſs of Firſt Love.

1. O that my Soul were now as fair
As it hath ſometimes been!
Devoid of that diſtracting Care
Without, and Fear within!

2. There was a Time when I could tread
No Circle but of Love:
That joyous Morning now is fled,
How heavily I move!

3. Unhappy Soul, that thou ſhould'ſt force,
Thy Saviour to depart,
When he was pleaſed with ſo coarſe
A Lodging in thy Heart!

4. How ſweetly I enjoy'd my God!

With

With how divine a Frame !
I thought, on ev'ry Plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's Name ;

5. I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,
So ſweetly we agreed,
And thou no Stranger waſt to me
Till I became a Weed.

6. The Tempter robb'd me, and I muſt
I fear be ever Poor ;
May this ſuffice, to roll in Duſt
Before thy Temple Door !

7. My deareſt Lord, my Heart flames not
With Love that ſacred Fire ;
But ſince my Love has wore that Blot
Repentance runs the High'r.

8. O might thoſe Days return again,
How welcome they ſhould be !
Shall my Petition be in vain,
Since Grace is ever free ?

9. Lord of my Soul, return, return,
To chaſe away this Night ;
Let not thine Anger ever burn ;
God once was my Delight.

HYMN CCXXX.

1. O Thou, whoſe tender Mercy hears
Contrition's humble Sigh ;
Whoſe Hand Indulgent, wipes the Tears
From Sorrow's weeping Eye.

2. See ! low before the Throne of Grace
A wretched Wand'rer mourn ;
Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy Face ?
Haſt thou not ſaid, Return ?

3. And

3. And ſhall my guilty Fears prevail
To drive me from thy Feet?
O let not this dear Refuge fail,
This only ſafe Retreat.

4. Abſent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering Ray,
Thro' Dangers, Fears, and gloomy Night,
How deſolate my Way!

5. O ſhine on this benighted Heart,
With Beams of Mercy ſhine;
And let thy healing Voice impart
A taſte of Joys Divine.

6. Thy Preſence only can beſtow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my Solace, here below,
And my eternal Joy.

HYMN CCXXXI.

A lovely Carriage.

1. O 'Tis a lovely Thing to ſee
A Man of prudent Heart;
Whoſe Thoughts, and Lips, and Life agree
To act a uſeful Part.

2. When Envy, Strife, and Wars begin
In little angry Souls,
Mark how the Sons of Peace come in,
And quench the kindling Coals.

3. Their Minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their Fury riſe;
Nor Paſſion moves their Lips to ſpeak,
Nor Pride exalts their Eyes.

4. Their Frame is Prudence mixt with Love;
Good Works fulfil their Day;

They

They join the Serpent with the Dove,
But caſt the Sting away.

5. Such was the Saviour of Mankind,
Such Pleaſures he purſu'd;
His Fleſh and Blood were all refin'd,
His Soul divinely good.

6. Lord can theſe Plants of Virtue grow
In ſuch a Soul as mine?
Thy Grace can form my Nature ſo,
And make my Heart like thine.

HYMN CCXXXII.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints, Or, *Earth and Heaven.*

1. OH! what a wretched Land is this,
That yields us no Supply,
No chearing Fruits, no wholeſome Trees,
Nor Streams of living Joy?

2. But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground,
And Mortal Poiſons grow,
And all the Rivers that are found
With dang'rous Waters flow.

3. Yet the dear Path to thine Abode
Lies thro' this horrid Land;
Lord! we would keep that heav'nly Road,
And run at thy Command.

[4. Our Souls ſhall tread the Deſart thro'
With undiverted Feet;
And Faith and flaming Zeal ſubdue
The Terrors that we meet.]

[5. A Thouſand Savage Beaſts of Prey
Around the Foreſt roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the Way,
And guides the Strangers Home.]

[6. Long Nights and Darkneſs dwells below,
With ſcarce a twinkling Ray ;
But the bright World to which we go
Is Everlaſting Day.]

[7. By glimm'ring Hopes, and gloomy Fears,
We trace the ſacred Road,
Thro, dismal Deeps and dang'rous Snares,
We make our Way to God.]

8. Our Journey is a thorny Maze,
But we march Upwards ſtill,
Forget theſe Troubles of the Ways,
And reach at Sion's Hill.

[9. See the kind Angels at the Gates,
Inviting us to come !
There Jeſus the Fore Runner waits,
To welcome Trav'lers Home !]

10. There on a green and flow'ry Mount,
Our Weary Souls ſhall ſit,
And with tranſporting Joys recount
The Labours of our Feet :

[11. No vain Diſcourſe ſhall fill our Tongue,
Nor Trifles vex our Ear.
Infinite Grace ſhall be our Song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12. Eternal Glory to the King
That brought us ſafely through ;
Our Tongue ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
And Endleſs Praiſe renew.

H Y M N CCXXXIII.

Chriſt Withdrawn.

1. O What ſhall I do to retrieve
The Love for a Seaſon beſtow'd :

'Tis

'Tis better to die than to live
Exil'd from the Preſence of God:
With Sorrow diſtracted and Doubt,
With palpable Horror oppreſt,
The City I wander about,
And ſeek my Repoſe in his Breaſt.

2. Ye Watchmen of Iſrael, declare
If ye my beloved have ſeen,
And point to that heav'nly fair,
Surpaſſing the Children of Men:
My Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet my Pain,
Whom only I languiſh to love,
O where ſhall I find him again?

3. The Joy and Deſire of mine Eyes,
The End of my Sorrow and Woe;
My Hope, and my Heav'nly Prize,
My Height of Ambition below:
Once more if he ſhew me his Face,
He never again ſhall depart,
Detain'd in my cloſeſt Embrace,
Conceal'd in the Depth of my Heart.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

Submiſſion under bereaving Providences, Pſalm xlvi. 10.

1. PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand
That blaſt's our Joys in Death;
Changes the Viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back the Breath

2. 'Tis he, the Potentate ſupreme
Of all the Worlds above,

Whoſe ſteady Counſels wiſely rule,
Nor from their Purpoſe move.

3. 'Tis he, whoſe Juſtice might demand
Our Souls a Sacrifice;
Yet ſcatters with unwearied Hand,
A thouſand rich Supplies.

4. Our Covenant God and Father he,
In CHRIST our bleeding LORD;
Whoſe Grace can heal the burſting Heart
With one reviving Word.

5. Fair Garlands of immortal Bliſs
He weaves for every Brow,
And ſhall rebellious Paſſions riſe,
When he corrects us now;

6. Silent we own Jehovah's Name,
We kiſs the ſcourging Hand;
And yield our Comforts and our Life
To thy Supreme Command.

HYMN CCXXXV.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1. PLUNG'D in a Gulf of dark Deſpair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Whithout one cheering Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

2. With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

3. Down from the ſhining Seats above,
With Joyful Haſte he fled;
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Fleſh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

4. Oh!

4. Oh! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break;
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviours Praises speak.

5. Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CCXXXVI. *Esau.*

1. POOR Esau repented too late,
That once he his Birth-Right despis'd;
And sold, for a Morsel of Meat,
What could not too highly be priz'd:
How great was his Anguish when told
The Blessing he sought to obtain,
Was gone with the Birth-Right he sold,
And none could recall it again!

2. He stands as a Warning to all,
Wherever the Gospel shall come;
O hasten and yield to the Call,
While yet for Repentance there's Room!
Your Season will quickly be past,
Then hear, and obey it to-day;
Lest when you seek Mercy at last,
The Saviour should frown you away.

3. What is it the World can propose?
A Morsel of Meat at the best!
For this are you willing to lose
A share in the Joys of the Blest?
Its Pleasures will speedily end.
Its Favour and praise are but Breath:
And what can its Profits befriend
Your Soul in the Moment of Death?

4. If Jesus for these you despise,

And Sin to the Saviour prefer,
In vain your Entreaties and Cries,
When ſummon'd to ſtand at his Bar:
How will you his Preſence abide?
What Anguiſh will Torture your Heart?
The Saints all enthron'd by his Side,
And you be compell'd to depart!

5. Too often, Dear Saviour, have I
Preferr'd ſome Poor Trifle to Thee;
How is it thou doſt not deny
The Bleſſing and Birth-Right to me?
No better than Eſau I am,
Tho' Pardon and Heaven be mine;
To me belongs nothing but Shame,
The Praiſe and the Glory be thine.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

GOD *ſhining into the Heart.* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1. PRAISE to the Lord of boundleſs Might,
With uncreated Glories bright!
His Preſence gilds the Worlds above;
The unchanging Source of Light and Love.

2. Our riſing Earth his Eye beheld,
When in ſubſtantial Darkneſs veil'd;
The ſhapleſs Chaos, Nature's Womb,
Lay buried in the horrid Gloom.

3. "Let there be Light," JEHOVAH ſaid
And Light o'er all its Face was ſpread;
Nature array'd in Charms unknown,
Gay with its New-born Luſtre ſhone.

4. He ſees the Mind, when loſt it lies
In Shades of Ignorance and Vice;
And Darts from Heaven a vivid Ray,
And changes Midnight into Day.

5. Shine, mighty GOD, with Vigor ſhine

On

On this benighted Heart of mine ;
And let thy Glories Stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's Face beheld.

6. My Soul, reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,
Thy radiant Image ſhall diſplay,
While all my Faculties unite
To praiſe the LORD, who gives me Light.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

Pray without ceaſing. 1 Theſ. v. 17.

1. PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The Bleſſings God deſigns to give,
Long as they live ſhould Chriſtians pray ;
For only while they pray they live.

2. The Chriſtian's Heart his Pray'r indites ;
He ſpeaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his Petition writes ;
And Chriſt receives, and gives it in.

3. And wilt thou in dead Silence lie,
When Chriſt ſtands waiting for thy Pray'r ?
My Soul thou haſt a Friend on High ;
Ariſe and try thy Int'reſt there.

4. If Pains afflict, or Wrongs oppreſs ;
If Cares diſtract, or Fears diſmay ;
If Guilt deject, if Sin diſtreſs ;
The Remedy's before Thee, pray.

5. 'Tis pray'r Supports the Soul that's weak ;
Tho' Thought be broken, Language lame,
Pray ; if thou can'ſt, or can'ſt not, ſpeak ;
But pray with Faith in Jeſu's Name.

6. Depend on him ; thou can'ſt not fail,
Make all thy Wants and Wiſhes known ;
Fear not ; his Merits muſt prevail ;
Aſk what thou wilt, it ſhall be done,

HYMN CCXXXIX.

1. PRECIOUS Bible, what a Treaſure
Does the Word of God afford?
All I Want for Life and Pleaſure,
Food or Med'cine, Shield or Sword;
Let the World account me Poor,
Having this, I want no more.

2. Food to which the World a Stranger,
Here, my hungry Soul enjoys;
Of Exceſs, there is no Danger,
Tho' it fills it never Cloys.
On a dying Chriſt I feed,
Here is Meat and drink indeed.

3. When my Faith is faint and ſickly,
Or when ſatan Wounds my Mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing Med'cines here I find:
To the Promiſes I flee,
Each affords a Remedy.

4. In the Hour of dark Temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the Word of Conſolation,
Is to me a mighty Shield.
While the Scripture Truths endure,
From his Pow'r I am Secure.

HYMN CCXL.

Gravity and Decency.

1. REDEEMED ones the Heirs of GOD,
So dearly bought with JESU's Blood!
Are they not born to heavenly Joys,
And ſhall they ſtoop to earthly Toys?

2. Can

2. Can Laughter feed th' immortal Mind?
Were Spirits of celeſtial Kind
Made for a Jeſt, for Sport and Play,
To wear out Time, and waſte the Day?

3. Doth vain Diſcourſe, or empty Mirth,
Well ſuit the Honours of their Birth?
Shall they be fond of gay Attire,
Which Children love, and Fools admire?

4. What if we wear the richeſt Veſt,
Peacocks and Flies are better dreſt,
This Fleſh, with all its gaudy Forms,
Muſt drop to Duſt, and feed the Worms.

5. LORD, raiſe our Hearts and Paſſions higher;
Touch our vain Souls with ſacred Fire;
Then, with a Heaven-directed Eye
We'll paſs theſe glittering Trifles by.

6. We'll look on all the Toys below
With ſuch Diſdain as Angels do;
And wait the Call that bids us riſe
To Manſions promis'd in the Skies.

HYMN CCXLI.

Rejoice evermore.

1. REJOICE evermore
With Angels above,
In Jeſus's Pow'r,
In Jeſus's Love;
With glad Exaltation
Your Triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing Salvation
To God, and the Lamb.

2. Thou, Lord, our Relief
In Trouble haſt been,
Haſt ſav'd us from Grief,
Haſt ſav'd us from Sin,

The Pow'r of thy Spirit
Can ſet our Hearts free:
And we ſhall inherit
All Fulneſs in thee.

3. All Fulneſs of Peace,
All Fulneſs of Joy,
And Spiritual Bliſs
That never can Cloy,
To us it is given
In Jeſus to know,
A Kingdom of Heaven,
A Heaven below.

4. No longer we join
Where Sinners invite,
Nor envy the Swine
Their Brutiſh Delight;
Their Joy is all Sadneſs,
Their Mirth is all vain,
Their Laughter is Madneſs,
Their Pleaſure is Pain.

5. O may they at laſt
With Sorrow Return,
The Pleaſure to taſte,
For which thy were born!
Our Jeſus receiving,
Our Happineſs prove,
The Joy of believing,
The Heaven of Love.

HYMN CCXLII.

1. REJOICE, the LORD is King,
Your GOD and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and ſing,
And Triumph Evermore:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice!

2. JE-

2. JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns.
The GOD of Truth and Love;
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

3. His Kingdom cannot fail,
He Rules o'er Earth and Heav'n;
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

4. He sits at GOD's right Hand,
Till all his Foes submit
And bow to his Command,
And fall beneath his Feet:
Lift up your Hearts, lift your Voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

5. He all his Foes shall quell,
Shall all our Sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell,
With pure Seraphic Joy:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice:
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

6. Rejoice in glorious Hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal Home:
We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,
The Trump of GOD shall sound, Rejoice.

HYMN CCXLIII.

Spiritual Mindedness; or, *inward Religion*, James i. 29.

1. RELIGION is the chief Concern
Of Mortals here below;

May

May I its great Importance learn,
Its ſovereign Virtue know.

2. More needful this, than glittering Wealth,
Or Ought the World beſtows;
Not Reputation, Food or Health,
Can give us ſuch Repoſe.

3. Religion, ſhould our Thoughts engage,
Amidſt our youthful Bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining Age,
And for the awful Tomb.

4. O may my Heart, by Grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's Throne;
And be my ſtubborn Will ſubdu'd,
His Government to own.

5. Let deep Repentance, Faith, and Love.
Be join'd with godly Fear;
And all my Converſation prove
My Heart to be ſincere.

6. Preſerve me from the Snares of Sin,
Thro' my remaining Days;
And in me let each Virtue ſhine
To my Redeemer's Praiſe.

7. Let lively Hope my Soul inſpire;
Let warm Affections riſe;
And may I wait, with ſtrong Deſire,
To Mount above the Skies.

HYMN CCXLIV.

Mortality and Hopes.

1. REMEMBER, LORD, our mortal State,
How frail our Life! how ſhort the Date!
Were is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Diſeaſe, ſecure from Death?

2. LORD

2. LORD while we ſee whole Nations die,
Our Fleſh and Senſe repine and cry;
" Muſt Death forever rage and reign ?
" Or haſt thou made Mankind in vain ?

3. " Where is thy Promiſe to the Juſt;
" Are not thy Servants turn'd to Duſt ?"
But Faith forbids theſe mournfull Sighs
And ſees the ſleeping Duſt ariſe.

4. That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honours of thy Word :
Awake, our Souls ! and bleſs the LORD.

H Y M N CCXLV.

The Goſpel.

1. REPENT, ye Sons of Men, repent ;
Hear the good Tidings God has ſent,
Of Sinners ſav'd, and Sins forgiv'n,
And Beggars rais'd to reign in Heav'n,
Beggars, Beggars, Beggars, Beggars, Beggars,
rais'd to reign in Heav'n.

2. God ſent his Son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the Curſe,
He took our Weakneſs ; bore our Load;
And dearly bought us with his Blood,
Dearly, dearly, &c.

3. In Guilt's dark Dungeon when we lay ;
Mercy cry'd, " Spare ;" and Juſtice, "Slay ;"
But Jeſus anſwer'd, " Set them free ;
" And pardon them ; and puniſh me."
Pardon, Pardon, &c.

4. Salvation is of God alone :
Life Everlaſting in his Son :
And he, that gave his Son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need.
Freely, freely, &c.

5. Believe

5. Believe the Goſpel, and rejoice,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful Voice;
His Goodneſs praiſe, his Wonders tell,
Who ranſom'd all our Souls from Hell.
Ranſom'd, ranſom'd, &c.

HYMN. CCXLVI.

1. RISE, my Soul, and ſtretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion Trace;
Riſe from Tranſitory Things,
Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this Earth remove;
Riſe, my Soul, and haſte away
To Seats prepar'd above.

2. Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their Courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the Sun,
Both ſpeed them to their Source;
So a Soul that's born of GOD,
Pants to view his glorious Face;
Upward tends to his Abode,
To reſt in his Embrace.

3. Fly the Riches, fly me Cares;
While I that Coaſt explore;
Flattering World, with all thy Snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their Home:
Strangers tarry but a Night,
When the laſt dear Morn is come,
They'll riſe to joyful Light.

4. Ceaſe, ye Pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the Prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the Skies;

Yet

Yet a Seaſon, and you know
Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

HYMN CCXLVII.

1. RISE, Zion, ſhine, thy Light is come,
The glorious Day's begun,
Theſe Beams we ſee ſo bright that be,
Dart from the glorious Sun.

2. Of Righteouſneſs, that riſing is;
The Day doth dawn apace;
The Songs of Praiſe we hear a Days:
Of Chriſt and his Free Grace.

3. Are Tokens plain, the Lamb once ſlain
Is haſt'ning to his Throne;
The Bride doth ſay, come, haſte away,
My dear beloved One.

4. The Saints rejoice, the Turtle's Voice
Is heard within our Land:
The hundred Forty four Thouſand
Shall ſoon with Jeſus ſtand.

5. And they ſhall ſing, to Chriſt their King,
Their Songs in ſuch a Strain,
That learn can none but thoſe alone
Who with the Lord ſhall reign.

6. Ye taught Ones of the Lord, ſing Praiſe
To th' Lamb th' Throne upon;
'Tis only he taught you and me
To ſing the Lamb's new Song.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

ROCK *ſmitten*; ; *or the* ROCK *of Ages*, Iſaia xxvi, 4.

1. ROCK of Ages, ſhelter me,
Let me hide myſelf in thee! Let

Let the Water, and the Blood,
From thy wounded Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanſe me from its Guilt and Power.

2. Not the Labour of my Hands,
Can fulfil thy Law's Demands;
Could my Zeal no Reſpit know,
Could my Tears for ever flow,
All for Sin could not attone,
Thou muſt ſave, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my Hand I bring,
Simply to thy Croſs I cling;
Naked come to thee for Dreſs,
Helpleſs look to thee for Grace;
Black' I to the Fountain fly,
Waſh me, Saviour, or I die!

4. While I draw this fleeting Breath,
When my Eye-Strings break in Death,
When I ſoar to Worlds unknown,
See thee on thy Judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages, ſhelter me,
Let me hide myſelf in thee,

HYMN CCXLIX.

SALVATION, oh, the joyful Sound!
'Tis Pleaſure to our Ear!
A ſov'rein Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fear.

Glory, Honour, Praiſe and Power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer,
Halelujah! Halelujah! Halelujah! Praiſe the Lord.

Bury'd

Bury'd in Sorrow, and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay;
But we ariſe by Grace Divine
To ſee an heav'nly Day.
Glory, Honour, &c.

Salvation, let the Eccho fly,
The ſpacious Earth around;
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound.
Glory, Honour, &c.

HYMN CCL.

An happy Moment.

1. SAVIOUR, I do feel thy Merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming Blood;
And my weary troubled Spirit
Now finds reſt in Thee, my God:
I am ſafe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear Arms I lie;
Sin and Satan cannot Hurt me,
When the Saviour is ſo Nigh.

2. Now I'll ſing of Jeſu's Merit,
Tell the World of his dear Name;
That if any want his Spirit,
He is ſtill the very ſame:
He that aſketh, ſoon receiveth,
He that ſeeks is ſure to find;
Come, for whoſoe'er believeth,
He will never caſt behind.

3. Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father, and our God;
Now for us he's interceeding,
As the Purchaſe of his Blood:
Now methinks I hear him praying,

Father, ſave them, I have dy'd ;
And the Father anſwers, ſaying,
They are freely juſtify'd.

H Y M N CCLI.

3. SAVIOUR of Men, we bleſs thy Name,
For thou art good forevermore ;
Thy Pow'r and Grace we would proclaim,
And thine eternal Love adore.

2. Thy Glory ſhall forever ſtand,
Thy Truth remains both firm and ſure ;
Our Souls we venture in thine Hand,
And there we know we are ſecure.

3. Tho' Troubles come and Sorrows riſe,
We will not fear for God's our Aid ;
Ill Tidings cannot theſe ſurprize
Who are upon Jehovah ſtay'd.

4. Glory to Chriſt our faithful Friend ;
(He is the Lord whom Angels fear)
On him we always would depend,
And in his Righteouſneſs appear.

5. We love the Lord our God moſt High,
His Grace demands our nobleſt Song ;
All Praiſe to Chriſt who came to die,
To him all Glory doth belong.

H Y M N CCLII.

1. SAW ye not the Cloud ariſe,
Little as an Human Hand?
Now it ſpreads along the Skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirſty Land,
Lo ! the Promiſe of a ſhow'r
Drops already from above,
But the Lord ſhall ſhortly pour
All the Spirit of his Love.

2. Sons

2. Sons of God your Saviour praiſe,
He a Door hath open'd wide
He hath giv'n the Word of Grace,
Jeſu's Word is glorify'd:
Jeſu's mighty to redeem,
He alone the Work hath wrought,
Worthy is the Work of him,
Who all Things to Being brought.

3. When he firſt the Work begun
Small and feeble was his Day,
Now the Word doth ſweeftly run,
Now it ſpreads its glorious Way;
More and more it ſhines and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's ſtrong Holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling Gates of Hell.

HYMN CCLII.

For a ſick Perſon.

1. SEE, gracious Lord, with pitying Eyes,
Beneath thy Hand a Sufferer lies,
Thy Mercy, not thine Anger proves;
And ſick he is whom Jeſus Loves.

2. His to thine own Afflictions join,
Accept, exalt, and count them thine;
Thy Paſſion which remains fulfill,
And ſuffer in thy Members ſtill.

3. His Sickneſs feel, endure his Pain,
His Burden bear, his Croſs ſuſtain:
Grieve in his Griefs, and ſigh his Sighs,
And breathe his Wiſhes to the Skies.

4. Enter his Heart, poſſeſs him whole,
Inſpire and actuate his Soul;
Himſelf no longer let it be
That ſuffers, or that lives but thee.

5. Thyſelf through Suff'rings Perfect made,
Conform him thus to thee his Head;
Refine, and raiſe his Virtue high'r,
When tri'd and purified by Fire.

6. So when his Eyes behold thee near,
And thou his hidden Life apear;
Bright in thy Likeneſs ſhall he ſhine,
And glorious All, and all Divine.

H Y M N CCLIV.

Winter.

1. SEE how rude Winter's Icy Hand
Has ſtript the Trees, and ſeal'd the Ground;
But Spring ſhall ſoon his Rage withſtand,
And ſpread new Beauties all around.

2. My Soul a ſharper Winter mourns,
Barren and lifeleſs I remain,
When will the gentle Spring return,
And bid my Graces grow again?

3. Jeſus, my glorious Sun, ariſe,
'Tis thine the frozen Heart to move;
Oh! huſh theſe Storms, and clear my Skies,
And let me feel thy vital Love.

4. Dear Lord, regard my feeble Cry,
I faint and droop 'till thou appear;
wilt thou permit thy Plant to die?
Muſt it be Winter all the Year?

5. Be ſtill, my Soul, and wait his Hour,
With humble Pray'r, and patient Faith,
'Till he reveals his gracious Pow'r,
Repoſe on what his Promiſe ſaith.

6. He, by whoſe all commanding Words,
Seaſons their changing Courſe maintain;

In

In ev'ry Change a Pledge affords,
That none shall seek his Face in vain.

HYMN CCLV.

The last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5---8.

1. SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a Majestick Throne,
While from the Skies his awfull Voice
Bears the last Judgment down.

[2. " I am the First, and I the Last,
" Through endless Years the same ;
" I AM is my Memorial still,
" And my eternal Name.

3. " Such Favours as a God can give,
" My royal Grace bestows ;
" Ye thirsty Souls come taste the Stream ;
" Where Life and Pleasure flows.]

[4. " The Saint that triumphs o'er his Sins,
" I'll own him for a Son ;
" The whole Creation shall reward
" The Conquests he has won.

5. " But bloody Hands, and Hearts unclean,
" And all the lying Race,
" The faithless and the scoffing Crew
" That spurn at offer'd Grace ;

6. " They shall be taken from my Sight,
" Bound fast in Iron Chains,
" And headlong plung'd into the Lake
" Where Fire and Darkness reigns."]

7. O may I stand before the Lamb,
When Earth and Seas are fled !
And hear the Judge pronounce my Name
With Blessing on my Head !

3. May I with thoſe forever dwell,
Who here where my Delight,
While Sinners baniſh'd down to Hell,
No more offend my Sight.

HYMN CCLVI.

Let the Wicked forſake his Way, &c. Iſai 55, 7.

1. SInners, the Voice of GOD regard;
'Tis Mercy ſpeaks to day;
He calls you by his Sov'reign Word,
From Sin's deſtructive Way.

2. Like the rough Sea, that cannot reſt,
You live devoid of Peace;
A thouſand Stings within your Breaſt,
Deprive your Souls of Eaſe.

3. Your Way is dark, and leads to Hell;
Why will you perſevere?
Can you in endleſs Torments dwell,
Shut up in black Deſpair?

4. Why will you in the crooked Ways
Of Sin and Folly go?
In Pain you travel all your Days,
To reap Immortal Woe!

5. But he that turns to GOD ſhall live,
Thro' his abounding Grace;
His Mercy will the Guilt forgive
Of thoſe that ſeek his Face.

6. Bow to the Sceptre of his Word,
Renouncing every Sin;
Submit to him your ſov'reign LORD,
And learn his Will Divine.

7. His LOVE exceeds your higheſt Thoughts;
He pardons like a GOD;

He

He will forgive your numerous Faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's Blood.

HYMN CCLVII.

1. SHALL I for fear of feeble Man,
Thy Spirit's Courſe in me reſtrain?
Or undiſmay'd, in Deed and Word
Be a true Witneſs to my Lord?

2. Aw'd by a Mortal's Frown, ſhall I
Conceal the Word of God moſt high?
How then before Thee ſhall I dare
To ſtand, or how thine Anger bear?

3. Shall I, to ſoothe th' unholy Throng,
Soften thy Truths, and ſmoothe my Tongue?
To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee
The Croſs endur'd, my God, by Thee!

4. What then is he, whoſe Scorn I dread,
Whoſe Wrath or Hate makes me afraid?
A Man, an Heir of Death, a Slave
To Sin, a Bubble on the Wave!

5. Yea, let Man rage! ſince thou wilt ſpread
Thy ſhadowing Wings around my Head;
Since in all Pain thy tender Love
Will ſtill my ſweet Refreſhment prove.

6. Saviour of Men! thy ſearching Eye
Does all my inmoſt Thoughts deſcry:
Doth Ought on Earth my Wiſhes raiſe,
Or the World's Favour, or its Praiſe?

7. The Love of Chriſt does me conſtrain
To ſeek the wand'ring Souls of Men;
With Cries, Intreaties Tears, to ſave,
To ſnatch them from the gaping Grave.

8. For this let Men revile my Name;
No Croſs I ſhun, I fear no Shame:

All Hail, Reproach, and welcome Pain!
Only thy Terrors, Lord, reſtrain.

9. My Life, my Blood I here preſent,
If for thy Truth they may be ſpent;
Fulfil thy Sov'reign Counſel, Lord!
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd!

10. Give me thy Strength, O God of Pow'r!
Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar,
Thy faithful Witneſs will I be:
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee.

HYMN CCLVIII.

God far above Creatures; or, *Man vain and Mortal,* Job iv. 17—21.

1. SHALL the vile Race of Fleſh and Blood.
Contend with their Creator, God!
Shall mortal Worms preſume to be
More Holy, Wiſe, or Juſt than He?

2. Behold, he puts his Truſt in none
Of all the Spirits round his Throne;
Their Natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither Holy, Juſt, nor Wiſe.

3. But how much meaner Things are they
Who ſpring from Duſt, and dwell in Clay!
Touch'd by the Finger of thy Wrath,
We faint and vaniſh like the Moth.

4. From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
We die by Thouſands in thy Sight;
Bury'd in Duſt whole Nations lie
Like a forgotten Vanity.

5. Almighty Pow'r, to Thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious Thou!
No more the Sons of Earth ſhall dare
With an Eternal God compare.

HYMN

HYMN CCLIX.

CHRIST *the Wisdom of* GOD, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1. SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her Speech be heard?
The Voice of God's Eternal Word,
Deserves it no Regard?

2. "I was his chief Delight,
"His Everlasting Son,
"Before the first of all his Works,
"Creation, was begun.

[3. "Before the flying Clouds,
"Before the solid Land,
"Before the Fields, before the Flood,
"I dwelt at his Right Hand.

4. "When he adorn'd the Skies,
"And built them, I was there,
"To order when the Sun should rise,
"And marshal ev'ry Star.

5. "When he pour'd out the Sea,
"And spread the flowing Deep,
"I gave the Flood a firm Decree
"In its own Bounds to keep.]

6. "Upon the empty Air
"The Earth was balanc'd well:
With Joy I saw the Mansion where
"The Sons of Men should dwell.

7. "My busy Thoughts at first
"On their Salvation ran,
"E'er Sin was born, or Adam's Dust
"Was fashion'd to a Man.

8. "Then come, receive my Grace,
"Ye Children, and be wise;

" Happy the Man that keeps my Ways,
" The Man that ſhuns them dies".

HYMN CCLX.

The Brazen Serpent: or, *Looking to Jeſus.*

1. SO did the Hebrew Prophet raiſe
The brazen Serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate Eaſe,
The Camp forbore to die.

2. " Look upward in the dying Hour,
" And live," the Prophet cries,
But CHRIST performs a nobler Cure,
When Faith lifts up her Eyes.

3. High on the Croſs the Saviour hung,
High in the Heav'ns he reigns;
Here Sinners, by th' old Serpent ſtung,
Look and forget their Pains.

4. When GOD's own Son is lifted up
A dying World revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious Hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN CCLXI.

Holineſs and Grace.

1. SO let our Lips and Lives expreſs
The holy Goſpel we profeſs;
So let our Works and Virtues ſhine,
To prove the Doctrine all Divine.

2. Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The Honours of our SAVIOUR-GOD;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace ſubdues the Pow'r of Sin.

3. Our Fleſh and Senſe muſt be deny'd,

Paſſion

Paſſion and Envy, Luſt and Pride ;
Whilſt Juſtice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love,
Our inward Piety approve.

4. Religion bears our Spirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed Hope,
The bright Appearance of the LORD,
And Faith ſtands leaning on his Word.

HYMN CCLXII.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

1. STAND up, my Soul, ſhake off thy Fears,
And gird the Goſpel Armour on ;
March to the Gates of endleſs Joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2. Hell and thy Sins reſiſt thy Courſe,
But Hell and Sins are vanquiſh'd Foes ;
Thy Jeſus nail'd 'em to the Croſs,
And ſung the Triumph when he roſe.]

[3. What though the Prince of Darkneſs rage,
And waſte the Fury of his Spite ;
Eternal Chains confine him down
To fiery Deeps, and endleſs Night.

4. What though thy inward Luſts rebel ;
'Tis but a ſtruggling Gaſp for Life ;
The Weapons of victorious Grace
Shall ſlay thy Sins, and end the Strife.]

5. Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly Gate,
There Peace and Joy Eternal reign,
And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

6. There ſhall I wear a ſtarry Crown,
And Triumph in Almighty Grace,
While all the Armies of the Skies
Join in my glorious Leader's Praiſe.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXIII.

To the Holy Ghoſt.

1. STAY, thou inſulted Spirit ſtay;
Tho' I have done thee ſuch deſpite:
Caſt not a Sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting Flight.

2. Tho' I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy Grace receiv'd,
Ten Thouſand Times thy Goodneſs ſeen,
Ten Thouſand Times thy Goodneſs griev'd:

3. But O! the chief of Sinners ſpare,
In Honour of my great High Prieſt;
Nor in thy righteous Anger ſwear
T' exclude me from thy People's Reſt.

4. If yet thou canſt my Sins forgive,
Ev'n now O LORD, relieve my Woes;
Me to thy Reſt of Love receive,
And bleſs me with a calm Repoſe,

5. Ev'n now my weary Soul releaſe,
And raiſe me by thy gracious Hand;
Guide me into thy perfect Peace,
And bring me to the promiſ'd Land.

H Y M N CCLXIV.

1. STILL out of the deepeſt Abyſs
Of Trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my Peace,
To ſee my Redeemer, and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear
Theſe Paſſionate Longings for Home:
O when will my Spirit be there?
O when will the Meſſenger come?

2. Thy Nature I long to put on,

Thine

Thine Image on Earth to regain,
And then in the Grave to lay down
My Burden of Body and Pain;
O JESUS in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy Breast;
Appear, to my Rescue appear.
And gather me into thy Rest.

3. To take a poor Fugitive in,
The Arm of thy Mercy display,
And give me to rest from all Sin,
And bear me triumphant away:
Away from a World of Distress,
Away to the Mansions above,
The Heaven of seeing thy Face,
The Heaven of feeling thy Love.

HYMN CCLXV.

Christian Virtues; or *The Difficulty of Conversion.*

1. STrait is the Way, the Door is strait,
That leads to Joys on High;
'Tis but a few that find the Gate,
While Crouds mistake and die.

2. Beloved Self must be deny'd,
The Mind and Will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd and Patience try'd,
And vain Desires subdu'd.

[3. Flesh is a dang'rous Foe to Grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, Pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our Souls.

4. The Love of Gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile Idolatry)
And ev'ry Member, ev'ry Sense,
In sweet Subjection lye.

5. The

5. The Tongue, that moſt unruly Pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong reſtraint;
We muſt be watchful ev'ry Hour,
And pray, but never faint.]

6. Lord! can a feeble, helpleſs Worm
Fulfil a Taſk ſo hard!
Thy Grace muſt all my Works perform,
And give the free Reward.

HYMN CCLXVI.

The divided Heart lamented.

1. STRANGE that ſo much of Heav'n and Hell
Should in One Boſom meet;
Lord, can thy Spirit ever dwell
Where Satan has a Seat?

2. Now I am all transform'd to Love,
And could expire in Praiſe;
Then ſoon not all the Joys above
One chearful Note can raiſe.

3. When I with penſive Thoughts review
The Mazes I have trod,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Grace that drew
My wand'ring Soul to God;

4. Oh with what ardent Zeal I Vow
A rectitude within!
What Indignation fires me now,
At the mear Thoughts of Sin!

5. But vain Amuſements, hurrying Cares,
Trifles of Loſs or Gain,
Or Carnal Joys, or worldly Fears,
Seduce my Heart again.

6. By faithful Hopes, and golden Dreams,

I'm

I'm nurtur'd or betray'd,
Still toſs'd between the two Extremes,
Too Vain, or too Diſmay'd.

7. Decide the dubious awful Caſe,
By ſome aſſuring Sign;
And oh may thy all conqu'ring Grace
Declare that I am Thine!

HYMN CCLXVII.

A Pſalm for the Lord's Day.

1. SWEET is the Work, my God my King,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks and ſing;
To ſhew thy Love by morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

2. Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Cares ſhall ſeize my Breaſt;
O may my Heart in Tune be found
Like David's Harp of ſolemn Sound!

3. My Heart ſhall Triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his Works, and bleſs his Word;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Counſels! how Divine!

4. Fools never raiſe their Thoughts ſo high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Graſs they flouriſh, till thy Breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting Death.

5. But I ſhall ſhare a glorious Part
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And freſh Supplies of Joy are ſhed
Like holy Oil to chear my Head.

6. Sin (my worſt Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more;

My

My inward Foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my Peace again.

7. Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry Pow'r find ſweet Employ
In that Eternal World of Joy.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

The Vanity of Men as Mortal.

1. TEACH me the Meaſure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I would Survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am,

2. A Span is all that we can boaſt,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Duſt
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

3. See the vain Race of Mortals move
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
They Rage and Strive, Deſire and Love,
But all the Noiſe is vain.

4. Some walk in Honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden Ore,
They Toil for Heirs they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

5. What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From Creatures Earth and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.

6. Now I forbid my Carnal Hope,

My

My fond Deſires recall;
I give my mortal Int'reſt up.
And make my GOD my all.

HYMN CCLXIX.

The Everlaſting Abſence of God intolerable.

1. THAT awful Day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed Hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge,
And paſs the ſolemn Teſt.

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my Heart,
How could I bear to hear thy Voice
Pronounce the Sound, Depart?

[3. The Thunder of that diſmal Word
Would ſo torment my Ear,
'Twould tear my Soul aſunder, Lord,
With moſt Tormenting Fear.]

[4. What, to be baniſh'd from my Life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal Pain,
Yet Death for ever fly?]

5. O wretched State of deep Deſpair,
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful Station where
I muſt not taſte his Love.

6. Jeſus, I throw my Arms around,
And hang upon thy Breaſt;
Without a gracious Smile from Thee,
My Spirit cannot reſt.

7. O! tell me that my worthleſs Name
Is graven on thy Hands,

Shew me ſome Promiſe in thy Book
Where my Salvation ſtands!

[8. Give me one kind aſſuring Word
To ſink my Fears again;
And chearfully my Soul ſhall wait
Her Threeſcore Years and Ten.]

HYMN. CCLXX.

The Believer's Safety.

1. THAT Man no Guard or Weapon needs,
Whoſe Heart the Blood of Jeſus knows;
But ſafe may paſs, if Duty leads,
Thro' burning Sands or Mountain Snows.

2. Releas'd from Guilt he feels no Fear,
Redemption is his Shield and Tow'r;
He ſees his Saviour always near
To help in ev'ry trying Hour.

3. Tho' I am weak, and Satan ſtrong,
And often to Aſſault me tries;
When Jeſus is my Shield and Song,
Abaſh'd the Wolf before me flies.

4. His Love poſſeſſing, I am bleſt,
Secure whatever Change may come;
Whither I go to Eaſt or Weſt,
With him I ſtill ſhall be at Home.

5. If plac'd beneath the Northern Pole,
Tho' Winter reigns with Vigor there;
His gracious Beams would cheer my Soul,
And make a Spring throughout the Year.

6. Or if the Deſart's Sun-burnt Soil,
My lonely Dwelling e'er ſhould prove,
His Preſence would ſupport my Toil,
Whoſe ſmile is Life, whoſe Voice is Love.

HYMN

HYMN CCLXXI.

Noah *preserved in the Ark, and Believers in* CHRIST, 1 Pet. iii, 20. 21.

1. THE Deluge, at th' Almighty's Call,
In what impetuous Streams it fell!
Swallow'd the Mountains in its Rage,
And swept a guilty World to Hell.

2 In vain the tallest Sons of Pride,
Fled from the close pursuing Wave;
Nor could the mightiest Tow'rs defend,
Nor Swiftness 'scape, nor Courage save,

3. How dire the Wreck! how loud the Roar!
How shrill the Universal Cry
Of Millions in the last Despair,
Re-echo'd from the lowering Sky!

4. Yet Noah, humble happy Saint,
Surrounded with the Chosen Few,
Sat in his Ark, secure from Fear,
And sang the Grace that steer'd him thro'.

5. So I may sing, in JESUS safe,
While Storms of Vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my Hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly Ball.

6. Enter thine Ark, while Patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure Retreat:
Then the wide Flood, which buries Earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer Seat.

7. Nor Wreck nor Ruin there is seen;
There not a Wave of Trouble rolls;
But the bright Rainbow round the Throne
Seals endless Life to all their Souls.

HYMN CCLXXII.

The Fountain of Chriſt, Zech. xiii, 1.

1. THE Fountain of Chriſt
Aſſiſt me to ſing,
The Blood of our Prieſt,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanſes
From Sin, and from Filth;
And richly diſpenſes
Salvation and Health.

2. This Fountain ſo dear
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the Spear,
It guſh'd from his Heart,
With Blood, and with Water,
The firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the Latter,
The Fountain's but One.

3. This Fountain is ſuch
(As Thouſands can tell)
The Moment we touch
It's Streams, we are well.
All Waters beſide them
Are full of the Curſe;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worſe.

4. This Fountain, ſick Soul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here, and be whole;
Waſh here and be white;
Whatever Diſeaſes
Or Dangers befal,
The Fountain of Jeſus
Will rid thee of all.

5. This

5. This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its Pow'r may be proved
Again, and again.

6. This Fountain unſeal'd,
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The Great and the Small;
Here's Strength for the Weakly,
That hither are led:
Here's Health for the Sickly;
Here's Life for the Dead.

7. This Fountain tho' rich,
From Charge is quite clear;
The poorer the Wretch
The welcomer here;
Come Needy, come Guilty,
Come loathſome and bare;
You can't come too Filthy,
Come juſt as you are.

8. This Fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all Stain
Whenever apply'd;
The Water flows ſweetly
With Virtue Divine,
To cleanſe Souls completely,
Tho' Leprous as mine.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

CHRIST'S *Kingdom and Majesty.*

1. THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

2. JESUS the Saviour reigns,
Let Earth adore its Lord;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

3. In Zion is his Throne,
His Honours are Divine;
His Church ſhall make his Wonders known.
For there his Glories ſhine.

4. How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praiſe!
Juſtice and Truth and Judgment join,
In all his Works of Grace.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

The Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 39.

1. THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his Way with Joy:
And who can tell what rapturous Thoughts,
Did then his Mind employ?

2. "Is that moſt glorious Saviour mine
"Of whom I lately read?
"Who bearing all my Sins and Griefs,
"Was number'd with the Dead?"

3. "Is he who burſting from the Grave;
"Now reigns above the Sky

"My

"My Advocate before the Throne,
"My Portion when I die?

4. "Have I profeſs'd his holy Name?
"Do I his Goſpel bear
"To Ethiopia's ſcorched Lands,
"And ſhall I ſpread it there?

5. "Bleſs'd Pool! in which I lately lay,
"And left my Fears behind;
"What an unworthy Wretch am I!
"And GOD profuſely kind!

6. "Bleſs'd Emblen of that precious Blood
"Which ſatisfy'd for Sin;
"And of that renovating Grace,
"Which makes the Conſcience clean."

7. This Pattern, LORD, with ſacred joy
Help us to keep in View;
The ſame our Work, the ſame, O make
Our Conſolation too.

HYMN CCLXXV.

It is finiſhed, John 19, 30.

1. "'TIS finiſh'd," the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head,
Whilſt we this Sentence ſcan,
Come, Sinners, and obſerve the Word.
Behold the Conqueſts of the Lord,
Compleat for helpleſs Man.

2. Finiſh'd the Righteouſneſs of Grace,
Finiſh'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace;
Their mighty Debt is paid:
Accuſing Law cancell'd by Blood,
And Wrath of an offended God
In ſweet Oblivion laid.

3. Who now ſhall urge a ſecond Claim?
The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a Friend appears,
The Priſon Houſe a whiſper hears,
"Looſe him, and let him go."

4. O Unbelief, injurious Bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitleſs Fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
"'Tis finiſh'd" ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry Cry.

5. His Toil divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But ah! the Praiſe his Work demands,
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our Souls be this,
Becauſe Salvation finiſh'd is,
Our Thanks ſhall never End.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

Who hath deſpiſed the Day of ſmall Things? Zech. iv, 10.

1. THE Lord that made both Heav'n and Earth,
And was himſelf made Man,
Lay in the Womb before his Birth,
Contracted to a Span:

2. Matur'd by Time 'till forth he came,
A Babe like others ſeen;
As ſmall in Size, and weak of Frame,
As Babes have always been.

3. From thence he grew an Infant mild,
By fair and due Degrees;
And then became a bigger Child,
And ſat on Mary's Knees.

4. At

4. At firſt held up for want of Strength,
In Time alone he ran;
Then grew a Boy; a Lad at Length
A Youth; at laſt a Man.

5. Behold from what beginnings ſmall!
Our great Salvation roſe!
The Strength of God is own'd by all;
But who his Weakneſs knows?

6. Thus Souls that would to Heav'n attain,
Muſt Jacob's Ladder climb;
And Step by Step the Summit gain,
In Meaſure and in Time.

7. Let not the Strong the Weak deſpiſe;
Their Faith, tho ſmall, is true;
Tho' low they ſeem in others Eyes;
Their Sav'our ſeem'd ſo too.

8. Nor meanly of the Tempted think;
For, oh what Tongue can tell,
How low the Lord of Life muſt ſink,
Before he vanquiſh'd Hell!

9. The leaſt Believer is a Saint,
And if our Growth be ſlow,
We ſhould not therefore tire and faint,
Since Chriſt himſelf could grow.

10. As in the Days of Fleſh he grew,
In knowledge, Stature, Grace,
So in the Soul that's born anew,
He keeps a gradual Pace.

11. No leſs Almighty at his Birth,
Than on his Throne Supreme:
His Shoulders held up Heav'n and Earth,
When Mary held up him.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

The last Judgment: or, *The Saints rewarded.*

1. THE LORD, the Judge, before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh;
The Nations near the rising Sun,
And near the Western Sky.

2. No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long Delay,
To Impudence and Sin.

3. Thron'd on a Cloud our GOD shall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way;
Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm
Lead on the dreadful Day.

4. Heav'n from above his Call shall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And Earth and Hell shall know and fear,
His Justice and their Doom.

5. "But gather all my Saints," (he cries,)
"That made their Peace with GOD
"By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his Blood.

6. "Their Faith and Works brought forth to Light,
"Shall make the World confess
"My Sentence of Reward is right,
"And Heav'n adore my Grace."

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

Angels ministring to CHRIST *and Saints.*

1. THE Majesty of Solomon!
How glorious to behold!
The Servants waiting round his Throne,
The Iv'ry and the Gold!

2. But

2. But mighty God! thy Palace ſhines
With far ſuperior Beams;
Thine Angel Guards are ſwift as Winds,
Thy Miniſters are Flames.

[3. Soon as thine only Son had made
His Ent'rance on the Earth,
A ſhining Army downward fled,
To celebrate his Birth.

4. And, when oppreſt with Pains and Fears,
On the cold Ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly Form appears,
T' allay his Agonies.]

5. Now to the Hands of Chriſt our King,
Are all their Legions giv'n;
They wait upon his Saints and bring,
His choſen Heirs to Heav'n.

6. Pleaſure and Praiſe run thro' their Hoſt
To ſee a Sinner turn;
Then Satan has a Captive loſt,
And Chriſt a Subject born.

7. But there's an Hour of brighter Joy,
When he his Angels ſends,
Obſtinate Rebels to deſtroy,
And gather in his Friends.

8. O! could I ſay, without a Doubt,
There ſhall my Soul be found,
Then let the great Arch-Angel ſhout,
And the laſt Trumpet ſound.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

Our Lord JESUS *at his own Table.*

[1. THE Mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful Tongue;

How

How rich he ſpreads his Royal Board,
And bleſs'd the Food, and ſung.

2. Happy the Men that eat this Bread,
But doubly-bleſs'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving Head,
And lean'd it, Lord on Thee.

3. By Faith the ſame Delights we taſte
As that great Fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' Breaſt;
And take the heav'nly Bread.]

4. Down from the Palace of the Skies
Hither the King deſcends,
" Come, my Beloved eat (he cries)
" And drink Salvation, Friends.

[5. " My Fleſh is Food and Phyſick too,
" A Balm for all your Pains;
" And the red Streams of Pardon flow
" From theſe my pierced Veins."]

6. Hoſanna to his bounteous Love
For ſuch a Feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his Saints above
With nobler Bleſſings too.

[7. Come the dear Day, the glorious Hour,
That brings our Souls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe Types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly Feaſt.]

HYMN CCLXXX.

Perſeverance.

1. THE Sinner that by precious Faith,
Has felt his Sins forgiv'n.
Is, from that Moment, paſs'd from Death,
And ſeal'd an Heir of Heav'n.

2. Tho'

2. Tho' thouſand Snares encloſe his Feet,
Not one ſhall hold him faſt;
Whatever Dangers he may meet,
He ſhall get ſafe at laſt.

3. Not as the World the Saviour given,
He is no fickle Friend,
Whom once he Loves, he never leaves;
But loves him to the End.

4. The Spirit that would this Truth withſtand,
Would pull God's Temple down,
Wreſt Jeſu's Sceptre from his Hand,
And ſpoil him of his Crown.

5. Satan might then full Vict'ry boaſt
The Church might wholly fall;
If one Believer may be loſt,
It follows, ſo may all.

6. But Chriſt in ev'ry Age has prov'd
His Purchaſe firm and true,
If this Foundation be remov'd,
What ſhall the Righteous do?

7. Brethren by this your Claim abide,
This Title to your Bliſs;
Whatever Loſs you bear beſide,
Oh, never give up this.

HYMN CCLXXXI.

Tribulation.

1. THE Souls that would to Jeſus preſs,
Muſt fix this firm and ſure;
That Tribulation, more or leſs,
They muſt and ſhall endure.

2. From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wiſe Decree,

Satan

Satan the weakeſt Saint will tempt,
Nor is the ſtrongeſt free.

3. The World oppoſes from without,
And Unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the Load of Sin.

4. Glad Frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow!
'Till ſad Deſertion makes us droop;
And down we ſink as low.

5. Ten Thouſand Baits the Foes prepares
To catch the wand'ring Heart;
And ſeldom do we ſee the Snares,
Before we feel the Smart.

6. But let not all this terrify,
Purſue the narrow Path;
Look to the Lord with ſtedfaſt Eye
And fight with Hell by Faith.

7. Tho' we are feeble, Chriſt is ſtrong,
His Promiſes are true,
We ſhall be Conqu'rors all ere long,
And more than Conqu'rors too.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

1. THE one thing needful, that good Part.
Which Mary choſe with all her Heart,
I would purſue with Heart and Mind,
And ſeek unweary'd till I find.

2. But, oh! I'm blind and Ignorant,
The Spirit of the Lord I want;
To guide me in the narrow Road,
That leads to Happineſs and God.

3. O Lord, my God to Thee I pray,

Teach

Teach me to know, and find the Way
How I may have my Sins forgiv'n,
And ſafe, and ſurely get to Heav'n.

4. My Mind enlighten with thy Light,
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious Goſpel Myſtery,
Which ſhews the Way to Heav'n and Thee.

5. Hidden in Chriſt the Treaſure lies,
That goodly Pearl of ſo great Price;
No other Way but Chriſt, there is
To endleſs Happineſs and Bliſs.

6. O Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord and God,
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy Blood;
Unite my Heart ſo faſt to Thee,
That we may never parted be.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

1. THE Saints appear to tread the Courts
Of their dear God below;
Behold the Multitude reſorts
To hear the Trumpet blow.

2. Lord God appear for our Relief,
What can we do alone?
Come Saviour, baniſh Unbelief
And take us for thine own.

3. Our Eyes O Lord, are unto thee,
Aſſiſt us, Lord, we pray;
O may thy Spirit Preſent be!
O Lord, thy Power diſplay.

4. Jeſus, let us thy Goſpel hear,
Teach us to know thy Voice;
Make ev'ry ſtubborn Sinner fear,
And all thy Saints rejoice.

5. Come

5. Come Lord, nor let us be diſmay'd;
Lord, hear thy People pray;
And let thy Mercy be diſplay'd
Amongſt us here this Day.

6. May Sinners hear thy pow'rful Call,
And thy Salvation ſee;
So ſhall our Hearts, both One and All,
Sing Songs of Praiſe to thee.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

1. THE Sun of Righteouſneſs appears,
To ſet in Blood no more!
Adore the ſcatt'rer of your Fears,
Your riſing Sun adore.

2. The Saints, when he reſign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their ſleeping Eyes;
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead ariſe.

3. Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-Preſs trod;
He dy'd, and ſuffer'd as a Man,
He riſes as a God.

4. In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Riſe,
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradiſe.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

Frail Life and ſucceeding Eternity.

1. THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms are we!

[2. Our

2.] Our waſting Lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As Months and Days increaſe ;
And ev'ry beating Pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the Number leſs.

3. The Year rolls round, and ſteals away
The Breath that firſt it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're trav'ling to the Grave.]

4. Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the Ground,
To puſh us to the Tomb ;
And fierce Diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry Mortals home.

5. Good God ! on what a ſlender Thread
Hang Everlaſting Things !
Th' Eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings.

6. Infinite Joy, or wretched Woe,
Attends on every Breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death !

7. Waken, O Lord, our drowſy Senſe,
To walk this dang'rous Road ;
And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

Death and immediate Glory.

1. THERE is a Houſe not made with Hands
Eternal, and on High,
And here my Spirit waiting ſtands,
'Till God ſhall bid it fly.

2. Shortly this Priſon of my Clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall ;

Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call.

3. 'Tis he, by his Almighty Grace,
That forms thee fit for Heav'n;
And as an Earneſt of the Place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4. We walk by Faith of Joys to come;
Faith lives upon his Word;
But while the Body is our Home,
We're abſent from the LORD.

5. 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy Grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the Fleſh,
And preſent, LORD, with thee.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

The Martyrs Glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1. THESE glorious Minds how bright they ſhine!
Whence all their white Array?
How came they to the happy Seats
Of Everlaſting Day?

2. From tort'ring Pains to endleſs Joys,
On fiery Wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their Raiments white
In Jeſus dying Blood.

3. Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his Throne;
Their warbling Harps and ſacred Songs
Adore the Holy One.

4. The unveil'd Glories of his Face
Amongſt his Saints reſide,
While the rich Treaſure of his Grace
Sees all their Wants ſupply'd.

5. Tor-

5. Tormenting Thirſt ſhall leave their Souls,
And Hunger flee as faſt;
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
Shall be their ſweet Repaſt.

6. The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly Flock
Where living Fountains riſe,
And Love Divine ſhall wipe away
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

Saints dwell in Heaven, or CHRIST's *Aſcenſion.*

1. THIS ſpacious Earth is all the LORD's,
And Men and Worms, and Beaſts and Birds;
He rais'd the Buildings on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling Place.

2. But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, LORD, above the Sky,
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt Abode?
And dwell ſo near his Maker GOD?

3. He that abhors and Fears to Sin,
Whoſe Heart is pure, whoſe Hands are clean,
Him ſhall the Lord the Saviour bleſs,
And Clothe his Soul with Righteouſneſs.

4. Theſe are the Men, the Pious Race,
That ſeek the GOD of Jacob's Face;
They ſhall enjoy the bliſsful Sight,
And dwell in Everlaſting Light.

5. Rejoice ye ſhining Worlds on High,
Behold the King of Glory's nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The Mighty LORD, the Saviour's He.

6. Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves diſplay
To make the LORD the Saviour Way;

Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with GOD to dwell.

7. Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before,
He opens Heav'n's Eternal Door,
To give his Saints a bleſt Abode,
Near their Redeemer and their GOD.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

Jericho; or the Waters healed.

1. THO' Jericho pleaſantly ſtood,
And look'd like a promiſing Soil;
The Harveſt produc'd little Food,
To anſwer the Huſbandman's Toil:
The Water ſome Property had,
Which poiſonous prov'd to the ground;
The Springs were corrupted and bad,
The Streams ſpread a Barrenneſs round.

2. But ſoon by the cruiſe and the Salt,
Prepar'd by Eliſha's Command,
The Water was cur'd of its Fault
And Plenty enriched the Land:
An Emblem ſure this of the Grace
On fruitleſs dead Sinners beſtow'd;
For Man is in Jericho's Caſe,
Till cur'd by the Mercy of God.

3. How noble a Creature he ſeems!
What Knowledge, Invention, and Skill!
How large and extenſive his Schemes!
How much can He do if He will!
His Zeal to be learned and Wiſe,
Will yield to no Limits or Bars;
He Meaſures the Earth and the Skies,
And Numbers and Marſhals the Stars.

4. Yet ſtill he is barren of Good;

In

In vain are his Talents and Art;
For Sin has infected his Blood,
And poiſon'd the Streams of his Heart:
The Cockatrice Eggs he can hatch,
Or, Spider-like, Cobwebs can Weave;
'Tis Madneſs to Labour and Watch
For what will deſtroy and deceive.

5. But Grace, like the Salt in the Cruiſe,
When caſt in the Spring of the Soul,
A wonderful Change will produce,
Diffuſing new Life thro' the Whole:
The Wilderneſs blooms like a Roſe,
The Heart which was vile and abhorr'd,
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
The Garden and Joy of the Lord.

HYMN CCXC.

Longing after Chriſt.

1. THOU Shepherd of Iſrael, and mine,
The Joy, and Deſire of my Heart;
For cloſer Communion I pine,
I long to reſide where Thou art:
The Paſture I languiſh to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy Boſom reclin'd,
Are ſcreen'd from the Heat of the Day.

2. Ah! ſhew me that happieſt Place,
That Place of thy People's Abode;
Where Saints in an Extacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy Love for a Sinner declare,
Thy Paſſion and Death on the Tree;
My Spirit to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer, and Triumph with Thee.

3. 'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,

There only I covet to reſt ;
To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy Breaſt ;
'Tis there I wou'd always abide,
And never a Moment depart,
Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
Eternally held in thine Heart.

HYMN CCXCI.

An Evening Song.

[1. THOU Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song
Like holy Incenſe riſe ;
Aſſiſt the Off'rings of my Tongue
To reach the lofty Skies.

2. Thro' all the Dangers of the Day
Thy Hand was ſtill my Guard,
And ſtill to drive my Wants away
Thy Mercy ſtood prepar'd.]

3. Perpetual Bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few Returns of Love
Hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched Soul ?
How are my Follies multiply'd,
Faſt as the Minutes roll.

5. Lord, with this guilty Heart of mine,
To thy dear Croſs I flee,
And to thy Grace my Soul reſign,
To be renew'd by Thee.

6. Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning Blood,
I lay me down to reſt,

As

As in th' Embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's Breaſt.

HYMN CCXCII.

The Lord will provide.

1. THO' Troubles aſſail,
And Dangers affright,
Tho' Friends ſhould all fail,
And Foes all unite;
Yet one Thing Secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture aſſures us,
"The Lord will provide."

2. The Birds without barn
Or Storehouſe are fed,
From them let us learn
To truſt for our Bread:
His Saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written
"The Lord will provide,"

3. We may, like the Ships,
By Tempeſts be toſt
On perilous Deeps,
But cannot be loſt:
Tho' Satan enrages
The Wind and the Tide,
The Promiſe engages,
"The Lord will provide."

4. His Call we obey
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our Way,
But Faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are Strangers
We have a good Guide,

And truſt in all Dangers,
" The Lord will provide."

5. When Satan appears
To ſtop up our Path
And fills us with Fears,
We Triumph by Faith;
He cannot take from us,
Tho' oft' he has try'd,
This Heart cheering Promiſe,
" The Lord will provide."

6. He tells us we're weak,
Our Hope is in vain,
The Good that we ſeek
We ne'er ſhall obtain;
But when ſuch Suggeſtions
Our Spirits have ply'd,
This anſwers all Queſtions,
" The Lord will provide."

7. No Strength of our own,
Or Goodneſs we claim,
Yet ſince we have known
The Saviour's great Name,
In this our ſtrong Tower
For Safety we hide,
The Lord is our Power,
" The Lord will provide."

8. When Life ſinks apace,
And Death is in View,
This Word of his Grace
Shall Comfort us thro';
No Fearing or Doubting
With Chriſt on our Side,
We hope to die ſhouting,
" The Lord will provide."

HYMN CCXCIII.

Agur's Wish, Proverbs, xxx. 7, 8, 9.

1. THUS Agur breath'd his warm Desire:
"My GOD, two Favors I require,
"In neither my Request deny,
"Vouchafe them both before I die.

2. "Far from my Heart and Tents exclude
"Those Enemies to all that's Good,
"Folly, whose Pleasures end in Death,
"And Falshood's pestilential Breath:

3. "Be neither Wealth nor Want my Lot;
"Below the Dome, above the Cot,
"Let me my Life unanxious lead,
"And know not Luxury nor Need."

4. These Wishes, LORD, we make our own
O shed in Moderation down
Thy Bounties, 'till this Mortal Breath,
Expiring Tunes thy Praise in Death!

5. But should'st thou large Possessions give,
May we with Thankfulness receive
The Good and—still our GOD adore,
And bless the Needy from our Store.

6. Or should we feel the Pains of Want,
Submission, Resignation grant,
Till thou shalt send the wish'd Supply,
Or call us to the Bliss on high.

HYMN CCXCIV.

An Evening Hymn.

1. THUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days:
And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.

2. Much of my Time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my Home;
But he forgives my Follies paſt,
He gives me Strength for Days to come.

3. I lay my Body down to ſleep;
Peace is the Pillow for my Head;
While well-appointed Angels keep
Their watchful Stations round my Bed.

4. In vain the Sons of Earth or Hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful Things;
My God in Saf'ty makes me dwell
Beneath the Shadow of his Wings.

[5. Faith in his Name forbids my Fear:
O may thy Preſence ne'er depart!
And in the Morning make me hear
The Love and Kindneſs of thy Heart.

6. Thus when the Night of Death ſhall come,
My Fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the Ground,
And wait thy Voice to rouſe my Tomb,
With ſweet Salvation in the Sound.]

HYMN CCXCV.

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent Iſa. 57, 15. 16.

1. THUS ſaith the High and lofty One,
" I ſit upon my holy Throne;
" My Name is God, I dwell on High,
" Dwell in my own Eternity.

2. " But I deſcend on Worlds below,
" On Earth I have a Manſion too;
" The humble Spirit and contrite
" Is an Abode of my Delight.

3. " The humble Soul my Words revve,
" I bid the mourning Sinner live;

Heal

" Heal all the broken Hearts I find,
" And eaſe the Sorrows of the Mind.

4. " When I contend againſt their Sin,
" I make them know how vile they've been;
" But ſhould my Wrath for ever ſmoke,
" Their Souls would ſink beneath my Stroke."

5. O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair and die!
Thus ſhall our better Thoughts approve
The Methods of thy chaſt'ning Love.]

HYMN. CCXCVI.

After Baptiſm.

1. THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's ſwelling Flood:
Thus one Day alſo was baptiz'd
In Tears, and Sweat, and Blood.

2. Thus was his ſacred Body laid
Beneath the yielding Wave:
Thus was his ſacred Body rais'd
Out of the liquid Grave.

3. The myſtick Rite his Death deſcrib'd;
His Burial did foreſhew,
The Quick'ning of his ſacred Fleſh;
His Reſurrection too.

4. Lord, thy own Precept we obey;
In thy own Footſteps tread;
We die; are buried; riſe with thee
From Regions of the Dead.

5. Spirit of Grace, and Truth, and Love,
Thy Pow'r on us diſplay;
Approve our Acts, and ſeal our Souls
To the Redemption Day.

HYMN

HYMN CCXCVII.

Desire of Knowledge: Or, *The Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.*

1. THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

2. My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due;
O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do.

3. Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid;
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

4. When I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5. If God to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truths impart,
His Work for Ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.

6. This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that relief.

[7. In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
Nor let that blessed Gospel go,
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

8. When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;

My

My thankful Lips, inſpir'd with Zeal
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.]

HYMN CCXCVIII.

1. 'TIS a Point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious Thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?

2. If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs Frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Wo have never heard his Name!

3. Could my Heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a Taſk and Burden prove;
Ev'ry Trifle gives me Pain,
If I knew a Saviour's Love?

4. When I turn my Eyes within,
All is Dark, and Vain and Wild;
Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,
Can I deem myſelf a Child?

5. If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that Love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6. Yet I mourn, my ſtubborn Will,
Find my Sin a Grief and Thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7. Could I joy his Saints to meet,
Chooſe the Ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at Times, the promiſe Sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8. Lord, decide the doubtful Caſe!

Thou,

Thou, who art thy People's Sun;
Shine upon thy Work of Grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9. Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to Day.

HYMN CCXCIX.

Lord's Day Morning.

1. TO DAY God bids the Faithful reſt,
To Day he ſhow'rs his Grace;
"Seek ye my Face," the Lord hath ſaid,
Lord, we will ſeek thy Face.

2. Come, let us leave the Things on Earth,
With God's Aſſembly join;
Lo! Heav'n deſcends to welcome Man,
To taſte the Things divine!

3. We come, dear Saviour, lo! we come,
Lord of our Life and Soul;
We come diſeas'd, and faint, and ſick,
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4. We thirſt, and fly to thee, O Lord,
Thou Fountain-Head of Good;
Filthy we come, and all Unclean,
O cleanſe us in thy Blood.

5. O may we pleaſe our God to day,
May that be all our Care!
Give, Lord, thy Grace, leſt evil Thoughts
Should mingle in our Pray'r.

6. Amid th' Aſſembly of thy Saints,
Let us be faithful found;

And

And let us join in humble Pray'r,
And in thy Praiſe abound.

7. Let thy good Spirit help our Souls,
With Faith thy Word to hear;
Be with us in thy Temple, Lord.
And let us find the near.

HYMN CCC.

A Prayer for Perſons joined in Fellowſhip.

1. TRY us, O God, and ſearch the Ground
Of every ſinful Heart,
Whate'er of Sin in us is found
O bid it all depart.

2. When to the Right or Left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs,
But guide our Feet into the Way
Of everlaſting Peace.

3. Help us to help each other Lord,
Each others Croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel his Brother's Care.

4. Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,
Increaſe our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

5. Up into thee the living Head,
Let us in all Things grow,
Till thou haſt made us free indeed,
And ſpotleſs here below.

6. Then when the mighty Work is wrought
Receive thy ready Bride,
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctify'd.

HYMN CCCI.

1. TWO are better far then One
For Counſel or for Fight;
How can One be warm alone?
Or ſerve his God aright?
Join we then our Hearts and Hands:
Each to love provoke his Friend;
Run the Way of his Commands,
And keep it to the End.

2. Wo to him whoſe Spirits droop!
To him who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his Weakneſs on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each others Burthens, bear,
Never need our Footſteps ſlip,
Upheld by mutual Pray'r.

3. Who of Twain has made us One,
Maintains our Unity:
Jeſus is the Cornerſtone,
In whom we all agree:
Servants of One common Lord,
Sweetly of One Heart and Mind,
Who can break a threefold Cord
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4. Oh that all with us might prove
The Fellowſhip of Saints!
Find ſupply'd in Jeſu's Love
What ev'ry Member Wants!
Graſp our high Callings prize!
Feel our Sins on Earth forgiv'n!
Riſe, in his whole Image riſe,
And meet our Head in Heav'n;

HYMN

HYMN CCCII.

GOD *our Preserver.*

1. UPWARD I lift mine Eyes,
From GOD is all my Aid;
The GOD that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
GOD is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

2. My Feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since GOD, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears,
Those wakeful Eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When Dangers rise.

3. No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of evening Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If GOD be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade
To guard my Head,
By Night or Noon.

4. Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death?
And I can trust my LORD
To keep my Mortal Breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on High
Thou call me Home.

HYMN CCCIII.

Death.

1. VAIN Man thy fond Purſuits forbear;
Repent; thy End is nigh,
Death at the fartheſt can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die!

2. Reflect, thou haſt a Soul to ſave,
Thy Sins how high they Mount!
What are thy Hopes beyond thy Grave?
How ſtands that dark Account!

3. Death enters, and there's no Defence,
His Time there's none can tell,
He'll in a Moment call thee hence,
To Heaven or to Hell.

4. Thy Fleſh, perhaps thy chiefeſt Care,
Shall crawling Worms conſume,
But ah, Deſtruction ſtops not there;
Sin kills beyond the Tomb!

5. To Day, the Goſpel calls, to Day:
Sinners, it ſpeaks to You;
Let ev'ry one forſake his Way,
And Mercy will enſue,

6. Rich Mercy, dearly bought with Blood,
How vile ſoe'er he be,
Abundant Pardon, Peace with God;
All giv'n entirely free.

HYMN CCCIV.

The Church, the Garden of Chriſt, Sol. Song iv. 12, 13, 15, *and* v. 1.

1. WE are a Garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar Ground;
A little Spot, enclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wild Wilderneſs.

2. Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we ſtand,
Planted by God the Father's Hand;
And all his Springs in Sion flow,
To make the young Plantation grow.

3. Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;
Spirit Divine! deſcend and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

4. Make our beſt Spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God:
And Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

[5. Let my Beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant Fruits at his own Feaſt;
I come, my Spouſe, I come, he cries,
With Love and Pleaſure in his Eyes.

6. Our Lord into his Garden comes,
Well pleas'd to ſmell our poor Perfumes,
And calls us to a Feaſt Divine,
Sweeter than Honey, Milk, or Wine.

7. Eat of the Tree of Life my Friends,
The Bleſſings that my Father ſends;
Your Taſte ſhall all my Dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my Love.

8. Jesus, we will frequent thy Board,
And sing the Bounties of our Lord:
But the rich Food on which we live,
Demands more Praise than Tongues can give.]

HYMN CCCV.

1. WE bless the Father and the Son,
We bless the Holy Ghost likewise;
We praise the sacred Three in One,
Who made our Souls from Sin to rise.

2. Thy sacred Precepts we receive,
O LORD we bless thy holy Name,
That thou should ever give us Leave,
And charge us to obey the same.

3. It is an Honour to obey,
Thy great Commands before all Men
So we have trod the wat'ry Way,
For in the Water CHRIST hath been.

4. This Ordinance O LORD we keep,
According to thy wise Design;
Lord may we walk among thy Sheep;
We seek no other Fold but thine.

5. LORD guide us by thy Counsel here,
Till we this gloomy Vale have past:
Save us from Sin, save us from Fear,
And bring us to thyself at last.

HYMN CCCVI.

Travelling in Birth for Souls.

1. WHAT contradictions meet
In Ministers Employ!
It is a bitter Sweet,
A Sorrow full of Joy:

No

No other Poſt affords a Place
For equal Honour, or Diſgrace!

2. Who can deſcribe the Pain
Which faithful Preachers feel;
Conſtrain'd to ſpeak, in vain,
To Hearts as hard as Steel?
Or who can tell the Pleaſures felt,
When ſtubborn Hearts begin to melt?

3. The Saviour's dying Love,
The Soul's amazing Worth,
Their utmoſt Efforts move,
And draw their Bowels forth:
They pray and Strive, their Reſt departs,
Till Chriſt be form'd in Sinners Hearts.

4. If ſome ſmall Hope appear,
They ſtill are not content;
But with a jealous Fear,
They watch for the Event:
Too oft they find their Hopes deceiv'd,
Then, how their inmoſt Souls are griev'd!

5. But when their Pain ſucceed.
And from the tender Blade
The rip'ning Ears proceed,
Their Toils are overpaid:
No harveſt Joy can equal theirs,
To find the Fruit of all their Cares.

6. On what has now been ſown
Thy Bleſſing, Lord beſtow;
The Pow'r is thine alone,
To make it ſpring and grow:
Do thou the gracious Harveſt raiſe,
And thou, alone, ſhalt have the Praiſe.

H Y M N CCC VII.

CHRIST's *Humiliation and Exaltation.*

1. WHAT equal Honours ſhall we bring
To thee O LORD our GOD the Lamb,
When all the Notes that Angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy Name?

2. Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groand and dy'd
Worthy to riſe, and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

3. Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar,
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madneſs here.

4. All Riches are his native Right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing Loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal Might,
Who left his Weakneſs on the Croſs:

5. Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn:
While Glory ſhines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

6. Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curſe for wretched Men:
Let Angels ſound his ſacred Name,
And ev'ry Creature ſay, Amen.

H Y M N CCCVIII.

The Buſineſs and Bleſſedneſs of glorified Saints, Rev. vii. 13. 14. 15. &c.

1. WHAT happy Men, or Angels, theſe
That all their Robes are ſpotleſs white?

Whence

Whence did this glorious Troop arrive
At the pure Realms of heav'nly Light ?

2. From tortering Racks, and burning Fires,
And Seas of their own Blood they came:
But nobler Blood has waſh'd there Robes,
Flowing from Chriſt the dying Lamb.

3. Now they approach th' Almighty's Throne
With loud Hoſannas Night and Day,
Sweet Anthems to the great Three-One,
Meaſure their bleſs'd Eternity.

4. No more ſhall Hunger pain their Souls:
He bids their parching Thirſt be gone;
And ſpreads the Shadow of his Wings,
To ſcreen them from the ſcorching Sun.

5. The Lamb that fills the middle Throne,
Shall ſhed around his milder Beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich Love,
And drink full Joys from living Streams.

6. Thus ſhall their mighty Bliſs renew,
Through the vaſt Round of endleſs Years,
And the ſoft Hand of ſov'reign Grace
Heals all their Wounds, and wipes their Tears.

H Y M N CCCIX.

The Triumph of Chriſt over the Enemies of his Church, Iſa. lxiii, 1, 2, 3, &c.

1. WHAT mighty Man, or mighty God,
Comes traveling in State
Along the Idumean Road,
Away from Bozrah's Gate !

2. The Glory of his Robes proclaim
'Tis ſome victorious King:
"'Tis I, the Juſt, th' Almighty One,
" That your Salvation bring.

3. Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints inquire,
Why thine Apparel's red?
And all thy Veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
Who in the Wine-preſs tread?

4. I by my ſelf have trod the Preſs,
" And cruſh'd my Foes alone;
" My Wrath hath ſtruck the Rebels dead,
" My Fury ſtamp'd them down.

5. " 'Tis Edoms Blood that dyes my Robes
" With joyful Scarlet Stains
" The Triumph that my Raiment wears,
" Sprung from their bleeding Veins.

6. " Thus ſhall the Nations be deſtroy'd,
" That dare inſult my Saints;
" I have an Arm t'avenge their Wrongs,
" An Ear for their Complaints."

HYMN CCCX.

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church, or public Thanks for private Deliverance.

1. WHAT ſhall I render to my God,
For all his Kindneſs ſhown?
My Feet ſhall viſit thine Abode,
My Songs addreſs thy Throne.

2. Among the Saints that fill thine Houſe
My off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my Zeal perform the Vows,
My Soul in Anguiſh made.

3. How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever bleſſed God!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

4. How happy all thy Servants are!

How

How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which thou haſt made thy Care,
LORD, I devote to thee.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my Purpoſe move;
Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

6. Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;
Witneſs, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the LORD.

HYMN CCCXI.

What think ye of Chriſt.

1. WHAT think you of Chriſt? is the Teſt
To try both your State and your Scheme:
You cannot be right in the Reſt,
Unleſs you think rightly of him.
As Jeſus appears in your View,
As he is beloved or not:
So God is diſpoſed to you
And Mercy or Wrath are your Lot.

2. Some take him a Creature to be,
A Man, or an Angel at moſt;
Sure theſe have not Feelings like me,
Nor know themſelves wretched and loſt:
So Guilty, ſo Helpleſs, am I,
I durſt not confide in his Blood,
Nor on his Protection rely,
Unleſs I were ſure he is God.

3. Some ſtile him The Pearl of great Price,
And ſay, "He's the Fountain of Joys;"
Yet feed upon Folly and Vice,
And cleave to the World and its Toys:
Like Judas the Saviour they kiſs,
And while they ſalute him betray;

Ah ! what will Profeſſion like this
Avail in his terrible Day ?

4. If aſk'd, what of Jeſus I think ?
Tho' ſtill my beſt Thoughts are but poor ;
I ſay, He's my Meat and my Drink,
My Life, and my Strength, and my Store :
My Shepherd, my Huſband, my Friend,
My Saviour from Sin and from Thrall ;
My Hope from Beginning to End,
My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

H Y M N CCCXII.

Exhortation to Prayer

1. WHAT various Hindrances we meet
In coming to a Mercy Seat !
Yet who that knows the Worth of Pray'r,
But wiſhes to be often there.

2. Pray'r makes the dark'ned Cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the Ladder Jacob ſaw ;
Gives exerciſe to Faith and Love,
Brings ev'ry Bleſſing from above.

3. Reſtraining Pray'r we ceaſe to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Chriſtian's Armour bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he ſees
The weakeſt Saint upon his Knees.

4. While Moſes ſtood with Arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's Side (*e*) ;
But when thro' Wearineſs they fail'd,
That Moment Amalek prevail'd.

5. Have you no Words ? Ah, think again,
Words flows apace when you complain,
And fill your Fellow Creatures Ear
With the ſad Tale of all your Care.

6. Were

(*e*) *Exod.* xvii. 11.

6. Were half the Breath thus vainly ſpent,
To Heav'n in Supplication ſent!
Your cheerful Song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

HYMN CCCXIII.

Gratitude to God.

1. WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the View I'm loſt
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

2. O how ſhall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare,
Which glows within my raviſh'd Heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

3. Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my Wants redreſs'd,
When in the Silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.

4. To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

5. Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whence thoſe Comforts flow'd.

6. When in the ſlipp'ry Path of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to Man.

7. Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way;

And

And thro' the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with Sickneſs, oft haſt thou
With Health renew'd my Face;
And, when in Sins and Sorrows ſunk
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

9. (Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliſs
Hath made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.)

10. Ten Thouſand Thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart,
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

11. Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life,
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death in diſtant Worlds,
The glorious Theme renew.

12. When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore.

13. Thro' all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raiſe;
For oh! Eternity alone
Can utter all thy Praiſe.

H Y M N CCCXIV.

Difficulties, in the Way of Duty, ſurmounted—Hinder me not. Gen. xxiv, 56. ‖

[1. WHEN Abraham's Servant to procure
A Wife for Iſaac went,

He

‖ *This Hymn may begin at the 6th Verſe.*

He met Rebekah—told his Wiſh,—
Her Parents gave Conſent.

2. Yet, for ten Days, they urg'd the Man
His Journey to delay;
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd.
Since GOD hath crown'd my Way.

3. 'Twas thus I cry', when CHRIST the LORD,
My Soul to him did wed;
Hinder me not, nor Friends nor Foes,
Since GOD my Way hath ſped.

4. Stay ſays the World and taſte awhile
My every pleaſant Sweet;
Hinder me not, my Soul replies;
Becauſe the Way is great.

5. Stay Satan my old Maſter cries,
Or Force ſhall thee detain;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My GOD has broke thy Chain.]

6. In all my LORD's appointed Ways,
My Journey I'll purſue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd Saints
For I muſt go with you.

7. Thro' Floods and Flames, if JESUS lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, ſhall be my Cry,
Tho' Earth and Hell oppoſe.

8. Thro' Duty, and thro' Trials too
I'll go at his Command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my Immanuel's Land.

9. And when my Saviour calls me Home,
Still this my Cry ſhall be
Hinder me not, come welcome Death,
I'll gladly go with Thee.

HYMN CCCXV.

On the Death of a young Perſon.

1. WHEN blooming Youth is ſnatch'd away
By Death's reſiſtleſs Hand,
Our Hearts the mournful Tribute pay
Which Pity muſt demand.

2. While Pity prompts the riſing Sigh,
O may this Truth, impreſt
With awful Pow'r——I too——muſt die——
Sink deep in ev'ry Breaſt.

3. Let this vain World engage no more;
Behold the gaping Tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent Hour,
To-morrow Death may come.

4. The Voice of this alarming Scene,
May ev'ry Heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly Warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5. O let us fly, to Jeſus fly,
Whoſe pow'rful Arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our Hopes aſcend on high,
And Triumph o'er the Grave.

6. Great God, thy Sov'reign Grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing Pow'r;
This only can prepare the Heart
For Death's ſurpriſing Hour.

HYMN CCCXVI.

1. WHEN Chriſt ſhall rend from End to End
The Regions of the Air,
And ſplit the Skies in twain likewiſe,
Then he'll himſelf appear.

2. Then he'll appear a drawing near

With

With Armies broad and long;
In Rank and File, ten thouſand Mile,
Then we ſhall ſee the Throng.

3. Then he will tell the Arch-Angel,
To blow the Trumpet loud,
That all may hear, both far and near;
Oh, then you'll ſee the Crowd.

4. Then he will call, both great and ſmall,
The Beggar, Prince, and Drudge;
The High, the Low, the Poor alſo,
To come before their Judge.

5. The Sheep ſhall ſtand at Chriſt's right Hand,
But Goats at his left Side;
All ſhall appear, from far and near,
To have their Cauſes try'd.

6. Then he will ſay, depart away,
Ye Goats go down to dwell
With the Devil and his Angels,
In a prepared Hell.

7. But to the reſt, "Come up ye Bleſt,
(The Saviour he will ſay)
" Come dwell above, and reſt in Love,
" To one eternal Day.

8. " When you've been there ten thouſand Year,
" Bright ſhining like the Sun,
" You've no leſs Days to ſing God's Praiſe
" Than when you firſt begun.

9. " Thoſe Robes you wear, ſo bright, and fair,
" Which dazzle like the Sun,
" I've kept above, wrapt up in Love;
" Angels ne'er had them on.

10. " But know my Bride, had I not dy'd,
" You muſt have naked gone;

" They're

" They're made for you, I know they'll do.
" For I have try'd them on.

11. " Now who are they that dare to say,
" I've been too kind to these ?
" A Right I have to damn or save,
" Or do just what I please."

12. Jesus I thirst, and go I must,
I long to be above ;
I long to sing, and praise my King,
Where Oceans flow with Love.

H Y M N CCCXVII.

Faith fainting.

1. WHEN compass'd with Clouds of Distress,
Just ready all Hope to resign,
I pant for the Light of thy Face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy Feet with my Load,
All-plaintive I pour out my Song,
And stretch forth my Hands unto GOD.

2. Shine, LORD, and my Terror shall cease ;
The Blood of Atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus, for Peace,
The Rock that is higher than I
Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy Voice ;
Thy Presence is fair to behold ;
Attend to my Sorrows and Cries,
My Groanings that cannot be told.

3. If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My Hold of thy Promise to keep,
The Billows more fiercely return,"
And plunge me again in the Deep :
While harrass'd and cast from thy Sight,

Thy

The Tempter ſuggeſts with a Roar,
" The LORD has forſaken thee quite ;
" Thy GOD will be gracious no more.

4. Yet LORD, if thy Love hath deſign'd
No Covenant Bleſſing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some Pleaſure in waiting for thee ?
Almighty to reſcue thou art ;
Thy Grace is my only Reſource ;
If e'er thou art LORD of my Heart,
Thy Spirit muſt take it by Force.

H Y M N CCCXVIII.

Return of Joy.

1. WHEN Darkneſs long has vail'd my Mind,
And ſmiling Day once more appears ;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The Folly of my Doubts and Fears.

2. I chide my unbelieving Heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a Part,
Or harbor one hard Thought of thee !

3. O ! let me then at length be taught
(What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn .)
That GOD is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the Shadow of a Turn.

4. Sweet Truth, and eaſy to repeat !
But when my Faith is ſharply try'd
I find myſelf a Learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5. But O my LORD, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient Will ;
Drives Doubt and Diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious Worm is ſtill.

6. Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the Praiſe receive;
Be Shame, and Self-abhorrence, mine.

HYMN CCCXIX.

The fooliſh Virgins.

1. WHEN deſcending from the Sky
The Bridegroom ſhall appear;
And the ſolemn Midnight Cry,
Shall call Profeſſors near;
How the Sound our Hearts will damp!
How will Shame o'erſpread each Face!
If we only have a Lamp,
Without the Oil of Grace.

2. Fooliſh Virgins then will wake,
And ſeek for a Supply;
But in vain the Pains they take
To borrow or to buy:
Then with thoſe they now diſpiſe,
Earneſtly they'll wiſh to ſhare;
But the beſt among the Wiſe,
Will have no Oil to ſpare.

3. Wiſe are they, and truly bleſt,
Who then ſhall ready be!
But deſpair will ſeize the reſt,
And dreadful Miſery:
"Once, they'll cry, we ſcorn'd to doubt,
"Tho' in Lies our Truſt we put;
"Now our Lamp of Hope is out,
"The Door of Mercy ſhut."

4. If they then preſume to plead,
"Lord, open to us now;
"We on Earth have heard and pray'd,
"And

" And with thy Saints did bow ;"
He will anſwer from his Throne,
" Tho' you with my People mix'd,
" Yet to me you ne'er were known,
" Depart, your Doom is fix'd."

5. O that none who worſhip here
May hear that Word, Depart !
Lord impreſs a godly Fear
On each Profeſſor's Heart :
Help us, Lord, to ſearch the Camp,
Let us not ourſelves beguile ;
Truſting to a dying Lamp
Without a Stock of Oil.

HYMN CCCXX.

The Joy of a remarkable Converſion ; or Melancholy removed.

1. WHEN GOD reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing Dream,
The Grace appear'd ſo Great.

2. The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confeſs ;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And ſung ſurpriſing Grace.

3. " Great is the Work," my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Pow'r Divine ;
" Great is the Work," my Heart reply'd,
" And be the Glory thine."

4. The LORD can clear the darkeſt Skies,
Can give us Day for Night,
Make Drops of ſacred Sorrow riſe
To Rivers of Delight.

Let thoſe that ſow in Sadneſs wait
Till the fair Harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their Sheaves are great,
And ſhout the Bleſſings home.

6. Tho' Seed lie bury'd long in Duſt;
It ſhan't deceive their Hope!
The precious Grain can ne'er be loſt,
For Grace inſures the Crop.

HYMN CCCXXI.

Hannah: Or the Throne of Grace.

1. WHEN *Hannah* preſs'd with Grief,
Pour'd forth her Soul in Pray'r;
She quickly found Relief,
And left her Burthen there:
Like her in ev'ry trying Caſe,
Let us approach the Throne of Grace.

2. When ſhe began to pray
Her Heart was pain'd and Sad;
But ere ſhe went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In Trouble, what a reſting Place,
Have they who know the Throne of Grace.

3. Tho' Men and Devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The Saints from Age to Age,
Are ſafe from all their Pow'r:
Freſh Strength they gain to run their Race,
By waiting at the Throne of Grace.

4. *Eli* her Caſe miſtook,
How was her Spirit mov'd
By his unkind Rebuke?
But God her Cauſe approv'd.
We need not fear a Creature's Face,
While welcome at the Throne of Grace. 5.

5. She was not fill'd with Wine,
(As *Eli* raſhly thought)
But with a Faith Divine,
And found the Help ſhe ſought:
Tho Men deſpiſe and call us Baſe,
Still let us ply the Throne of Grace.

6. Men have not Pow'r or Skill,
With troubled Souls to bear;
Tho' they expreſs Good-will,
Poor Comforters they are:
But ſwelling Sorrows ſink apace,
When we approach the Throne of Grace.

7. Numbers before have try'd,
And found the Promiſe true;
Nor One been yet deny'd,
Then why ſhould I or you?
Let us by Faith their Footſteps trace,
And haſten to the Throne of Grace,

8. As Fogs obſcure the Light,
And taint the morning Air,
But ſoon are put to Flight,
If the bright Sun appear;
Thus Jeſus will our Sorrows chaſe,
By ſhining from the Throne of Grace.

HYMN CCCXXII.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

1. WHEN I can read my Title clear
To Manſions in the Skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

2. Should Earth againſt my Soul engage,
And helliſh Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's Rage,
And face a frowning World.

3. Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heav'n my all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary Soul
In Seas of heav'nly Rest.
And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Accross my peaceful Breast

H Y M N CCCXXIII.

Baptism.

1. WHEN John (tho a Man)
Baptizing began,
Believers in Jordan, confessing their Sin.

2. The pharisees came,
In abraham's Name,
For to be baptized, and lay in their Claim.

3. You Vipers, said he,
Who warn'd you to flee?
Bring forth your Repentance, that Fruits we may see.

4. And think not indeed,
You're Abraham's Seed,
And so for my Baptism a Right have to plead.

5. By this we may see,
Our Baptism to be
For none but Believers a Priviledge free.

6. From Galilee came,
Christ Jesus by Name,
For to be baptized, and was not asham'd.

7. John to him did say,
Why com'st thou to me,
When I have need to be baptized of thee?

8. Oh

8. Oh ſuffer it ſo,
'Tis Right we ſhould ſhow,
All Righteous Obedience wherever we go.

9. The Rites were perform'd,
And JESUS return'd.
The Father his Bleſſing ſent down on his Son.

10. The Spirit of God,
Deſcends like a Dove;
And lights on the Sav'our in Tokens of Love.

11. By this we may ſee
The whole Trinity,
To honour our Baptiſm do jointly agree.

12. We'll not be aſham'd,
Where JESUS is nam'd;
He's precious unto us, tho Sinners blaſpheme.

13. We'll follow him down,
To th' Water we're bound,
Oh Sinners, ſee what an Example we've found.

HYMN CCCXXIV.

Joſeph made known to his Brethren.

1. WHEN Joſeph his Brethren beheld,
Afflicted, and trembling with Fear,
His Heart with Compaſſion was fill'd,
From Weeping he could not forbear:
A while his Behaviour was rough,
To bring their paſt Sin to their Mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He haſted to ſhew himſelf kind.

2. How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and ſold!
How great their Confuſion muſt be,
As ſoon as his Name he had told!

" I'm Joſeph your Brother (he ſaid)
" And ſtill to my Heart you are dear,
" You ſold me, and thought I was dead,
" But God, for your Sakes, ſent me here."

3. Tho' greatly diſtreſſed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durſt to look up,
" Can Joſeph, whom we would have ſlain,
" Forgive us the Evil we did ?
" And will he our Houſholds maintain ?
" O this is a Brother indeed !"

4. Thus dragg'd by my Conſcience, I came
And laden with Guilt, to the Lord ;
Surrounded with Terror and Shame,
Unable to utter a Word.
At firſt he look'd ſtern and ſevere,
What Anguiſh then pierced my Heart !
Expecting each Moment to hear
The Sentence, " Thou Curſed depart !"

5. But oh ! What Surprize when he ſpoke,
While Tenderneſs beam'd in his Face,
My Heart then to Pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded with Grace :
" Poor Sinner, I know thee full well,
" By thee I was ſold and was ſlain ;
" I dy'd to redeem thee from Hell,
And raiſe thee in Glory to reign.

6. I'm Jeſus whom thou haſt blaſphem'd,
" And crucify'd often afreſh ;
" But let me henceforth be eſteem'd
" Thy Brother, thy Bone, and thy Fleſh :
" My Pardon I freely beſtow,
" Thy Wants I will fully ſupply ;
" I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
" And ſoon will remove thee on High.

7. Go publiſh to Sinners around,
" (That they may be willing to come)
" The Mercy which now you have found,
" And tell them that yet there is Room."
Oh, Sinners the Meſſage obey!
No more vain excuſes pretend;
But come, without further Delay,
To Jeſus our Brother and Friend.

HYMN CCCXXV.

Lord's Day Evening.

1. WHEN, O dear Jeſus, when ſhall I
Behold thee all Serene?
Bleſt in perpetual Sabbath-Day,
Without a Veil between?

2. Aſſiſt me while I wander here,
Amidſt a World of Cares;
Incline my Heart to pray with Love,
And then accept my Pray'rs.

3. Releaſe my Soul from ev'ry Chain,
No more Hell's Captive led;
And pardon a repenting Child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4. Spare me, O God, O ſpare the Soul,
That gives it ſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thyſelf to me.

5. Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my Guide and Friend,
To light my Way to ceaſeleſs Joys,
Where Sabbaths never End.

HYMN CCCXXVI.

1. WHEN our great Sov'reign from on High,
Our Lord and Saviour, was aware,
That he his choſen Family,
O'er whom he watch'd with tender Care,
Would be compelled ſoon to leave;
He fill'd with love and Grief intenſe,
To them his Farewel Bleſſing gave,
Before his Suff'rings did commence.

2. Feeling beforehand all the Weight
Of thoſe dire Scenes of Pain and Woe,
Which he well knew did him await,
His Love towards his own to ſhow,
He Water in a Baſon pour'd,
And waſhed his Diſciples' Feet,
Their Souls already by his Word,
Save one, were cleanſed ev'ry whit.

3. When he this Act of Love had done,
He unto his Diſciples ſaid;
"To you I've an Example ſhown:
"Ye call me Maſter, Lord, and Head,
"If I as ſuch have waſh'd your Feet,
"To one another do the ſame."
This ſolemn Act to celebrate,
We're now aſſembled in his Name.

4. Ariſe then, and with due Reſpect,
With humble Shame and Willingneſs,
Do what our Saviour doth direct,
Endowed with Diſciple's Grace!
Since Jeſus to releaſe from Sin
Unto his People Power gave,
We in his Name are now waſh'd clean,
And with our Lord a Part may have.

5. Lord Jeſus Chriſt, we pray, be near,
Forgive

Forgive us all our Treſpaſſes;
With Joy Divine our Spirit cheer,
Abſolve and grant us pard'ning Grace!
As our High-prieſt lift up thy Hand,
That Hand the Nail once pierced through,
Thy Mercy unto us extend,
Rich Bleſſings upon all beſtow.

6. Inſpire our Hearts with mutual Love
O may we truly humble be,
Thy faithful Servants ever prove,
Who yield in all Things Joy to Thee:
In due Obedience to thy Word,
We now have waſh'd each other's Feet,
Thy bleſt Example, gracious Lord,
To follow, we find always meet.

7. Sure as thou art the Church's Head,
Sure as we Duſt and Aſhes are,
So ſure we by thy Blood, once ſhed,
Are now, through Grace, abſolv'd and clear:
Sure as thy Croſs's Church remains
To the blind World a Spectacle,
So ſure in her thy Spirit reigns,
And thou doſt in thy Temple dwell.

HYMN. CCCXXVII.

1. WHEN riſing from the Bed of Death,
O'erpreſt with Guilt and Fear,
I meet my Maker Face to to Face,
Oh, how ſhall I appear?

2. If yet while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be ſought,
My Heart with inward Horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the Thought!

3. When thou, O Lord, ſhall ſtand diſclos'd
In Majeſty Severe,

And

And ſit in Judgment on my Soul
Oh, how ſhall I appear!

4. But thou haſt told the troubled Mind,
That doth her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall future Woes prevent.

5. Then hear the Sorrows of my Heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give thoſe Sorrows Weight.

6. For never ſhall my Soul deſpair
Her Pardon to ſecure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To Seal that Pardon ſure.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

Hezekiah's *Song*; or, *Sickneſs and Recovery*, Iſa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1. WHEN we are rais'd from deep Diſtreſs,
Our God deſerves a Song;
We take the Pattern of our Praiſe
From Hezekiah's Tongue.

2. The Gates of the devouring Grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the Keys of Death
Commands them faſt again.

3. Pains of the Fleſh are wont t' Abuſe
Our Mind with ſlaviſh Fears;
Our Days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
The Remnant of our Years.

4. We chatter with a Swallow's Voice,
Or like a Dove we mourn,
With Bitterneſs inſtead of Joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5. Jeho-

5. Jehovah ſpeaks the healing Word,
And no Diſeaſe withſtands ;
Fevers and Plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his Commands.

6. If half the Strings of Life ſhould break,
He can our Frame reſtore :
He caſts our Sins behind his Back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN CCCXXIX.

Strength from Heaven, Iſa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1. WHence do our mournful Thoughts ariſe
And where's our Courage fled ?
Has reſtleſs Sin, and raging Hell,
Struck all our Comforts dead ?

2. Have we forgot the Almighty Name,
That form'd the Earth and Sea ?
And can an all-creating Arm,
Grow weary, or decay ?

3. Treaſures of everlaſting Might
In our Jehovah dwell ;
He gives the Conqueſt to the Weak,
And treads their Foes to Hell.

4. Mere mortal Power ſhall fade and die,
And youthfull Vigour ceaſe ;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our Strength increaſe.

5. The Saints ſhall mount on eagles Wings,
And taſte the promis'd Bliſs,
'Till their unwearied Feet arrive
Where perfect Pleaſure is.

HYMN CCCXXX.

1. WHILE Shepherds watch their Flocks by Night.
All ſeated on the Ground,
The Angel of the LORD came down,
And Glory ſhone around.

2. "Fear not," ſaid he (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled Mind :)
"Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
"To you and all Mankind.

3. "To you in David's Town, this Day
"Is born of David's Line,
"A SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD,
"And this ſhall be the Sign ;

4. "The heav'nly Babe ye there ſhall find
"To human view diſplay'd,
"All meanly wrapt in ſwathing Bands,
"And in a Manger laid."

5. Thus ſpake the Seraph: and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining Throng
Of Angels praiſing GOD, and thus
Addreſs'd their heav'nly Song ;

6. "All Glory be to GOD on High :
"And on the Earth be Peace,
"Good will, henceforth from heav'n to Man
"Begin and never ceaſe."

HYMN CCCXXXI.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of CHRIST, Iſa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1. WHO has believ'd thy Word,
Or thy Salvation known ?

Reveal

Reveal thine Arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2. The Jews eſteem'd him here
Too mean for their Belief:
Sorrows his Chief Acquaintance were,
And his Companion, Grief.

3. They turn'd their Eyes away,
And treated him with Scorn;
But 'twas their Griefs upon him lay,
Their Sorrows he has borne.

4. 'Twas for the ſtubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of Juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
His beſt beloved Son.

5. " But I'll prolong his Days,
" And make his Kingdom ſtand;
" My Pleaſure (ſaith the God of Grace)
" Shall proſper in his Hand.

[6. " His joyful Soul ſhall ſee
" The Purchaſe of his Pain,
" And by his Knowledge juſtify
" The guilty Sons of Men.]

[7. " Ten Thouſand Captive Slaves
" Releas'd from Death and Sin,
" Shall quit their Priſons and their Graves,
" And own his Pow'r Divine.]

[8. " Heav'n ſhall advance my Son
" To Joys that Earth deny'd;
" Who ſaw the Follies Men had done,
" And bore their Sins, and dy'd.']

HYMN

HYMN CCCXXXII.

The Strength of CHRIST's *Love, and the Soul's Jealousy of her own,* Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

[1. WHO is this fair One in Distress,
That travels from the Wilderness?
And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans!

2. This is the Spouse of Christ, our God,
Bought with the Treasures of his Blood:
And her Request, and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.]

3. "O let my Name engraven stand,
"Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand;
"Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear
"That Pledge of Love for ever there.

4. "Stronger than Death thy Love is known,
"Which Floods of Wrath could never drown;
"And Hell and Earth in vain combine,
"To quench a Fire so much Divine,

5. "But I am Jealous of my Heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then let thy Name be well impress'd,
"As a Fair signet on my Breast.

6. "Till thou hast brought me to thy Home,
"Where Fears and Doubts can never come,
"Thy Count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

7. "Come, my Beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the Hours of thy Delay;
"Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe,
"Over the Hills where Spices Grow."

HYMN

H Y M N CCCXXXIII.

Character of a Saint: Or, *A Citizen of Zion:* Or, *The Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1. WHO ſhall inhabit in thy Hill,
O GOD of Holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

2. The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That truſts his Maker's Promiſes,
And follows his Commands.

3. He ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor ſlanders with his Tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

4. The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the LORD;
And tho' to his own Hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his Word.

5. His Hands diſdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor;
This Man ſhall dwell with GOD on Earth,
And find his Heav'n ſecure.

H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

1. WHY do we mourn departing Friends?
Or ſhake at Death's Alarms?
'Tis but the Voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his Arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as Time can move?

Nor ſhould we wiſh the Hours more Slow
To keep us from our Love.

3. Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb ?
There the dear Fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long Perfume,

4. The Graves of all his Saints he bleſs'd,
And ſoft'ned ev'ry Bed:
Where ſhould the dying Members reſt,
But with their dying Head ?

5. Thence he aroſe, aſcended High,
And ſhew'd our Feet the Way :
Up to the Lord our Fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing Day.

6. Then let the laſt loud Trumpet ſound,
And bid our Kindred riſe ;
Awake, ye Nations, under Ground,
Ye Saints, aſcend the Skies.

H Y M N CCCXXXV.

Departed Saints aſleep, Mark v. 39. 1 Theſs. iv. 13.

1. " WHY flow theſe Torrents of Diſtreſs ? "
(The gentle Saviour cries)
" Why are my ſleeping Saints ſurvey'd
" With unbelieving Eyes !

2. " Death's feeble Arm ſhall never boaſt,
" A Friend of CHRIST is ſlain ;
" Nor o'er their meaner Part in Duſt
" A laſting Power retain.

3. " I come, on Wings of Love I come,
" The Slumb'rers to awake ;
" My Voice ſhall reach the deepeſt Tomb,
" And all its Bonds ſhall break.

4. " Touch'd

4. " Touch'd by my Hand, in Smiles they riſe ;
" They riſe to ſleep no more ;
" But rob'd with Light and crown'd with Joy,
" To endleſs Day they ſoar."

5. JESUS, our Faith receives thy Word ;
And, tho' fond Nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious Dead,
And emulate their Sleep.

6. Our willing Souls thy Summons wait
With them to reſt and praiſe ;
So let thy much-lov'd Preſence cheer
Theſe ſeparating Days.

H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

CHRIST's *Compaſſion to the Weak and Tempted.*

1. WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Prieſt above ;
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

2. Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3. But ſpotleſs, Innocent and Pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to Blood.

4. He in the Days of feeble Fleſh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry Member bears.

[5. He'll never quench the ſmoking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame ;

The bruiſed Reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.]

6. Then let our humble Faith addreſs;
His Mercy and his Pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

HYMN. CCCXXXVII.

A Practical Improvement of Baptiſm. Col. iii. 1.

1. YE Children of your God attend;
Ye Heirs of Glory hear;
For Accents, ſo Divine as theſe,
Might charm the dulleſt Ear.

2. Baptiz'd into your Saviour's Death,
Your Souls to Sin muſt die;
With CHRISST your LORD, ye live anew,
With CHRIST aſcend on High.

3. There by his Father's Side he ſits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himſelf your Brother ſtill,
And your Forerunner there.

4. Riſe from theſe earthly Trifles, riſe
On Wings of Faith and Love;
Above' your choiceſt Treaſure lies,
And be your Hearts above.

5. But Earth and Sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
LORD, ſend thy ſtrong attractive Pow'r
To raiſe and fix us High.

HYMN

HYMN CCCXXXVIII.

Yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.

1. YE dying Sons of Men,
Immerg'd in Sin and Woe,
The Goſpel's Voice attend,
Which JESUS ſends to you:
Ye periſhing and Guilty, come,
In JESUS' Arms there yet is Room.

2. No longer now delay,
Nor vain Excuſes frame:
He bids you come To-Day,
Tho' Poor, and Blind, and Lame:
All Things are ready, Sinner come,
For every trembling Soul there's Room.

3. Believe the heav'nly Word
His Meſſengers proclaim;
He is a gracious LORD,
And faithful is his Name:
Backſliding Souls, return and come,
Caſt off Deſpair, there yet is Room.

4. Compell'd by bleeding Love,
Ye wand'ring Sheep draw near,
CHRIST calls you from above,
His charming Accents hear!
Let whoſoever will, now come;
In Mercy's Breaſt there ſtill is Room.

HYMN CCCXXXIX.

The Goodneſs of GOD, Nahum i. 7.

1. YE humble Souls, approach your GOD
With Songs of ſacred Praiſe,
For he is good, Imenſely good,
And kind are all his Ways.

2. All Nature owns his guardian Care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler Benefits declare
The Wonders of his Love.

3. He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ranſom Rebel Worms;
'Tis here he makes his Goodneſs known
In its diviner Forms.

4. To this dear Refuge, LORD we come,
'Tis here our Hope relies;
A ſafe Defence a peaceful Home,
When Storms of Trouble riſe.

5. Thine Eye beholds, with kind Regard,
The Souls who truſt in thee;
Their humble Hope thou wilt reward
With Bliſs divinely free.

6. Great GOD, to thy Almighty Love,
What Honours ſhall we raiſe?
Not all the raptur'd Songs above
Can render equal Praiſe.

HYMN CCCXL.

Comfort to ſuch who ſeek a riſen JESUS, Matt. 28.5.6.

1. YE humble Souls that ſeek the LORD,
Chaſe all your Fears away;
And bow with Pleaſure down to ſee
The Place where JESUS lay,

2. Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such Wonders Love can do;
Thus cold in Death, that Boſom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you,

3. A Moment give a Looſe to Grief,
Let grateful Sorrows riſe;
And waſh the bloody Stains away,
With Torrents from your Eyes.

4. Then

4. Then dry your Tears, and tune your Songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the Gates and Bars of Death
The Conq'ror could detain.

5. High o'er th' angelic Bands he rears
His once diſhonour'd Head;
And tho' unnumber'd Years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the Dead,

6. With Joy, like his, ſhall every Saint
His empty Tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe, with his aſcending LORD,
To Realms of endleſs Day.

HYMN CCCXLI.

The ſucceſsful Reſolve—I will go in unto the King, Eſter iv. 16.

1. YE humble Sinners, in whoſe Breaſt,
A thouſand Thoughts revolve,
Come, with your Guilt and Fear oppreſt,
And make this laſt Reſolve.

2. "I'll go to JESUS, tho' my Sin
"Hath like a Mountain roſe;
"I know his Courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppoſe.

3. "Proſtrate I'll lie before his Throne,
"And there my Guilt confeſs,
"I'll tell him I'm a Wretch undone
"Without his ſovereign Grace.

4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whoſe Scepter Pardon gives,
"Perhaps he may command my Touch,
"And then the Suppliant lives.

5. "Perhaps he will admit my Plea,
"Perhaps will hear my Pray'r;

"But if I periſh I will pray,
"And periſh only there,

6. "I can but periſh if I go,
"I am reſolv'd to try:
"For if I ſtay away, I know
"I muſt for ever die."

HYMN CCCXLII.

Fear not, it is your Father's good Pleaſure to give you the Kingdom, Luke xii. 32.

1. YE little Flock, whom JESUS feeds,
Diſmiſs your anxious Cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,
And ſmile away your Fears.

2. Tho' Wolves and Lions prowl around,
His Staff is your Defence:
'Midſt Sands and Rocks your Shepherd's Voice
Calls Streams and Paſtures thence.

3. Your Father will a Kingdom give,
And give it with Delight;
His feebleſt Child his Love ſhall call
To triumph in his Sight.

4. Ten Thouſand Praiſes, Lord, we bring
For ſure Supports like theſe:
And o'er the pious Dead we Sing
Thy living Promiſes.

5. For all we Hope, and they enjoy,
We bleſs a Saviour's Name;
Nor Shall that Stroke diſturb the Song,
Which breaks this mortal Frame.

HYMN CCCXLIII

Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of their Children, Iſaiah lvi. 4. 5.

1. YE mourning Saints, whoſe ſtreaming Tears
Flow o'er your Children dead, Say

Say not in Tranſports of Deſpair,
That all your Hopes are fled.

2. While cleaving to that darling Duſt,
In fond Diſtreſs ye lie;
Riſe, and with Joy and Reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3. Tho', your young Branches torn away,
Like wither'd Trunks ye ſtand,
With fairer Verdure ſhall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's Hand.

4. "I'll give the Mourner," ſaith the LORD,
"In my own Houſe a Place;
"No Names of Daughters and of Sons
"Could yield ſo high a Grace.

5. "Tranſient and vain is every Hope
"A riſing Race can give;
"In endleſs Honour and Delight
"My Children all ſhall live."

6. We welcome, LORD, thoſe riſing Tears,
Thro' which thy Face we ſee,
And bleſs thoſe Wounds, which thro' our Hearts
Prepare a Way for thee.

HYMN CCCXLIV.

Praiſe for Converſion, Pſalm lxvi. 16.

1. YE Souls that fear the LORD,
Come, liſten while I tell,
How narrowly my Feet eſcap'd
The Snares of Death and Hell.

2. The flatt'ring Joys of Senſe
Aſſail'd my fooliſh Heart,

While Satan, with malicious Skill,
Guided the pois'nous Dart.

3. I fell beneath the Stroke,
But fell to riſe again;
My Anguiſh rous'd me into Life,
And Pleaſure ſprung from Pain.

4. Darkneſs, and Shame, and Grief
Oppreſs'd my gloomy Mind;
I look'd around me for Relief,
But no Relief could find.

5. At Length to God I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive Sigh,
He heard, and inſtantly he ſent
Salvation from on High.

6. My drooping Head he rais'd,
My bleeding Wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my Sins, and with a Smile
The gracious Pardon ſeal'd.

7. O! may I ne'er forget
The Mercy of my GOD;
Nor ever want a Tongue to ſpread
His loudeſt Praiſe abroad.

HYMN CCCXLV.

Bright and Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16.

1. YE Worlds of Light, that roll ſo near
The Saviour's Throne of ſhining Bliſs,
O tell how mean your Glories are,
How faint, and few, compar'd with his.

2. We ſing the bright and Morning-Star,
(JESUS, the Spring of Light and Love;)
See how its Rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the Realms above.

3. Its

3. Its cheering Beams, ſpread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Chriſtian's Way;
Still as he goes, he finds the Road
Enlighten'd with a conſtant Day.

4. [Thus when the Eaſtern Magi brought
Their Royal Gifts, a Star appears,
Directs them to the Babe they ſought,
And guides their Steps, and calms their Fears.]

5. When ſhall we reach the heavenly Place,
Where this bright Star will brighteſt ſhine;
Leave, far behind, theſe Scenes of Night,
And view a Luſtre ſo Divine!

HYMN CCCXLVI.

The Sower, Matt. xiii. 4--9.

1. YE Sons of Earth prepare the Plough,
Break up your fallow Ground!
The Sower is gone forth to ſow,
And ſcatter Bleſſings round.

2. The Seed that finds a ſtony Soil,
Shoots forth a haſty Blade;
But ill repays the Sower's Toil,
Soon wither'd, ſcorch'd, and dead.

3. The thorny Ground is ſure to baulk
All Hopes of Harveſt there:
We find a tall and ſickly Stalk,
But not the fruitful Ear,

4. The beaten Path, and High-Way Side
Receive the Truſt in vain:
The watchful Birds the Spoil divide,
And pick up all the Grain.

5. But where the LORD of Grace and Pow'r
Has

Has bleſs'd the happy Field ;
How plenteous is the Golden Store
The Deep-wrought Furrows yield !

6. Father of Mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing Grace ;
Let the ſame Hand that gives the Seed
Provide a Fruitful-Place.

H Y M N CCCXLVII.

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

1. YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,
Come, make the LORD your Dwelling-Place,
And try and truſt his Care.

2. No ill ſhall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And ſweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raiſe his Saints on High.

3. He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all their Ways
To watch your Pillows while you ſleep,
And Guard your happy Days.

4. Their Hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall,
And daſh againſt the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call ;
And ſent t'attend his Sons ?

5. Adders and Lions ye ſhall tread ;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat ;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,
Puts him beneath your Feet.

6. "Becauſe on me they ſet their Love,
"I'll ſave them," ſaith the LORD,

"I'll

" I'll bear their joyful Soul above
" Deſtruction and the Sword.

7. " My Grace ſhall anſwer when they call ;
" In Trouble I'll be nigh ;
" My Pow'r ſhall help them when they fall,
" And raiſe them when they die.

8. " Thoſe that on Earth my Name have known,
" I'll honour them in Heav'n ;
" There my Salvation ſhall be ſhown,
" And endleſs Life be giv'n."

H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

Death and the Reſurrection.

1. YE Sons of Pride that hate the Juſt,
And trample on the Poor,
When Death has brought you down to Duſt,
Your Pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2. The laſt great Day ſhall change the Scene ;
When will that Hour appear ?
When ſhall the Juſt revive, and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here ?

3. God will my naked Soul receive,
When ſep'rate from the Fleſh ;
And break the Priſon of the Grave,
To raiſe my Bones afreſh.

4. Heav'n is my everlaſting Home,
Th' Inheritance is ſure ;
Let Men of Pride their Rage reſume,
But I'll Repine no more.

H Y M N CCCXLIX.

The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.

1. YE Virgin Souls, ariſe,
With all the Dead awake, Unto

Unto Salvation wife,
Oil in your Veſſels take:
Upſtarting at the Midnight-Cry,
Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2. He comes, he comes, to call
The Nations to his Bar,
And take to Glory all
Who meet for Glory are;
Make ready for your free Reward,
Go forth with Joy to meet your LORD——

3. Go meet him in the Sky,
Your everlaſting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his Saints aſcend.
Ye pure in Heart, obtain the Grace
To ſee, without a Veil, his Face.

4. Ye, that have here receiv'd
The Unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirſted for his Love;
JESUS ſhall claim you for his Bride;
Rejoice with all the Sanctify'd.

5. Rejoice, in glorious Hope,
Of that great Day unknown,
When you ſhall be caught up
To ſtand before his Throne;
Call'd to partake the Marriage-Feaſt,
And lean on our Immanuel's Breaſt.

6. The everlaſting Doors
Shall ſoon the Saint, receive,
Above thoſe Angel-Powers
In glorious Joy to live:
Far from a World of Grief and Sin,
With GOD eternally ſhut in.

7. Then

7. Then let us wait to hear
The Trumpet's welcome Sound;
To see our LORD appear,
May we be watching found;
With that bless'd Wedding-Robe endu'd,——
The Blood and Righteousness of GOD.

HYMN CCCL.

Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

1. YES, there are Joys that cannot die,
With GOD laid up in Store;
Treasure, beyond the changing Sky,
Brighter then Golden Ore.

2. The Seeds which Piety and Love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile Fields above,
To ample Harvests grow.

3. The Mite, my willing Hands can give,
At JESUS' Feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble Gift receive,
And Grace at large repay.

HYMN CCCLI.

The Attraction of the Cross, John xii. 32.

1. YONDER——amazing Sight!——I see
Th' incarnate Son of GOD,
Expiring on the accurs'd Tree,
And welt'ring in his Blood.

2. Behold a purple Torrent run
Down from his Hands and Head:
The crimson Tide puts out the Sun;
His Groans awake the Dead.

3. The Trembling Earth, the darken'd Sky
Proclaim

Proclaim the Truth aloud !
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,
" This is the Son of GOD."

4. So great, ſo vaſt a Sacrifice
May well my Hope revive :
If GOD's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The Sinner ſure may live.

5. O that theſe Cords of Love Divine,
Might draw me, LORD, to Thee !
Thou haſt my Heart, it ſhall be thine—
Thine it ſhall ever be !

HYMN CCCLII.

1. ZION rejoice, lift up your Voice ;
Your Saviour will appear ;
The Lamb, once ſlain, will come to reign
With you, a thouſand Years.

2. Satan he'll bind, as you will find,
And JESUS will be King ;
The Saints he'll raiſe to ſing his Praiſe,
And Death ſhall loſe his Sting.

3. He's bleſt indeed, that ſhall be freed
From Sin, Hell, and the Grave ;
Over that Man Death never can
The leaſt Dominion have.

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